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RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1820–1876

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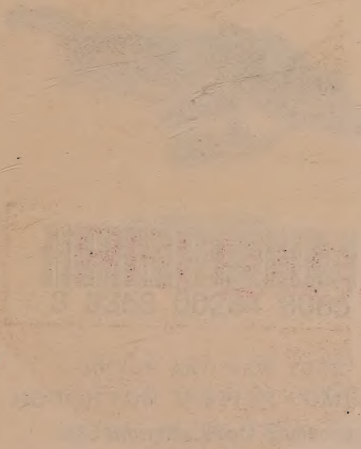

Mrs. Lidian Jackson Emerson

JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WITH ANNOTATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WALDO EMERSON FORBES

1856–1863

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TALK WITH A MEMBER OF CONGRESS

JOURNAL XLVII

1856

(From Journals RO, DO, SO and ZO)

[All page references to passages from the Journals used by Mr. Emerson in his published works are to the Centenary Edition, 1903–05.]

[The new year found Mr. Emerson in the West where he gave a lecture almost every week-day night through January, in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Ohio. The exposure and discomfort were great, but he bore them as a philosopher should. On January 3, he wrote: "A cold, raw country this, and plenty of night travelling and arriving at four in the morning to take the last and worst bed in the tavern. Advancing day brings mercy and favor to me, but not the sleep. . . . Mercury 15° below zero. . . . I find well-disposed, kindly people among these sinewy farmers of the North, but in all that is called cultivation they are only ten years old; so that there is plenty of non-adaptation and yawning gulfs never bridged in this ambitious lyceum system they are trying to import." And,

a week later, he writes from Springfield, Illinois: "Here I am in the deep mud of the prairies, misled, I fear, into this bog, not by a will-o'-the-wisp, but by a young New Hampshire editor, who over-estimated the strength of both of us, and fancied I should glitter in the prairie and draw the prairie birds and waders. It rains and thaws incessantly, and if we step off the short street we go up to the shoulders, perhaps, in mud. My chamber is a cabin, my fellow boarders are legislators. . . . Two or three governors or ex-governors live in the house. But in the prairie we are new men just come, and must not stand for trifles." A little later, cold set in beyond remembrance or tradition, the Mississippi froze from Natchez northward. Yet Mr. Emerson's constitution withstood the hardships and he took an active interest in the growing country and the men who were breaking the way.]

Nunc pellite curas,
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

Horace.

(From RO)

January 1, 1856.

In Dixon I talked with Mr. Dixon, the pioneer founder of the city. His full-length por-

trait was hanging in the Town Hall where we were. He is eighty years old and a great favorite with the people. His family have all died, but some grandchildren remain. He, who has made so many rich, is a poor man, which, it seems, is a common fortune here; Sutter, the California discoverer of gold, is poor. It looks as if we must have a talent for misfortune, to miss so many opportunities, as these men who have owned the whole township and not saved a competence. He is a correct, quiet man; was first a tailor, then a stage owner, and mail agent, etc.

I went down the Galena River, once Bean River, Fève, then Fever, now Galena River, four or five miles in a sleigh, with Mr. McMasters to the "Marsden Lead," so called, a valuable lead-mine, and went into it. Marsden, it seems, was a poor farmer here, and sold out his place and went to California; found no gold, and came back, and bought his land again, and, in digging to clear out a spring of water, stumbled on this most valuable "lead" (leed), as they call it, of lead-ore. They can get up 7000 pounds of the ore in a day (by a couple of laborers), and the smelters will come to the spot, and buy the ore at three cents a pound; so that he found

California here. He at once called in his brothers, and divided the mine with them. One of them sold out his share ("foolishly") for $12,000; the others retain theirs.

Mr. Shetland said seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars had already been derived from this mine, and perhaps as much more remains.

Hon. Mr. Turner, of Freeport, said to me that it is not usually the first settlers who become rich, but the second comers. The first, he said, are often visionary men, the second are practical. The first two settlers of Rockford died insolvent, and he named similar cases in other towns; I think Beloit.

An idealist, if he have the sensibilities and habits of those whom I know, is very ungrateful. He craves and enjoys every chemical property, and every elemental force, loves pure air, water, light, caloric, wheat, flesh, salt, and sugar; the blood coursing in his own veins, and the grasp of friendly hands; and uses the meat he eats to preach against matter as malignant, and to praise mind, which he very hollowly and treacherously serves. Beware of hypocrisy.

Beloit, *January* 9.

I fancied in this fierce cold weather — mercury varying from 20° to 30° below zero for the last week — that Illinois lands would be at a discount, and the agent, who at Dixon was selling great tracts, would be better advised to keep them for milder days, since a hundred miles of prairie in such days as these are not worth the poorest shed or cellar in the towns. But my easy landlord assured me "we had no cold weather in Illinois, only now and then Indian summer and cool nights." He looked merrily at his window panes, opaque with a stratum of frost, and said that his was a fashionable first-class hotel, with window lights of ground glass.

This climate and people are a new test for the wares of a man of letters. All his thin, watery matter freezes; 't is only the smallest portion of alcohol that remains good. At the lyceum, the stout Illinoian, after a short trial, walks out of the hall. The Committee tell you that the people want a hearty laugh, and Stark, and Saxe, and Park Benjamin, who give them that, are heard with joy. Well, I think with Governor Reynolds, the people are always right (in a sense), and that the man of letters is to say,

These are the new conditions to which I must conform. The architect, who is asked to build a house to go upon the sea, must not build a Parthenon, or a square house, but a ship. And Shakspeare, or Franklin, or Æsop, coming to Illinois, would say, I must give my wisdom a comic form, instead of tragics or elegiacs, and well I know to do it, and he is no master who cannot vary his forms, and carry his own end triumphantly through the most difficult.

Mr. Sweet, a telegraph agent on the Chicago and Rock River line, said, he can tell the name of the operator, by the accent of his despatch, by the ear, just as readily as he knows the handwriting of his friends. Every operator has his own manner or accent. An operator usually reads more correctly and quickly by the ear than by the eye. Some good operators never learn to read by the ear. Boys make the best operators, and, in six months, a boy of sixteen was worth $45.00 a month in an office at Chicago. The rule of their experience is never to establish a telegraph line until after a railroad is built. It cannot sooner pay.

At Beloit, on Tuesday night, January eight, the mercury was at 27° and 28° below zero. It

has been bitterly cold for a fortnight. A cold night they call "*a singer*."

The hard times of Illinois were from 1837 to 1845 and onward; when pork was worth twelve shillings a hundred, and men journeyed with loads of wheat and pork a hundred miles or more to Chicago, and sold their wheat for twenty-six cents a bushel, and were obliged to sell their team to get home again. Mr. Jenks, a stage agent and livery-stable keeper, told us of his experiences, and when he left Chicago to go eastward, he would not have given $3.00 for a warranty deed of the State of Illinois.[1]

Hoosier meant Southerner. Hoosiers and Yankees would fight for the land. Yankees, when fighting men, would fight by the day; "the Hoosiers are good to begin, but they cave."

Emmons, Esq., of Michigan, said to me that he had said he wished it might be a criminal offence to bring an English lawbook into a court in this country, so foolish and mischievous is our slavery to English precedent.[2] . . .

1 For an interesting account of the desperate condition of the settlers for want of a market before the railroads came to their salvation, see *An American Railroad Builder*, by H. G. Pearson (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1911).

2 The rest is printed in "Power" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 62).

There are times when the intellect is so active that everything seems to run to meet it. Its supplies are found without much thought as to studies. Knowledge runs to the man, and the man runs to knowledge. In spring, when the snow melts, the maple trees run with sugar, and you cannot get tubs fast enough, but it is only for a few days. The hunter on the prairie at the right season has no need of choosing his ground. East, west, by the river, by the timber, near the farm, from the farm, he is everywhere by his game.

Here is a road, *Michigan Southern*, which runs through four sovereign states; a judicial being which has no judicial sovereign. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois franchise has to yield to eminent domain, and the remedy is appraisal and payment of damages. But unfortunately, when, as now, the Michigan Central is to be bereaved of its monopoly, which it had bought and paid for, the jury to appraise the damage done is taken from the population aggrieved by the Michigan Central. I asked, why not take a jury from other states?

People here are alive to a benefaction derived from railroads which is inexpressibly great, and vastly exceeding any intentional philanthropy.[1]

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Consideration by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 256).

. . . My banker here at Adrian, Mr. L——, is of opinion that, to run on a bank for gold is a criminal offence, and ought to be punished by the state's prison! He delights, he frankly told me, to make such people pay three or four per cent a month for money.

Seek things in their purity. Well, we try, on each subject we accost, to ascend to principles; to dip our pen in the blackest of the pot; and to be sure, find the cause of the trait in some organ, as spleen, or bone, or blood. We are not nearer; we are still outside. Nature itself is nothing but a skin, and all these but coarser cuticles. A god or genius sits regent over every plant and animal, and causes this, and knits this to that, after an order or plan which is intellectual. The botanist, the physicist, is not then the man deepest immersed in nature, as if he were ready to bear apples or to shoot out four legs, but one filled with the lightest and purest air, who sympathizes with the creative spirit, anticipates the tendency, and where the bird will next alight; being himself full of the same tendency.

Hospitality consists in a little fire, a little food, but enough, and an immense quiet. In England,

it is a great deal of fine food, and of fire and immense decorum.

When I see the waves of Lake Michigan toss in the bleak snowstorm, I see how small and inadequate the common poet is. But Tennyson, with his eagle over the sea, has shown his sufficiency.

"In the American backwoods there is nothing of those social and artistic enjoyments which ennoble man, whilst they dissatisfy him. What man would live without the poesy of sounds, colours, and rhymes! Unhappy people that is condemned to this privation!" — *German Paper.*

William Little came to church and heard my sermon against minding trifles.[1] He told me had he preached he should have taken the other side. Probably not one hearer besides thought so far on the subject.

The railroads have pretended low fares, and, instead of seventy-five cents, I pay for a passage to Boston from Concord, sixty cents; and the

1 Of course this refers to the time of Mr. Emerson's pastorate.

trip costs one hour, instead of two and one half hours. Well, I have really paid, in the depreciation of my railroad stock, six or seven hundred dollars a year, for the last few years, or, say, a hundred a year, since the roads were built. And I shall be glad to know that I am at the end of my losses on this head.

A writer in the *Boston Transcript* says, that "just in proportion to the morality of a people, will be the expansion of the credit system," which sounds to me like better political economy than I often hear.

Lectures. 1, France; 2, English Civilization; 3, Anglo-American; 4, Stonehenge; 5, The Age; 6, Poetry; 7, Beauty; 8, The Scholar.

For Beauty. Use of gems, in Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia"; in Patmore's "Angel in the House." [1]

They called old France a despotism tempered with epigrams. Wherever the epigrams grow, they are pretty sure to make room for themselves,

1 The verses from Patmore alluded to are printed in "Woman" (*Miscellanies*, pp. 411, 412).

and temper the despotism. What can you do with a Talleyrand? "Sire, no government has prospered that has resisted me." So in politics with DeRetz; or with Webster. "Where shall I go?" said Webster. There is the Whig Party, and the Democratic Party, and Mr. Webster. It soon appears that the Epigram, or Webster, is a party too. Much more in the courts, where he was really sovereign.

Choate said that, once a candidate for the Presidency, it was impossible to get that *virus* quite out of a man's constitution: as Everett, Webster, Cass, down to Pratt and Mellen.

(From DO)

February 29.

Truth. It is not wise to talk, as men do, of reason as the gift of God bestowed, etc., or, of reasoning from nature up to nature's God, etc. The intellectual power is not the gift, but the presence of God. Nor do we reason to the being of God, but God goes with us into nature, when we go or think at all. Truth is always new and wild as the wild air, and is alive. The mind is always true, when there is mind, and it makes no difference that the premises are false, we arrive at true conclusions.

Mr. Arnold, with whom I talked at New Bedford, saw as much as this, and, when Penn's treacheries were enumerated, replied, "Well, what if he did? it was only Penn who did it." He told of the talking Quaker in Maine who claimed acquaintance with Pyot (?), saying to him, "You know I am your convert." Pyot answered, "Yes, I see thee 's my convert, for my Master knows nothing of thee."[1] . . .

Remember the Indian hymn, —

"God only I perceive, God only I adore."

The Bible will not be ended until the creation is.

If I knew only Thoreau, I should think coöperation of good men impossible. Must we always talk for victory, and never once for truth, for comfort, and joy? Centrality he has, and penetration, strong understanding, and the higher gifts, — the insight of the real, or from the real, and the moral rectitude that belongs to it; but all this and all his resources of wit and invention are lost to me, in every experiment, year after

1 The first part of this passage, also what follows it, is printed in "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 195, 196).

year, that I make, to hold intercourse with his mind. Always some weary captious paradox to fight you with, and the time and temper wasted.[1]

I find good sense in the German *Atlantis*, which thinks astronomy overprized, which, at present, is a cold, desart science, too dependent on the mechanic who grinds a lens, and too little on the philosopher. So of chemistry and geology; it finds few deeps in them, no genial universal maxims. The little world of the heart is larger, richer, deeper, than the spaces of astronomy, which take such a row of pompous ciphers to express. And when the same devotion shall be given to ethics and jurisprudence, as now is given to natural science, we shall have ideas and insights and wisdom, instead of numbers and formulas. The most important effect of modern astronomy has been the tapping our theological conceit, and upsetting Calvinism.

1 With all their value one of another, and their silent affection, if one may so characterize their relation, satisfactory conversation at this period of their friendship seems to have been rare. Perhaps Thoreau's combative tendency, inherited through his mother from a Scottish ancestry, and a desire to try strength with an approved champion were to blame. But yet they were true friends.

I value myself, not when I do what is called the commanding duty of this Monday or Tuesday, but when I leave it to do the duty of a remote day, as, for instance, to write a line, or find a new fact, a missing link, in my essay on "Memory" or on "Imagination."

"*Il ne manque à tous les hommes qu'un peu de courage pour être laches*," said the Earl of Rochester one day, in a fit of misanthropy.

When the minister presented himself to the North Carolina Unitarian Church Agent to demand his wages for preaching, he asked, "Who sent you here?" "The Lord sent me." "The Lord sent you! I don't believe the Lord knows there is any such man." I have much that feeling about these pretended poets, whom I am sure the Lord of Parnassus knows not of.

(From SO)

Two ways. The most important effect of Copernicus was not on astronomy, but on Calvinism, — tapping the conceit of man; and geology introduces new measures of antiquity.

Now and then leaps a word or a fact to light which is no man's invention, but the common

instinct. Thus, "all men are born free and equal" — though denied by all politics, is the key-word of our modern civilization.

'T is strange that Sir John Franklin and his picked men, with all the resources of English art, perished of famine where Esquimaux lived, and found them, and continue to live.

Herschel said, chemistry had made such progress that it would no longer be that men would perish of famine, for sawdust could be made into food. And yet men in Sligo and Cape Verde and New York have been dying of famine ever since. 'T is answered, yes, you can convert woolen and cotton rags into sugar, but 't is very expensive; and 't is like the Duke of Sussex's recommendation, that the poor should eat curry.

'T is a geographic problem whether the Mississippi, running from the depressed polar zone to the elevated equatorial region, 2500 miles, — does it not run uphill?

Manners. If you talk with J. K. Mills, or J. M. Forbes, or any other State Street man, you find that you are talking with all State Street, and if you are impressionable to that force, why,

they have great advantage, are very strong men. But if you talk with Thoreau or Newcomb, or Alcott, you talk with only one man; he brings only his own force. But for that very reason (that the conventional requires softness or impressionability to the dear little urbanities in you), if you abound in your own sense, they [i.e., the first] are weak, and soon at your mercy.[1] But the others (those wise hermits), who speak from their thought, speak from the deep heart of men, from a far wide public, the public of all sane and good men, from a broad humanity: and Greek and Syrian, Parthian and Chinese, Cherokee and Kanaka, hear them speaking in their own tongue.[2]

Mr. Eaton, of Malden, told me, that when Father Taylor was about going to Europe, he heard him preach, and he said, "To be sure, I am sorry to leave my own babes,—but He who takes care of every whale, and can give him a ton of herrings for a breakfast, will find food for my babes."

1 Later, Mr. Emerson learned to prize Mr. Forbes at a higher rate.

2 Compare what the pine tree says in "Woodnotes," II (*Poems*, pp. 53, 54).

I find it easy to translate all Napoleon's technics into all of mine, and his official advices are to me more literary and philosophical than the *Mémoires* of the Academy. See in *Atlantis* for February, 1856, p. 118, how Carnot translated mechanics into politics.

Sin is when a man trifles with himself, and is untrue to his own constitution.

Everything is the cause of itself.

We have seen Art coming back to Veracity.

Napoleon, from pedantry of old tactics to the making the art of war a piece of common sense. Carlyle, armed with the same realism in his speculation on society and government, red tape, etc.

Nor let the musician think he can be a frivolous person and a parasite; he must be musician throughout, in his vote, in his economy, in his prayer.

Allston said, "His art should make the artist happy."

"A strong nature feels itself brought into the world for its own development, and not for the approbation of the public." — Goethe.

Here we stand, silent, unknown, dumb as mountains, inspiring curiosity in each other, and

what we wish to know is whether there be in you an interior organization as finished and excellent as the body. For if there be, then is there a rider to the horse; then has Nature a lord.[1] Blow the horn at the gate of Egremont Castle, which none but the great Egremont can blow.[2] The outward organization is admirable, the geology, the astronomy, the anatomy, all excellent; but 't is all a half; and, enlarge it by astronomy never so far, remains a half; it requires a will as perfectly organized: a perfect freedom is the only counterpart to Nature. When that is born, and ripened, and tried, — and says, "Here stand I, I cannot otherwise," — Nature surrenders as meekly as the ass on which Jesus rode.[3]

'T is because the man is by much the larger half; and, though we exaggerate his tools and sciences, yet the moment we face a hero or a sage, the arts and civilizations are *peu de cas.*

There are four sweets in my confectionery, —

1 This sentence ends "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 167).

2 Referring to Wordsworth's poem.

3 Part of this passage is found in "Country Life" (pp. 165, 166).

sugar, beauty, freedom, and revenge, said Egyptiacus.

Black star, builders of dungeons in the air.

Through Nature's ample range in thought to rove,
And start at man the single mourner there.

Young.

This passing hour is an edifice,
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild.

The Missouri and the Mississippi, after their junction, run forty miles side by side in the same bed before they fully mix. The rate of interest in Illinois runs from ten to forty per cent; in Boston, from five to ten and twelve per cent; yet does not the capital of Boston realize this difference of level and flow down into Illinois. Well, in England and in America there is the widest difference of altitude between the culture of their scholars and that of the Germans, and here are in America a nation of Germans living with the *Organon* of Hegel in their hands, which makes the discoveries and thinking of the English and Americans look of a Chinese narrowness, and yet, good easy dunces that we are, we never suspect our inferiority.

Woman should find in man her guardian. Silently she looks for that, and when she finds, as she instantly does, that he is not, she betakes her to her own defences, and does the best she can. But when he is her guardian, all goes well for both.

Your subject is quite indifferent, if you really speak out. If I met Shakspeare, or Montaigne, or Goethe, I should only aim to understand correctly what they said: they might talk of what they would. When people object to me my topics of England, or France, or Natural History, 't is only that they fear I shall not think on these subjects, but shall consult my ease, and repeat commonplaces. The way to the centre is everywhere equally short. "A general has always troops enough, if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them," said Bonaparte. Every breath of air is the carrier of the universal mind. Thus, for subjects, I do not know what is more tedious than Dedications, or pieces of flattery to Grandees. Yet in Hafiz, it would not do to skip them, since his dare-devil Muse is never better shown.

A practical man is the hobby of the age. Well, when I read German philosophy, or wrote verses,

I was willing to concede there might be too much of these, and that the Western pioneer with axe on his shoulder, and still moving West as the settlements approached him, had his merits. . . .

On further consideration of this practical quality, by which our people are proud to be marked, I concede its excellence; but practice or practicalness consists in the consequent or logical following out of a good theory. (See *Atlantis*, February, 1855.) Here are they practical, i.e., they confound the means with the ends, and lose the ends thereby out of sight — freedom, worth, and beauty of life.

Classic and Romantic. The classic art was the art of necessity: modern romantic art bears the stamp of caprice and chance.[1] . . .

Republics run into romance when they lose sight of the inner necessity and organism that must be in their laws, and act from whim.

Wagner made music again classic. Goethe says, "I call classic the sound, and romantic the sick."

Sainte-Beuve defines classic: "*Un auteur qui*

1 What follows is, in substance, printed in "Art and Criticism" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 203, 204).

a fait faire un pas de plus, a découvert quelque vérité, qui a rendu sa pensée dans une forme large et grande, saine et belle en soi," etc. I abridge much. (See *Causeries.*)

Eugène Sue, Dumas, etc., when they begin a story, do not know how it will end; but Walter Scott when he began the *Bride of Lammermoor* had no choice, nor Shakspeare in *Macbeth.*

But Madame George Sand, though she writes fast and miscellaneously, is yet fundamentally classic and necessitated: and I, who tack things strangely enough together, and consult my ease rather than my strength, and often write *on the other side*, am yet an adorer of the *One.*

To be classic, then, *de rigueur*, is the prerogative of a vigorous mind who is able to execute what he conceives.

The classic unfolds: the romantic adds.

The discovery of America is an antique or classic work.

Paris. Of great cities you cannot compute the influences.[1] . . .

April 5.

Walden fired a cannonade yesterday of a hun-

1 The paragraph is printed in "Boston" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 187).

dred guns, but not in honour of the birth of Napoleon.[1]

Aunt Mary said of Talleyrand, that he was not organized for the Future State.

Aunt Mary is jealous of all the newer friends of her friends and cannot bear either X or Y, or the fame of Z. She reminds one in these days of an old aristocrat, say Queen Elizabeth shaking the Duchess of —— on her death-bed, or of Sarah of Marlborough, as she walks with her stick to the oyster-shop.

Classic and Romantic. I think I can show that France cleaves to the form, and loses the substance; as, in the famous unities of her drama; and in her poetry itself; in the whole "Classicality" of her turn of mind, which is only apery;

"For France doth ape the lion's shape."

Menander's speech, "that he had finished the comedy, all but the verses," and Burke, who studied the statistics of his speech, but left the illustration and ornament to the impulse of speaking.

1 Not for a regiment's parade,
Nor evil laws or rulers made,
Blue Walden rolls its cannonade.
("May Day," *Poems.*)

Thy voice is sweet, Musketaquid; repeats the music of the rain; but sweeter rivers silent flit through thee, as thou through Concord plain.

Thou art shut in thy banks; but the stream I love, flows in thy water, and flows through rocks and through the air, and through darkness, and through men, and women. I hear and see the inundation and eternal spending of the stream, in winter and in summer, in men and animals, in passion and thought. Happy are they who can hear it.

I see thy brimming, eddying stream, and thy enchantment. For thou changest every rock in thy bed into a gem: all is real opal and agate, and at will thou pavest with diamonds. Take them away from thy stream, and they are poor shards and flints: so is it with me to-day.[1]

The property proves too much for the man, and now all the men of science, art, intellect, are pretty sure to degenerate into selfish housekeepers dependent on wine, coffee, furnace, gaslight, and furniture. *Then* things swing the other way, and we suddenly find that civilization crowed too soon; that what we bragged as tri-

1 The first rhapsody for "The Two Rivers," as it came to mind, sitting by the river, one April day. (See the *Poems*.)

umphs were treacheries; that we have opened the wrong door, and let the enemy into the castle; that civilization was a mistake; that nothing is so vulgar as a great warehouse of rooms full of furniture and trumpery; that, in the circumstances, the best wisdom were an auction, or a fire; since the foxes and birds have the right of it, with a warm hole to fend the weather, and no more; that a pent-house, to fend the sun and wind and rain, is the house which makes no tax on the owner's time and thought, and which he can leave when the sun reaches noon.

> What need have I of book or priest?
> And every star is Bethlehem star,—
> I have as many as there are
> Yellow flowers in the grass,
> So many saints and saviours,
> So many high behaviours,
> Are there to him
> Who is himself, as thou, alive
> And only sees what he doth give.[1]

Monochord. Aunt Mary cannot sympathize with children. I know several persons whose world is only large enough for one person, and each of them, though he were to be the last

1 See the finished verses in *Poems* (Appendix, p. 333).

man, would, like the executioner in Hood's poem, guillotine the last but one.

Elizabeth Hoar said of Aunt Mary, — "She thinks much more of her bonnet and of other people's bonnets than they do"; and she sends Elizabeth from Dan to Beersheba to find a bonnet that does not conform; while Mrs. Hoar, whom she severely taxes with conforming, is satisfied with anything she finds in the shops. She tramples on the common humanities all day, and they rise as ghosts and torment her at night.

Kings and Nobles. Tycho Brahe refused (1574) for a long time to publish his observations upon the remarkable star in Cassiopeia, lest he should thus cast a stain upon his nobility.

Fame. Copernicus's discoveries "insinuated themselves into ecclesiastical minds by the very reluctance of their author to bring them into notice." — BREWSTER, *Life of Newton*, vol. i, p. 259.

Greatness. To a grand interest a superficial success is of no account.[1] . . .

1 This passage is printed in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 59).

States. A man, to get the advantage of the ideal man, turns himself into several men, by using his eyes to-day, when he is loving; and to-morrow, when he is spiteful; and the third day, when he is merry; and so on; as the astronomer uses the earth as a cart to carry him to the two ends of its orbit, to find the parallax of a star.

What a barren-witted pate am I, says the scholar; I will go see whether I have lost my reason.[1] The right conditions must be observed. Principally he must have leave to be himself. We go to dine with M and N and O and P, and, to be sure, they begin to be something else than they were. . . . Keep the ground, feel the roots, domesticate yourself.

I think of Andrews Norton, who did not like toasts and sentiments because they interfered with the hilarity of the occasion. . . . What kind of a pump is that which cannot draw, but only deliver?

I think the Germans have an integrity of mind which sets their science above all other. They have not this science in scraps, this science

1 Here follow several passages on unsatisfactory dinner-party conversation which are printed in "Clubs" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 229, 231, 232).

on stilts. They have posed certain philosophical facts on which all is built, the doctrine of *immanence*, as it is called, by which everything is the cause of itself, or stands there for its own, and repeats in its own all other; "the ground of everything is immanent in that thing." Everything is organic, freedom also, not to add, but to grow and unfold.

They purify, they sweeten, they warm and ennoble, by seeing the heart to be indispensable, not in scraps, not on stilts.

In music, it was once the doctrine, The text is nothing, the score is all; and even, the worse the text, the better the score; but Wagner said the text must be fixed to the score and from the first; must be inspired with the score.

So in chemistry, Mülder said, — For a good chemist, the first condition is, he shall know nothing of philosophy; but Oersted and Humboldt saw and said that chemistry must be the handmaid of moral science. Do you not see how Nature avenges herself of the pedantry? The wits excluded from the academies met in clubs and threw the academy into the shade.

I know a song which, though it be sung never so loud, few can hear, — only six or seven or

eight persons: yet they who hear it become young again. When it is sung, the stars twinkle gladly, and the moon bends nearer the earth.[1]

Wafthrudnir.[2] The horse taught me something, the titmouse whispered a secret in my ear, and the Lespedeza looked at me, as I passed.[3] Will the Academicians, in their "Annual Report," please tell me what they said?

I know a song which is more hurtful than strychnine or the kiss of the asp. It blasts those who hear it, changes their colour and shape, and dissipates their substance. It is called Time.

1 In this passage and the one with a similar beginning, soon following, Mr. Emerson has cast his thought in the form of the rhapsodies of the Cymrian Bards, quoted in "Poetry and Imagination." (See *Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 58, 59; also in the *Poems*, "Merlin's Song.")

2 A giant in the Norse mythology who asked questions, which the hearer must answer or forfeit his life.

3 In Mr. Emerson's poem, the "Dirge," occur the lines

> I touch this flower of silken leaf
> Which once our childhood knew;
> Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
> Whose balsam never grew;

and as we walked with him through "Peter's Field," an abandoned farm where he and his brothers played in their youth, he showed us the Lespedeza as that flower.

Yet they who hear it shed their age
And take their youth again.

Whipple said of the author of "Leaves of Grass," that he had every leaf but the fig leaf.

April 26.

The audience that assembled to hear my lectures in these six weeks was called "the *effete* of Boston."

As Linnæus delighted in finding that seven-stamened flower which alone gave him a seventh class, or filled a gap in his system, so I know a man who served as intermediate between two acquaintances of mine, not else to be approximated.

"I can well wait," said Elizabeth Hoar, "all winter, if sure to blossom, an apple tree, in spring; but not, if, perhaps, I am dead wood, and ought to burn now."

Subject for lecture is, the art of taking a walk. I would not ask Ellery Channing, like the little girl, "Mamma wishes, Sir, you would begin to be funny." Indeed, quite the reverse: for his written fun is very bad; and as to his

serious letter, the very best, that to Ward in Europe, is unreproducible. Would you bottle the efflux of a June noon, and sell it in your shop? But if he could be engaged again into kindly letters, he has that which none else could give. But 't is rare and rich compound of gods and dwarfs, and best of humanity, that goes to walk. Can you bring home the summits of Wachusett and Monadnoc, and the Uncanoonuc, the savin fields of Lincoln, and the sedge and reeds of Flint Pond, the savage woods beyond Nut Brook towards White Pond? He can.

Do you think I am in such great terror of being shot?[1] . . .

It is curious that Thoreau goes to a house to say with little preface what he has just read or observed, delivers it in lump, is quite inattentive to any comment or thought which any of the company offer on the matter, nay, is merely interrupted by it, and when he has finished his report departs with precipitation.

1 This and what follows, purporting to be quoted from "a humorist," but mainly autobiographical, is printed in *Society and Solitude* (p. 5).

Materialists. Economical geology; economical astronomy, with a view (to annexation, if it could be) to navigation: and chemistry and natural history, for utility. Yes, rightly enough: but is there no right wishing to know what is, without reaping a rent or commission? Now, their natural history is profane. They do not know the bird, the fish, the tree they describe. The ambition that "hurries them after truth, takes away the power to attain it."

This charge that I make against English science, that it bereaves Nature of its charm, lies equally against all European science.

"Mathematics," said Copernicus to the Pope, "are written for mathematicians."

The comfort of Alcott's mind is, the connexion in which he sees whatever he sees. He is never dazzled by a spot of colour, or a gleam of light, to value that thing by itself; but forever and ever is prepossessed by the undivided one behind it and all. I do not know where to find in men or books a mind so valuable to faith. His own invariable faith inspires faith, in others. I valued Miss Bacon's studies of Shakspeare, simply for the belief they showed in cause and effect; that a first-rate genius was not a prodigy

and stupefying anomaly, but built up step by step as a tree or a house is, with a sufficient cause (and one that, with diligence, might be found or assigned) for every difference and every superiority to the dunce or average man. For every opinion or sentence of Alcott, a reason may be sought and found, not in his will or fancy, but in the necessity of Nature itself, which has daguerred that fatal impression on his susceptible soul. He is as good as a lens or a mirror, a beautiful susceptibility, every impression on which is not to be reasoned against, or derided, but to be accounted for, and until accounted for, registered as an indisputable addition to our catalogue of natural facts. There are defects in the lens, and errors of refraction and position, etc., to be allowed for, and it needs one acquainted with the lens by frequent use, to make these allowances; but 't is the best instrument I have ever met with.

Every man looks a piece of luck, but he is a piece of the mosaic accurately measured and ground to fit into the gap he fills, such as Parker or Garrison, or Carlyle, or Hegel is, and with good optics, I suppose, we should find as nice fitting down to the bores and loafers.

I admire that poetry which no man wrote, no poet less than the genius of humanity itself, and which is to be read in my theology, in the effect of pictures, or sculptures, or drama, or cities, or sciences, on me.

My son is coming to get his Latin lesson without me. My son is coming to do without me. And I am coming to do without Plato, or Goethe, or Alcott.

To carry temperance very high and very thoroughly into life and into intellect, and that with insight of its necessity and efficacy!

Conversation. I ought to have said above, in respect to Conversation, that our habit is squalid and beggarly.[1] . . .

In a parlor, the unexpectedness of the effects. When we go to Faneuil Hall, we look for important events: facts, thoughts, and persuasions, that bear on them. But in your parlor, to find your companion who sits by your side start up into a more potent than Demosthenes, and, in an instant, work a revolution that makes

1 The rest of the passage is found in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 271).

Athens and England and Washington politics old carrion and dust-barrels, because his suggestions require new ways of living, new books, new men, new arts and sciences, — yes, the lecture and the book seem vapid. Eloquence is forever a power that shoves usurpers from their thrones, and sits down on them by allowance and acclaim of all.

These black coats never can speak until they meet a black coat: then their tongues are loosed, and chatter like blackbirds. The "practical" folks in the rail-car meet daily, and to their discourse there is no end.

Once more for Alcott it is to be said that he is sincerely and necessarily engaged to his task and not wilfully or ostentatiously or pecuniarily. Mr. Johnson at Manchester[1] said of him, "He is universally competent. Whatever question is asked, he is prepared for."

I shall go far, and see many, before I find such an extraordinary insight as Alcott's. In his fine talk, last evening, he ran up and down the scale of powers, with as much ease and precision as a squirrel the wires of his cage, and is never dazzled by his means, or by any particu-

1 Probably Manchester, England.

lar, and a fine heroic action or a poetic passage would make no impression on him, because he expects heroism and poetry in all. Ideal Purity, the poet, the artist, the man, must have. I have never seen any person who so fortifies the believer, so confutes the skeptic. And the almost uniform rejection of this man by men of parts, Carlyle and Browning inclusive, and by women of piety, might make one despair of society. If he came with a cannonade of acclaim from all nations, as the first wit on the planet, these masters would sustain the reputation: or if they could find him in a book a thousand years old, with a legend of miracles appended, there would be churches of disciples: but now they wish to know if his coat is out at the elbow, or whether somebody did not hear from somebody, that he had got a new hat, etc., etc. He has faults, no doubt, but I may safely know no more about them than he does; and some that are most severely imputed to him are only the omissions of a preoccupied mind.

Paris vaut bien un messe. Her great names are Carnot and Francis Arago. The last did not duck to the second Napoleon, nor did Carnot nor Lafayette to the first.

Carnot's Theorem was, "Avoid sudden alterations of speed; since the loss of living power is equal to the living power which all the parts of the machine or system would possess, if you should give to every one of them the speed which it lost in the moment when the sudden alteration occurred." (See *Atlantis*, February, 1856, p. 118.)

Maupertuis's Theorem. "*La quantité d'action nécessaire pour produire un changement dans le mouvement des corps est toujours un minimum.*"

Il entendait par quantité d'action le produit d'une masse par sa vitesse et par l'espace qu'elle parcourt. ("*Principes de l'équilibre, et du mouvement,*" Carnot.)

Education. Don't let them eat their seed-corn; don't let them anticipate, ante-date, and be young men, before they have finished their boyhood. Let them have the fields and woods, and learn their secret and the base- and foot-ball, and wrestling, and brickbats, and suck all the strength and courage that lies for them in these games; let them ride bare-back, and catch their horse in his pasture, let them hook and spear their fish, and shin a post and a tall tree, and shoot their

partridge and trap the woodchuck, before they begin to dress like collegians and sing in serenades, and make polite calls.

'T is curious that there is not only an apotheosis of every power or faculty of mind and body, but also of every element, material, and tool we use; as, of fire, water, air, earth, the hammer of Thor, the shoe of Mercury, the belt of Venus, the bracelet, balance, waterpot.

One man is born to explain bones and animal architectures; and one, the expression of crooked and casual lines, spots on a turtle, or on the leaf of a plant; and one, machines, and the application of coil springs and steam and water-wheels to the weaving of cloth or paper; and one, morals; and one, a pot of brandy, and poisons; and the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health. Let each mind his own, and declare his own.

The Affirmative. To awake in man and to raise the feeling of his worth; to educate his feeling and his judgment, that he must scorn himself for a bad action. My friend Anna W. refuses to tell her children whether the act was right or wrong, but sends them away to find out what *the little voice* says, and at night they shall tell her.

It must be admitted, that civilization is onerous and expensive; hideous expense to keep it up; — let it go, and be Indians again; but why Indians? — that is costly, too; the mud-turtle and trout life is easier and cheaper, and oyster, cheaper still.

> . . . *Pater ipse colendi*
> *Haud facilem esse viam voluit: . . .*
> *. . . curis acuens mortalia corda.*[1]

Play out the game, act well your part, and if the gods have blundered, we will not.

I have but one military recollection in all my life. In 1813, or 1814, all Boston, young and old, turned out to build the fortifications on Noddle's Island; and the schoolmaster at the Latin School announced to the boys, that, if we wished, we might all go on a certain day to work on the Island. I went with the rest in the ferryboat, and spent a summer day; but I cannot remember that I did any kind of work. I remember only the pains we took to get water in our tin pails, to relieve our intolerable thirst. I am afraid no valuable effect of my labor remains in the existing defences.

1 The Father himself willed not the farmer's lot an easy one, sharpening men's minds by Care.

Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 121–123.

May 21.

Yesterday to the Sawmill Brook with Henry. He was in search of yellow violet (*pubescens*) and *menyanthes*[1] which he waded into the water for; and which he concluded, on examination, had been out five days. Having found his flowers, he drew out of his breast pocket his diary and read the names of all the plants that should bloom this day, May 20; whereof he keeps account as a banker when his notes fall due; *Rubus triflora*,[2] *Quercus*, *Vaccinium*, etc. The *Cypripedium*[3] not due till to-morrow. Then we diverged to the brook, where was *Viburnum dentatum*, Arrow-wood. But his attention was drawn to the redstart which flew about with its *cheap, cheap chevet*, and presently to two fine grosbeaks, rose-breasted, whose brilliant scarlet "bids the rash gazer wipe his eye," and which he brought nearer with his spyglass, and whose fine, clear note he compares to that of a "tanager who has got rid of his hoarseness." Then he heard a note which he calls that of the night-warbler, a bird he has never identified, has been in search of for twelve years, which, always, when he sees it, is in the act of diving

1 Buck-bean.

2 Dwarf raspberry.

3 Lady's slipper.

down into a tree or bush, and which 't is vain to seek; the only bird that sings indifferently by night and by day.[1] I told him, he must beware of finding and booking him, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, "What you seek in vain for half your life, one day you come full upon — all the family at dinner. You seek him like a dream, and as soon as you find him, you become his prey." He thinks he could tell by the flowers what day of the month it is, within two days.

We found *Saxifraga Pennsylvanica*, and *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*,[2] by Everett's spring, and *Stellaria*[3] and *Cerastium*[4] and *Arabis rhomboidea*[5] and *Veronica anagallis*,[6] which he thinks handsomer than the cultivated *Veronica*, Forget-me-not. *Solidago odora*,[7] he says, is common in Concord, and pennyroyal he gathers in quantity as *herbs* every season. *Shad-blossom* is no longer

1 I am told by Mr. Francis H. Allen that he and Mr. Bradford Torrey have thought that this bird must have been the "oven-bird" (golden-crowned thrush), whose flying note is more melodious than its cry of *chi-chée! chi-chée! chi-chée!* when perched on a tree.

2 Golden saxifrage. 3 Stitchwort.

4 Mouse-ear chickweed. 5 Rock cress.

6 Water-speedwell, or Brook pimpernel.

7 Sweet-scented goldenrod.

a *pyrus*, which is now confined to choke-berry. Shad-blossom is *Amelanchier botryapium*. Shad-blossom because it comes when the shad come.

Water is the first gardener: he always plants grasses and flowers about his dwelling. There came Henry with music-book under his arm, to press flowers in; with telescope in his pocket, to see the birds, and microscope to count stamens; with a diary, jack-knife, and twine; in stout shoes, and strong grey trousers, ready to brave the shrub-oaks and smilax, and to climb the tree for a hawk's nest. His strong legs, when he wades, were no insignificant part of his armour. Two alders we have, and one of them is here on the northern border of its habitat.

Pantheism. In the woods, this afternoon, it seemed plain to me, that most men were Pantheists at heart, say what they might of their theism. No other path is, indeed, open for them to the One, intellectually at least. Man delights in freedom even to license, and claims infinite indulgence, from the Powers seen, and unseen, to whom he would give indulgence on those [terms?]. In a word, he would conquer and surrender in his own way; living no less open to

the power of soul than of State, swayed by gods and demons, he is never, in his fresh morning-love, quite himself. His audacity is immense. His impieties are his pieties: he wins and loses, to win and lose. He reveres, dallies with, defies, and overcomes every god and demigod of the Pantheon, in quest of his freedom, and thus liberates Humanity from the demons by these twelve labours.

[The brutal attack on Senator Sumner by Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, which resulted in painful and disabling illness for years, had roused the indignation of Massachusetts. (Mr. Emerson's speech is printed in *Miscellanies.*)]

May 27.

I am impressed at the indignation meeting last night, as ever, on like occasions, with the sweet nitrous oxide gas which the speakers seem to breathe. Once they taste it, they cling like mad to the bladder, and will not let it go. And it is so plain to me that eloquence, like swimming, is an art which all men might learn, though so few do.[1] . . .

1 The rest of the passage is found in "Eloquence" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 119).

Sumner's attack . . . only a leaf of the tree; it is not Sumner who must be avenged, but the tree must be cut down. But this stroke rouses the feeling of the people, and shows everybody where they are. All feel it. Those who affect not to feel it must perforce share the shame, nor will hiding their heads, and pretending other tasks and a preoccupied mind, deceive themselves or us. We are all in this boat of the State, and cannot dodge the duties.

This history teaches the fatal blunder of going into false position. Let us not compromise again, or accept the aid of evil agents.

Our position, of the Free States, very like that of Covenanters against the Cavaliers.

Massachusetts uniformly retreats from her resolutions.

Suppose we raise soldiers in Massachusetts. Suppose we propose a Northern Union.

June 2.

The finest day, the high noon of the year, went with Thoreau in a wagon to Perez Blood's [1] auction: found the *Myrica* [2] flowering; it had

1 The old farmer had died who has been alluded to in earlier journals as having spent much of his inheritance on a telescope, globes, and books on astronomy.

2 Sweet gale.

already begun to shed its pollen one day, the lowest flowers being effete; found the English hawthorn on Mrs. Ripley's hill, ready to bloom; went up the Assabet, and found the *Azalea nudiflora*[1] in full bloom, a beautiful show; the *Viola Muhlenbergi*,[2] the *Ranunculus recurvatus*;[3] saw swamp white oak (chestnut-like leaves), white maple, red maple, — no chestnut oak on the river.

Henry told his story of the *Ephemera*, the manna of the fishes, which falls like a snow-storm one day in the year, only on this river, not on the Concord, high up in the air as he can see, and blundering down to the river (the shad-fly), the true angler's fly; the fish die of repletion when it comes, the kingfishers wait for their prey.

Around us the *pee pee pee* of the kingbird kind was noisy. He showed the history of the river from the banks, the male and the female bank. The *Pontederia*[4] keeps the female bank, on whichever side.

"*Avec un grand génie, il faut une grande volonté.*"

1 Swamp pink.
2 Dog-violet.
3 Hooked crowfoot.
4 Blue pickerel-weed.

"*Les faiblesses de Voltaire! Que nous importe à nous ses heritiers sous benefice d'inventaire? Nous ne sommes solidaires que de ses vertus.*"

(LANFREY.)

I go for those who have received a retaining fee to this party of Freedom, before they came into the world. I would trust Garrison, I would trust Henry Thoreau, that they would make no compromises. I would trust Horace Greeley, I would trust my venerable friend Mr. Hoar, that they would be staunch for freedom to the death; but both of these would have a benevolent credulity in the honesty of the other party, that I think unsafe.

The vote of a prophet is worth a hundred hands. If he knows it to be the true vote, it will be decisive of the question for his country. The want of profound sincerity is the cause of failures.

South Carolina is in earnest. I see the courtesy of the Carolinians, but I know meanwhile that the only reason why they do not plant a cannon before Faneuil Hall, and blow Bunker Hill Monument to fragments, as a nuisance, is because they have not the power. They are fast acquiring the power, and if they get it, they will do it.

There are men who as soon as they are born take a bee-line to the axe of the inquisitor, like Giordano Bruno. In France, the fagots for Vanini. In Italy, the fagots for Bruno. In England, the pillory for Defoe. In New England, the whipping-post for the Quakers. Algernon Sydney a tragic character; and Sumner is; no humour.

Wonderful the way in which we are saved by this unfailing supply of the moral element.

[In 1855, the Emigrant Aid Society was formed in New England to advise, and help where needful, would-be settlers in the prairie country. In the following year George L. Stearns, an able, patriotic and generous Boston merchant, a resident of Medford, organized the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee to ensure that territory from the adoption of a constitution permitting slavery, by helping good men of "free state" principles to go thither with their families as *bona fide* settlers. Funds were furnished to aid them to establish themselves, and when they were attacked by pro-slavery settlers and also by parties from Missouri who crossed the river to ensure pro-slavery elections, Sharp's rifles were also sent in quantities for defense.[1]]

1 See "George L. Stearns" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

June 14.

At our Kansas relief meeting, in Concord, on June 12, $962.00 were subscribed on the spot. Yesterday, the subscription had amounted to $1130.00; and it will probably reach $1200.00, or one per cent on the valuation of the town.

$1360.00 I believe was the final amount.

Cant. "A character more common in the modern world is that of ambition without belief (with the mask of religion, deceiving men to enslave them), seeing in a dogma nothing but a two-edged glaive, to strike them down." (See LANFREY.)

Voltaire enrolled fashion on his side, — the mode, — good society, — : *il est de bon ton d'être libre penseur.*

To get the hurra on our side is well; but if you are a gentleman, you must have the hurra of gentlemen on your side.

The government has been an obstruction, and nothing but an obstruction. The people by themselves would have settled Iowa, and Utah, and Kansas, in a sufficient way. The government has made all the mischief. This for the people; then for the upper classes, who acquiesce in what

they call law and order of a government which exists for fraud and violence,[1] — they are properly paid by its excessive vulgarity. The refined Boston upholds a gang of Rhynderses, and Toombses, and Brookses, before whom it is obliged to be very quiet and dapper like a dear little rabbit, as it is, among the wolves. The Choates and Winthrops, and, at long interval, the H——s, — we see through them very clearly, and their abject attitude.

Experience has shown that the aggregate of the spendings of the poor is more than equivalent to the large spending of the rich, to enrich a London or Paris. It is shoes and cotton cloth, it is an apple-paring machine at a dime, newspaper at two cents, or a lamp, or a knife-scourer, that draws the shillings from millions, which none is too poor to buy. Whilst the fine house, or the good horse, or the brave equipage, has only a few hundreds or a few scores of customers.

1 Under President Pierce's administration no attempt was made properly to protect the settlers, and the Border Ruffians, crossing the Missouri, constantly interfered at elections, sacked towns, and committed murder and outrage on the scattered farms.

I was to say at the end of my narrative of Wordsworth, that I find nothing, in the disparaging speeches of the Londoners about him, that would not easily be said of a faithful scholar who rated things after his own scale, and not by the conventional. He almost alone in his generation has treated the Mind well.

Jesuits. "*Et chaque fois que le dogme embarrassa la marche triomphante des conquérants, ils laissèrent le dogme en chemin.*" — LANFREY.

Montesquieu said, "*Dans les pays où l'on a le malheur d'avoir une religion que Dieu n'a pas donnée, il est toujours nécessaire qu'elle s'accorde avec la morale.*" — LANFREY, p. 156.

Literature. "*Le temps fera distinguer ce que nous avons pensé de ce que nous avons écrit,*" said Diderot and Voltaire.

Lorsqu'on cherche à prêciser le rôle et l'influence des femmes à une époque donnée, une chose frappe tout d'abord l'esprit, c'est leur radicale inaptitude à généraliser, à embrasser de vastes horizons, à dégager les causes de leurs effets. Est-ce à dire qu'elles soient condamnées à perpétuité aux servitudes intellectuelles ou seulement à le rôle, noble assurèment, mais un peu sacrifié, — des Sabines ? — LANFREY, p. 202.

"It is the quality of words that they imply a speaker." — Miss Bacon.

Professor Poikilus had one advantage over the rest of the University, that when the class gaped or began to diminish, he would with great celerity throw his heels into the air, and stand upon his head, and continue his lecture in that posture, a turn which seemed to invigorate his audience, who would listen with marked cheerfulness as long as he would speak to them in that attitude.

When I said of Ellery's new verses that "they were as good as the old ones," "Yes," said Ward, "but those were excellent promise, and now he does no more." He has a more poetic temperament than any other in America, but the artistic executive power of completing a design, he has not. His poetry is like the artless warbling of a vireo, which whistles prettily all day and all summer in the elm, but never rounds a tune, nor can increase the value of melody by the power of composition and cuneiform determination. He must have construction also.

July 23.

Returned from Pigeon Cove, where we have

made acquaintance with the sea, for seven days. 'T is a noble friendly power, and seemed to say to me, "Why so late and slow to come to me? Am I not here always thy proper summer home? Is not my voice thy needful music: my breath, thy healthful climate in the heats; my touch, thy cure? Was ever building like my terraces? was ever couch so magnificent as mine? Lie down on my warm ledges and learn that a very little hut is all you need. I have made thy architecture superfluous, and it is paltry beside mine. Here are twenty Romes and Ninevehs and Karnacs in ruins together, obelisk and pyramid and giant's causeway, — here they all are prostrate or half piled."

And behold the sea, the opaline, plentiful and strong, yet beautiful as the rose or the rainbow, full of food, nourisher of men, purger of the world, creating a sweet climate, and, in its unchangeable ebb and flow, and in its beauty at a few furlongs, giving a hint of that which changes not, and is perfect.[1]

1 The day after our return from this visit to the rocks of Cape Ann, to which Rev. Cyrus Bartol had led the way, my father came up to my mother's room looking much pleased, and said, "I came in yesterday from the rocks and wrote down what the ocean had said to me, and to-day when

"Until man is able to compress the ether like leather, there will be no end of misery, except through the knowledge of God." — *Upanishad.*

"From whom the sun rises, and in whom it sets again, him all the gods entered; from him none is separated; this is that.

"What is here, the same is there, and what is there, the same is here. He proceeds from death to death who beholds here difference.

"He (Brahma, or the Soul) does not move; is swifter than the mind: not the gods (the senses) did obtain him, he was gone before. Standing, he outstrips all the other gods, how fast soever they run.

"He moves, he does not move. He is far, and also near."

SONG OF THE SOUL (BRAHMA)

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

I open my book, I find it blank verse by omitting a word here and there. Listen"; and he read the above passage from the Journal. Compare with the "Seashore," in the *Poems*. E. W. E.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods not less appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

"Know that which does not see by the eye; and by which they see the eyes, as Brahma, and not what is worshipped as this.

"Know that which does not think by the mind, and by which they say the mind is thought, as Brahma, and not what is worshipped as this.

"The soul declared by an inferior man is not easy to be known, but when it is declared by a teacher who beholds no difference, there is no doubt concerning it, the soul being more subtle than what is subtle, is not to be obtained by arguing."

A grander legend than Western literature contains, is the story of Nachiketas.[1] . . .

(From ZO)

"The complete incarnation of spirit, which is the definition of Beauty, demands that there shall be no point from which it is absent, and none in which it abides." — J. Elliot Cabot.

Of extempore speaking. When nineteen years of age, Cotton Mather received advice from his uncle Nathaniel. "By any means, get to preach without any use or help by your notes. When I was in New England, no man that I remember used them except one, and he because of a special infirmity, the *vertigo*, as I take it, or some specie of it. Neither of your grandfathers used any, nor did your uncle (Samuel) here (in Dublin), nor do I, though we both of us write generally the materials of our sermons." (Collections of Mass. Historical Society, vol. viii, 4th series.)

(From SO)

The swimmer standing on the land dreads the plunge, yet, having plunged, enjoys the

1 This in abbreviated form is told in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 349–352).

water. The living fear death, yet, dying, enjoy the new life.

How the landscape mocks the weakness of man! it is vast, beautiful, complete, and alive; and we can only dibble and step about, and dot it a little. The gulf between our seeing and doing is a symbol of that between faith and experience.

August 8.

A walk about Conantum with Henry Thoreau and saw some of his botanical varieties. The *Vitis sinuata*[1] of Pursh and a *vitis* only rarely yielding a sinuated leaf and a small ivy-leafed grape, with small edible fruit: saw the only slippery-elm in Concord and under it the only *Parietaria*[2] which he knows in town; three or four *Galiums*,[3] three or four *Polygonums*, three *Lespedezas*[5] and *Desmodiums*[6] or *Hedysarums*, elecampane, pennyroyal (*Hedeoma pulegioides*), *Lechea*,[7] looking like *Hypericum*;[8] saw on the lanceolate thistle the ants and their milch-cows the aphides, both larger than we are wont to see. Saw spleen-wort, a fern, — and the beaked

1 A variety of the summer grape.
2 Pellitory.
3 Bedstraw.
4 Knotweed.
5 Bush clover.
6 Tick-trefoil.
7 Pinweed.
8 St. Johnswort.

hazel; the low and early blueberry is the *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum;* the large and conspicuous huckleberry is *resinosum*, another is *vacillans*.

The huckleberry bird, which I used to call pine warbler,[1] is a sparrow, *Fringilla pusilla;* the *Asclepias*[2] has a stronger tension in its fibre than hemp, or than any other plant. All the Asclepias kind have this strong fibre. Henry expatiated on the omniscience of the Indians. Found calamint or basil and *Gerardia quercifolia*.[3]

August 14.

A walk again with Henry, and found *Solidago odora*,[4] pellucid points on the leaves: found two Polygalas with checkerberry scent! Found pine-sap (*Hypopytis*), and Aaron's-rod *in bloom*, which is rare; and a tall shrub unknown to Henry near and like the arrow-wood. *Solidago altissima*, and *gigantea;* three *Lecheas; Laurus benzoin*.[5]

1 In his poem, the "Dirge" Mr. Emerson speaks of the song of the pine warbler as calling up visions of his brothers when they walked in their childhood in the fields by the river.

2 Milkweed. 3 Smooth false foxglove.

4 The delicate goldenrod which has the smell of anise. Apropos of this plant and of the polygalas with checkerberry scent, Mr. Emerson often called his children's attention to Nature's thrift in using one flavoring for several plants. Compare his poem "Xenophanes." 5 Spice bush.

But I was taken with the aspects of the forest, and thought that, to Nero advertising for a luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'T is one of the secrets for dodging old age.

Pseudo-Spiritism. Mesmerised is part and parcel of the mesmeriser.

Could you mesmerise yourself!

The amount of information I obtain from these mesmerised is, that pain is very unpleasing, my shoes are made of leather, etc., that the cock crows in the morning, that there is a great deal of water in the high seas.

We used to ask triumphantly, where was a ghost that could bear the smell of printers' ink, etc., but 't is the peculiarity of this sorcery that it has stood in the teeth of the press, nay, uses the press largely for its own propagandism.

"The oracles assert, that the impressions of characters and other divine visions appear in æther." — Proclus?

Bettine says the reason spirits so seldom appear is that they do not like phantoms, ugly phantoms such as the men are. (*Correspondence with Goethe.*)

The only objection to spiritism is, that it is

in the wrong hands. New powers are to be looked for, — who has found the limits of human intelligence? — but not in the vile.

[On September 10, Mr. Emerson made an earnest and indignant address on Affairs in Kansas before the Relief Meeting in Cambridge. It is printed in *Miscellanies*. In the conclusion he prophesied the Revolution of the Nineteenth Century to be at hand, greater than that of 1775.]

September 13.

In this month was held another Kansas Relief Meeting to hear the Report of Mr. Sanborn, and the new subscription has reached $510.00, whilst an additional subscription among the ladies for clothing amounts to upwards of $130.00 more.

November 15.

Walk with Ellery, who finds in nature, or man, that whatever is done for beauty or in sport is excellent: but the moment there is any use in it or any kind of talent, 't is very bad and stupid. The fox sparrows and the blue snowbirds please him, and the water-cresses which we saw in the brook, but which, he said, were not in any botany.

'T is a trait of France, that it rapidly acquires and rapidly loses. This is confirmed by Montalembert's statement that the collegiate institutions of France, in the middle age, were identical with those of England; and the Oxford history, lately, has been helped by examination of the history of French universities, which explains the Oxford foundations and usages at the present day; which are lost in France, except in the Record, *L'histoire de l'université de Paris*, by Du Boulars.

I speak badly whilst I speak for feats. Feats are no measure of the heaven of intellect. It is profoundly solitary, it is unprofitable, it is to be despised and forgotten of men. If I recall the happiest hours of existence, those which really make man an inmate of a better world, it is a lonely and undescribed joy; but it is the door to joys that ear hath not heard nor eye seen.

Knowing is the measure, for I suppose it will be conceded that the nobility of a company or of a period is always to be estimated by the depth of the ideas from which they live, and to which, of course, they appeal.

Knowledge is the only elegance.

The Scholar. Apology for the subject, that it is the health of all. Every man is a scholar potentially, and does not need any one good so much as this of right thought.[1] . . .

[In the autumn, eight years after his return from England, Mr. Emerson at last brought his English experiences, and the thoughts that these had given him, into book form. They had been sifted and tested and mellowed by use as lectures. In the first winter days Carlyle wrote:

"I got your Book by post in the Highlands and had such a day over it as falls rarely to my lot. . . . Book by a real *man* with eyes in his head; nobleness, wisdom, humour, and many other things in the heart. . . . Franklin might have written such a thing (in his own way); no other since." (*Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 262.)

The following paragraphs are evidently Mr. Emerson's report of a conversation with Albert H. Tracy, a member of Congress, from Buffalo. He is the "Albert" whose conversation with "Lewis" (Cass) on their fruitless search for

1 The rest of the paragraph is in "The Man of Letters" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 249).

light is given without their names in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 331, 332).]

Half-headed men, by vicious organization, see only the object directly before them, and that in vast proportions, so as to engage their whole heat and faculty in the encounter with it. It awakens in them eloquence, industry, and passion; whilst people around them, in their accosting of the same object, are liable to returns of frigidity and indifference, from being forced to see both sides, many sides, and therefore cannot get up any furious zeal, as if this were the only point to be carried. Of course, such monomaniacs (like Quincy Adams, or Calhoun, in politics) seem to be deities to those near them, interested in the same things, because these have great endowments all bent on one focus.

The other point which interested Tracy was the ridiculous fame of the rhetoricians. In a senate or other business committee, all depends on a few men with working talent. They do everything, and value men only as they can forward the work. But some new man comes there who has no capacity for helping them at all, can't do the first thing, is insignificant, and no-

body, but has a talent for speaking; this fellow gets up and makes a speech which is printed and read all over the Union, and at once becomes famous, and takes the lead in public mind over all these executive men who, of course, are full of indignation to find one who has no tact or skill, and knows he has none, put over them, by means of this talking power which they despise.[1]

John Randolph said, there was one quality which was very rare, common sense. He had been, boy and man, twenty-four years in this body (House of Representatives), and he had known one man who had it,—he would n't say, had known but one, but he had seen one man who had it in a remarkable degree,—his name was Roger Sherman. That man had made this remark: "When you are in the majority, vote; when you are in the minority, talk. Well, Mr. President, I am in the minority in this body, and I talk."

Tracy said, "Massachusetts was full of rhetoricians." I forgot to tell him that every twelfth man in Massachusetts was a shoemaker, and that Erastus Bigelow, Uriah Boyden, Nathaniel

1 The above paragraph is printed in "Eloquence," but is kept here for the connection. (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 75, 76.)

Bowditch, and Mason, of Taunton, were not rhetoricians, and the railroad projectors all over the United States and the merchants who planned so many voyages of vessels which distribute their cargoes at New York, and make so much of the importance of that city, did not so much create speeches, as business.

December 1.

One would say that such a dinner-party as L. desires could only be arranged on the Resurrection Day: — Zeus of Crete, Pericles of Athens, Rabelais of Paris, Shakspeare of Stratford, Lord Bacon, Dr. Franklin, Montaigne, Columbus, Mr. Alcott, and Tom Appleton, etc., etc.

December 3.

I have been reading some of French's translations of Calderon, and I miss the expected power. He had not genius. His fancy is sprightly, but his construction is mechanical. The mark of genius is, that it has not only thoughts, but the copula that joins them is also a thought. It does not take some well-known fable, and use it, if a little more prettily, yet to the same predictable ends as others; but its fable and its use and end are unpredictable and its own. 'T is the difference between the carpenter who makes a

box, and the mother who bears a child. The box was all in the carpenter; but the child was not all in the parents. They knew no more of the child's formation than they did of their own. They were merely channels through which the child's nature flowed from quite another and eternal power, and the child is as much a wonder to them as to any; and, like the child Jesus, shall, as he matures, convert and guide them as if he were the parent.

(From ZO)

Napoleon. Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* was written in the fall of 1803. It was originally dedicated to Bonaparte at the time when he was First Consul for life. But when the news arrived that Bonaparte intended to make himself Emperor, Beethoven tore in pieces the title-page with his inscription, threw the fragments on the floor, with savage imprecations against the despot, and refused for weeks to show the piece to any of his friends. . . . When he spoke of Napoleon he seemed to forget all the ordinary categories under which he judged the actions of ordinary mortals; the standard of rating historical character seemed insufficient to measure the grandeur of this giant among all the great

men of his epoch. . . . He had an exceptional language for him. . . . Never before had any single man used so powerful levers in the accomplishment of his destiny, and never was there a greater purpose to be carried out than the one believed to be that of Bonaparte. He was regarded as the embodiment of Democracy," etc., etc. (See Article by Charles S. Bernays, *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*,[1] vol. ii, no. 4.)

Characters. Napoleon. Fouché said of Napoleon, "*Ce n'est pas là un homme à arrêter; encore ne suis-je pas l'homme qui l'arrêtera.*"

[As in previous volumes, a few of Mr. Emerson's favorite authors, from his early youth steadily recurring in the lists of the first volumes (as Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Montaigne, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Herbert, Swedenborg, Wordsworth, and others), are not given in this list. In spite, however, of the frequent mention of Plotinus, Proclus, and other Neoplatonists, and of the Oriental scriptures and poets, these names will appear as showing when Mr. Emerson was reading them. Carlyle and Goethe will also be mentioned.

1 This must have been a later entry than 1856.

It often happens that an allusion to an author may be in a passage not included in the selections here printed.]

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1856

Upanishad; Menander; Aristotle, *Ethics;* Varro; Proclus;

Dante; Hafiz; Chaucer;

Erasmus; Copernicus; Luther; Rabelais; Vanini; Calderon; Algernon Sydney; Giordano Bruno; Dryden;

Newton; Defoe; Montesquieu, *apud* Lanfrey; Voltaire; Maupertuis;

Linnæus; Diderot, *apud* Lanfrey; Niebuhr; Burke; Carnot, *Principes d'équilibre et du mouvement;*

Roederer; Hahnemann; Humboldt; Napoleon, *Letters to his brother Joseph;* Robert Owen; Oersted; Sir David Brewster, *Life of Newton;* Bettine Brentano, *Correspondence with Goethe;* Herschel; Balzac; Alcott;

Mulder, *Dissertations et expérience de chimie;* Dumas; Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries du lundi;* Eugène Sue; Bulwer; William Lloyd Garrison;

Theodore Parker; Horace Greeley; Charles Sumner; Thoreau; W. E. Channing; Delia

S. Bacon; F. L. Olmsted, *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States;* Pierre Lanfrey, *L'église et les philosophes du XVIII siècle; Atlantis* (a German periodical).

JOURNAL

THE WEST

AGASSIZ

JOHN BROWN AND KANSAS

WALKS WITH THOREAU

SATURDAY CLUB

VERSIFYING

THE QUINCYS

FARADAY

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

HARD TIMES

JOURNAL XLVIII

1857

(From Journals SO and VO)

O Hafiz, give me thought —
In fiery figures cast,
For all beside is naught,
All else is din and blast.

[The winter brought its usual tasks, constant travel, audiences, new and old, much exposure, but also much refreshment to the retired scholar, and interesting contact with builders of the country, eager and active, and also with thinkers and dreamers who found in Mr. Emerson the first sympathy that had come to them in their views of life and religion, not understood by those among whom they were born.

Beside lectures in Lyceums near home, Mr. Emerson in January spoke at the People's Literary Institute in Philadelphia, and in western New York, Ohio, and Illinois. In February he gave lectures of the *Conduct of Life* course in New York and Newport.]

(From SO)

Chicago, Tremont House,
January, 1857.

"In 1838," said Dr. Boynton, "I came here to Waukegan and there were not so many houses as there are towns now." He got into the train at Evansville, a town a year and a half old, where are now 600 inhabitants, a Biblical Institute, or Divinity School of the Methodists, to which a Mrs. Garrett lately gave some land in Chicago appraised at $125,000; but which, when they came to sell it, the worser half brought $160,000, and the value of the whole donation, 'tis thought, will be half a million. They had in the same town a college, — a thriving institution, which unfortunately blew down one night, — but I believe they raised it again the next day, or built another, and no doubt in a few weeks it will eclipse Cambridge and Yale! 'T is very droll to hear the comic stories of the rising values here, which, ludicrous though they seem, are justified by facts presently. Mr. Corwin's story of land offered for $50,000, and an hour given to consider of it. The buyer made up his mind to take it, but he could not have it; it was five minutes past the hour, and it was now worth

$60,000. After dinner, he resolved to give the price, but he had overstayed the time again, and it was already $70,000; and it became $80,000, before night, — when he bought it. I believe it was Mr. Corwin's joke, but the solemn citizens who stood by, heard it approvingly, and said, "Yes, that is about the fair growth of Chicago *per hour*." However, a quite parallel case to this, I am told, actually occurred in the sale of the "American House" lot, which rose in a day from perhaps $40,000 to 50, 60, 70, 80, or 90,000, at which price it was sold. Mr. Foster, of Evansville, when I asked about the once rival towns which competed with Chicago, said, "Yes, at New City they once thought there was to be the great centre, and built sixty houses." "Was there not a river and harbor there?" "Oh, yes, there was a guzzle out of a sandbank, but now there are still the sixty houses, and when I passed by the last time, there was one owl, which was the only inhabitant."

Mr. W. B. Ogden told me that he came here from New York twenty-one years ago. In New York he had, in association with some others, made a large purchase here to the amount of $100,000. He had never been here, but wished to have a reason for coming beyond merely see-

ing the country; had never then been beyond Buffalo westward.

He arrived here one morning, June 11, 1836. He learned that one of the parties of whom he had purchased was in the house, on his arrival at the tavern or fort, and this person sent for him to come up and see him. This Mr. Bronson had heard some rumor that his brother had sold the land to a company in New York, but hoped it was not so. Mr. Ogden showed him his deed. Bronson said it was all right, but it was injudicious in his brother. Ogden said he was glad to hear that, for he had feared he had made a foolish bargain. While he was in Bronson's room, somebody tapped at the door, and wished to know if the man who represented *Block No. 1* was here? Mr. Ogden knew nothing of it; but Bronson told the man, Yes, Ogden represented that purchase. "Well, will you sell Block No. 1?" Ogden replied he knew nothing of it, but after breakfast he would go and see the land. After breakfast, they crossed in a little boat, and looked about in the swamp and woods, and came to a stake. "Here," said Bronson, "is Block No. 1." Well, they were followed by several persons, and, among others, the one he had seen. These came up, and the man said, "What will

you take for this property?" Ogden said he knew nothing of its value, but if they would make him an offer, he would inform himself, and answer. The man said, "We will give you $35,000 for eight blocks from No. 1 to No. 8." Ogden said, "I never altered a muscle of my face, but I looked him in the face, to see if he were joking, and expected they would all laugh; but they all looked solemn, and the speaker no more crazy than the rest. So I took Bronson's arm, and walked apart, and said, 'Is this a joke, or are they crazy, or is this the value of the land?' 'Yes, this is the supposed value.' 'Is it worth more?' 'Perhaps, but you must wait.' So I went back, and said, as gravely as I could, that I would take it; but I expected them to laugh, but that would not harm me. But the man said, 'Well we will pay 10 per cent down, and we will pay it now.' But I said, 'We will go back to the tavern.' But the man was uneasy, and wished to pay now. I said, 'I shall not vary from what I have said.' But the man inclined to pay now. So he took out of his pocket ten $1000 notes of the U. S. Bank, and I put them in my waistcoat pocket."

And from that time Mr. Ogden proceeded to sell piece after piece of the land (about 150 acres)

till in one year he had nearly sold the whole for $1,000,000.

(From VO)

Inspiration. "The gods," says Homer, "ever give to mortals their apportioned share of reason only on one day."

Pindar in one of his poems represented Agamedes and Trophonius as rewarded by sudden death for building the temple of Apollo. He was afterwards referred by the priestess, on his inquiring what was best for mankind, to his own verses. He understood this reply as an intimation of his death, which soon after took place. (Bohn's Pindar, p. xi.)

"Neither by sea nor by land canst thou find the way to the Hyperboreans."

"There are many swift darts under my elbow, within my quiver, which have a voice for those with understanding, but to the crowd they need interpreters." — PINDAR.

Agassiz. The turtles in Cambridge, on the publication of this book of Agassiz, should hold an indignation meeting, and migrate from the Charles River; *Chelydra serpentina* marching at the head, and "Death to Agassiz!" inscribed on their shields.

No matter what the *savants* say, tortoise, or shark, or sheep, or ostrich, it is always man they have in their thought; both professor and public are surreptitiously studying man, whom they would gladly read directly, if they could.[1] 'T is a vast Æsop's fable, which prates about lions and foxes and storks, but means you, and me, from beginning to end.

If natural philosophy is faithfully written, moral philosophy need not be, for that will find itself expressed in these theses to a perceptive soul.

Agassiz discovered "the coincidence between the embryonic development of beings, and the gradation which is wrought from age to age in organic forms."—A. Laugel (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, September).

February.

Captain John Brown of Kansas gave a good account of himself in the Town Hall, last night, to a meeting of citizens. One of his good points was, the folly of the peace party in Kansas, who believed that their strength lay in the greatness of their wrongs, and so discountenanced resistance. He wished to know if their wrong

1 Compare a similar passage in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 184, 185).

was greater than the negro's, and what kind of strength that gave to the negro?

He believes on his own experience that one good, believing, strong-minded man is worth a hundred, nay, twenty thousand men without character, for a settler in a new country; and that the right men will give a permanent direction to the fortunes of a state. For one of these bullying, drinking rowdies, — he seemed to think cholera, smallpox, and consumption were as valuable recruits.

The first man who went into Kansas from Missouri to interfere in the elections, he thought, "had a perfect right to be shot."

He gave a circumstantial account of the battle at Black-Jack, where twenty-three Missourians surrendered to nine abolitionists.

He had 3000 sheep in Ohio, and would instantly detect a strange sheep in his flock. A cow can tell its calf by secret signal, he thinks, by the eye, to run away or to lie down and hide itself. He always makes friends with his horse or mule (or with the deer that visit his Ohio farm), and when he sleeps on his horse, as he does as readily as in his bed, his horse does not start or endanger him.[1]

1 The visit at my father's house of this farmer of natural

Brown described the expensiveness of war in a country where everything that is to be eaten or worn or used by man or beast must be dragged a long distance on wheels. "God protects us in winter," he said; "no Missourian can be seen in the country until the grass comes up again."

Most men are insolvent, or promise by their countenance, and conversation, and by their early endeavor, much more than they ever perform. Charles Newcomb did, and Coleridge did, and Carlyle.

dignity, mild but firm face, plain clothes with a black leather stock for collar, I remember perfectly. The remarks about his power over animals interested a boy. He said that he could always, without moving, make a dog or cat leave the room if he wished, by his eye. The mild but steady blue eyes, clean shaven face, and smoothly brushed hair but slightly turned, were in great contrast to the wild eyes, great beard, and upward brushed hair of the man whom I heard, a year or more later, tell in our Town Hall the story of the outrages of the Border Ruffians on the Kansas settlers, the murder of one son, and how the other was made temporarily insane by being dragged to prison under a hot sun by the U. S. Dragoons at the horses' heels for miles. He shook the chain as he indignantly told how it was then rusty, but his boy in his delirium had played with it until it was bright. E. W. E.

Men's conscience, I once wrote, is local in spots and veins, here and there, and not in healthy circulation through their system, so that they are unexpectedly good in some passage, and when you infer that they may be depended on in some other case, they heavily disappoint you. Well, so is their thought. A—— T—— dazzles with his intellectual light, but is a wretched hunker in politics, and hunks in social and practical life. And I learn from the photograph and daguerre men, that almost all faces and forms which come to their shops to be copied are irregular and unsymmetrical.[1]

The Democratic party is the party of the Poor marshalled against the Rich. They are sure they are excluded from rich houses and society, and they vote with the poor against you. That is the sting that exasperates them, and makes a strong party. But they are always officered by a few self-seeking deserters from the Rich or Whig party. They know the incapacity of their own rank and file, and would reject one of their own nobodies as a leader. A few rich men or Whigs are therefore always ready to

1 The rest of the paragraph is found in "Beauty" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 299).

accept the place of captain, and major, and colonel, and president, and wear their colours for the rewards which are only to be given to the officers, and never to rank and file. But these leaders are Whigs, and associate with Whigs, that is, they are the dining, drinking, and dancing and investing class, and by no means the digging and hoeing class.

But 't is of no use to tell me, as Brown and others do, that the Southerner is not a better fighter than the Northerner, — when I see that uniformly a Southern minority prevails, and gives the law. Why, but because the Southerner is a fighting man, and the Northerner is not?

> Think not the gods receive thy prayer
> In ear and heart, but find it there.

NATURE

> She paints with white and red the moors
> To draw the nations out of doors.

Rule for Rhetoric. Omit all the negative propositions. I fear Agassiz takes quite too much time and space in denying popular science. He should electrify us by perpetual affirmations, unexplained.

Superlative. When a man says to me, "I have the intensest love of nature," at once I know that he has none.

"The freedom of man consists herein, that he is his own aim."

"Every man who stamps his personality on his life is the true, natural and free man."—*Atlantis*, February.

I once knew of a man who drew a poor girl into his chamber. The girl quickly came to her penitence, and said she was bitterly ashamed. "Ashamed," said the man; "what is there to be ashamed of?" The speeches of our statesmen at Washington are much in the same clear key of correct sentiment, or like Talleyrand's reply to Bonaparte when he asked, "What is all this about non-intervention?" "Sire, it means about the same as intervention."

Lord Normanby says of the French aristocracy in 1848, "Country retirement in their own land has done more for them than exile in foreign parts formerly did."

Lord Normanby, when in Florence, had the foible of desiring to appear young. He quarrelled with Landor, who published a letter against

the ex-minister which ended with these words, "If we were not both, my lord, two miserable old dotards trembling on the brink of the grave, this letter would be more pointed than it is."

A deputy said of Guizot, "*Il ne pratique pas toutes ses maximes, mais il maxime toutes les pratiques.*"

Guizot said, "The government would not engage itself for the future from the Tribune; — to promise was sometimes worse than to act, since to promise destroyed what existed without attempting to replace it."

Nature, who made the lock, knows where to find the key.

> From high to higher forces
> The scale of power uprears,
> The heroes on their horses,
> The gods upon their spheres.

The man of the world bows with a vertical movement of the head, up and down. My Stoic used a horizontal salutation, as if always saying No.

I suppose the same impulse of the air entering into the trachea of an ass will bray, and into

the trachea of a nightingale will sing. Inspiration is as the receiver.

"We cannot speak rightly about the Gods, without the Gods." — Jamblichus.

I remember that I expected a revival in the churches to be caused by the reading of Jamblichus.

I see the selfsame energy and action in a boy at football that I admire in the intellectual play of Burke or Pindar.

Art. All your facts, my dear doctor, leave us outside, but a good word lets us into the world: such is the eternal precedence of literature.

'T is the law that each kind, when it becomes aware of a higher life, gladly abandons its own, and exchanges it for that. What would become of a fox who found out that it was a fox?

Calvert said, that, when Frye had sung at his chambers in Paris to a French company, they were much struck with his person and performance, and one of the guests made his compliments to Calvert, and told him how much he admired Frye: "*C'est un bel homme; quel*

visage! c'est précisement la figure de Jésus"; and, turning to Bryan, who stood by with his white hair and beard, he suddenly added, "*et vous êtes le Père Eternel.*"

Conduct of Life. "Wisdom is not found in the hand of those that live at their ease." — *Job.*

Art. You cannot make a cheap palace.

Because our education is defective, because we are superficial and ill-read, we are forced to make the most of that position, of ignorance. Hence America is a vast know-nothing party, and we disparage books, and cry up intuition. With a few clever men we have made a reputable thing of that, and denouncing libraries and severe culture, and magnifying the mother-wit swagger of bright boys from the country colleges, we have even come so far as to deceive everybody, except ourselves, into an admiration of un-learning and inspiration, forsooth.

Miss Delia Bacon.

Si non errasset, fecerit illa minus.[1]

1 Had she not been mistaken she would have accomplished less.

The author I bade rush to her proofs without digression or episode.

"No man or woman has ever thought or written more sincerely than the author of this book." [1] — Hawthorne (Preface, p. xii).

"'T is the school of a criticism much more severe than the criticism which calls its freedom in question." (*Idem.* p. lxxx.)

"Historical key to that Art of Delivery and Tradition by means of which the secrets of the Elizabethan Age are conveyed." (p. i.)

She has the virtue to believe in cause and effect.

Miss Bacon has read much in these plays that the critics of the *Athenæum*, etc., never read there and will never read.

Shakspeare's plays, published in 1623, three years after Plymouth Colony. If they had been published first, the good forefathers had never been able to come away.

1 Miss Bacon's *Philosophy of Shakspeare's Plays Unfolded*, a remarkable work to which the author really sacrificed her life, had just appeared, with a preface by Hawthorne whose chivalrous and constant kindness and help to Miss Bacon had really kept her alive and brought the work to publication, hopeless but for his aid.

The hater of property and of government takes care to have his warranty-deed recorded, and the book written against Fame and learning has the author's name on the title-page.

> For joy and beauty planted it,
> With faërie gardens cheered,
> And boding Fancy haunted it
> With men and women weird.

May 2.

Walk yesterday, first day of May, with Henry Thoreau to Goose Pond, and to the "Red Chokeberry Lane." Found sedge flowering, and *Salix humilis* later than *Salix discolor;* found *Lycopodium dendroides* and *lucidulum;*[1] found *Chimaphila maculata,*[2] the only patch of it in town. Found *Senecio*[3] and even *Solidago*[4] in the water already forward, and the Sawmill Brook much adorned with hellebore, *Veratrum viride.* Saw the white-throated sparrow with a strong white stripe on the top of his head. Saw a stump of a canoe-birch tree newly cut down, which had bled a barrel. From a white birch, Henry cut a strip of bark to show how a naturalist would make the best box to carry a plant or other

1 Club-mosses.
2 Spotted wintergreen.
3 Golden ragwort.
4 Goldenrod.

specimen requiring care, and thought the woodman would make a better hat of birch-bark than of felt, — hat, with cockade of lichens thrown in. I told him the Birkebeiners of the Heimskringla had been before him.

We will make a book on walking, 't is certain, and have easy lessons for beginners. "Walking in ten Lessons."

The legs of the thrones are the plough, and the oar, the anvil, and the sewing-machine.

A deep sympathy with intellect is what we require for any conversation, and it is hard to find among scholars.

In writing, it is not propositions that are of the first need,[1] . . .

Trees. They give us all our wreaths, but they reserve finer; for a wreath has worth and beauty according to the head on which it falls. A wreath dies on touching the head of a president.

A man signing himself George R—— (of Madison, Wis.) and who seems to be drunk, writes me, that "the secret of drunkenness is,

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 301).

that it insulates us in thought, whilst it unites us in feeling."

May 19.

I saw Peter Kaufmann in New York, a man of much intellectual power, and of expansive moral sympathy and purposes; another Benjamin Franklin in his practical skill and tastes. Unhappily, he is without imagination, — the more to be regretted, that his life has kept him invariably *bourgeois*. His *bonhommie* and philanthropy occasionally changed his face to a wonderful degree, as if a young man looked out of an old mask.

[Seventeen years later Mr. Emerson wrote the following into this journal.

February, 1874.

On looking — I fear too late — into the singular Diary which Kaufmann sent me many years ago, I grieve that I neglected it until now. It is very imaginative and doubtless sincere, and indicates a far more intellectual person than I suspected in our short and singular meeting in New York. Alas, I have never heard from him, or of him, since, and I fear that this total silence on my part must have pained and alienated him.]

May 25.

Yesterday, at the Cliff, with a family party, and Henry Thoreau and Ricketson.[1] Found the "trailing arbutus,"[2] and the corydalis.[3] Henry has found new willows, and has a natural *salictum*, where the seeds gather and plant themselves, near the railroad. Saw the *Salix rostrata*, *discolor*, *humilis*; I think, he finds fourteen. At this time of the year, the old leaves of the forest are gone, and the new not yet opened, and for a few days the view of the landscape is more open.

At home, ——— expressed some sad views of life and religion. A thunderstorm is a terror to him, and his theism was Judaical. Henry thought a new pear-tree was more to purpose, etc., but said better, that an ecstasy was never interrupted. A theology of this kind is as good a meter or yard-

1 Daniel Ricketson of New Bedford, a kindly man of much originality of life and opinion, a friend and correspondent of Thoreau's. His son and daughter have published his correspondence.

2 From the locality this was probably the bear-berry (*arctostaphylos uva-ursi*), not the Mayflower (*epigæa*), both of which are called "trailing árbutus." Dr. Gray was very severe on the common false-quantity "*arbútus*."

3 Probably *corydalis glauca*, rosy with yellow tips.

stick as any other. If I can be scared by a highwayman or a thunderclap, I should say, my performances were not very high, and should at once be mended.

Thursday, *May* 28.

We kept Agassiz's fiftieth birthday at the Club.[1] Three or four strangers were present, to wit, Dresel, Felton, Holmes, and Hilliard. For the rest, we had Agassiz, Peirce, Ward, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Whipple, Dwight, Woodman, and I. Cabot was due, but did not come. Agassiz brought what had just been sent him, the last coloured plates to conclude the First Volume of his *Contributions*, etc., which will now be published incontinently. The

1 The Saturday Club had crystallized out of certain informal social meetings of friends at a Boston hostelry, in the previous year. The following list of members in the first two years is copied from one of Mr. Emerson's note-books: —

1856

Agassiz, R. H. Dana, Jr., J. L. Motley, H. W. Longfellow, J. S. Dwight, E. R. Hoar, S. G. Ward, J. R. Lowell, B. Peirce, E. P. Whipple, H. Woodman, R. W. E.

1857

O. W. Holmes, C. C. Felton, J. E. Cabot.

As Dr. Holmes's presence as a "stranger" at this meeting of the Club in Agassiz's honor is mentioned, it would appear that he was chosen a member very soon after.

flower of the feast was the reading of three poems, written by our three poets, for the occasion. The first by Longfellow, who presided; the second, by Holmes; the third, by Lowell; all excellent in their way.

May 30.

Walk this afternoon with Henry Thoreau. Found the *perfoliata uvularia*[1] for the first time in Lincoln by Flint's Pond; found the *chestnut sided warbler*, which, I doubt not, I have seen already, and mistaken for the *particolored*. Heard the note of the latter, which resembles a locust-sound. Saw the cuckoo. Examined the young oak leaves by way of comparing the black, scarlet, and red, and think the penetrating the bark of the first to find the yellow *quercitrum* must be for me the final test. Found the chestnut-oak, in Lincoln, on Thompson's land, not far from his boat-house, near large old chestnuts. Saw the two poplars, *grandidentata*, and *tremulifolia*, which are both good for the powder-mills. Henry thinks that planting acres of barren sand by running a furrow every four feet across the field, with a plough, and following it with a planter, supplied with pine seed, would be lucrative. He proposes to plant my Wyman

1 Bellwort.

lot so. Go in September, and gather white-pine cones with a hook at the end of a long pole, and let them dry and open in a chamber at home. Add acorns, and birch-seed, and pitch-pines. He thinks it would be profitable to buy cheap land, and plant it so. Edward Gardner at Nantucket sells the land at an advanced price as soon as he has planted it. It is a woodlot. Henry says, that the Flora of Massachusetts embraces almost all the important plants of America. We have all the willows but one or two, all the oaks but one or two. Furrows, 8 feet apart, and stick a pine along each at every 4 feet.

Physiologie du Goût. Longfellow avoids greedy smokers. A cigar lasts one hour: but is not allowed to lose fire. "Give me the luxuries, the necessities may take their chance"; and the appendix to this is Sam Ward's rule, that the last thing an invalid is to give up is, the going out to places of amusement, — the theatre, balls, concerts, etc. And Sir George Cornewall Lewis's saying, that "Life would be tolerable, if it were not for the pleasures."

I do not count the hours I spend in the woods, though I forget my affairs there and my books.

And, when there, I wander hither and thither: any bird, any plant, any spring detains me. I do not hurry homewards, for I think all affairs may be postponed to this walking, and it is for this idleness that all my businesses exist.

> I do not count the hours I spend
> In wandering by the sea.[1]

Our young men have nothing to do. Let them plant the land with good trees; let them cut the sea with good boats. Their friends like them best if they do nothing new or important, but win a living in the quietest old ways of shop and office.

My naturalist has perfect magnanimity, he has no secrets, he will show you where his rare plants are, where the rare birds breed, carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp, confiding, I doubt not, that you can never find it again, yet willing to take his risks.[2]

To the pomologist the young June moon had a sad reminder of the print of a curculio on his

1 The beginning of the "Waldeinsamkeit" in the *Poems*.

2 This passage occurs in "Thoreau" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 412).

blue plum. And shall the canary bird only remind him of yellow fever? and the fireflies of incendiaries?

June 9.

Yesterday a walk with Henry in search of *actæa alba*,[1] which we found, but only one plant, and the petals were shed. The shrub also we saw which had puzzled him last year, and which was only *Viburnum nudum* grown more erect in the damp woods than usual. We found at Cyrus Smith's the *Juglans nigra*, black walnut, in flower. It blooms with the pignut, *Juglans glabra*, and not with the butternut, *Juglans cinerea*. I do not find black walnut in Bigelow. Henry praises Bigelow's descriptions of plants: but knows sixty plants not recorded in his edition of Bigelow (1840). We saw the hairy woodpecker watching his chirping brood in an apple-tree in Wyman's orchard. Spider will show whether the hole is inhabited or not. The red maples are conspicuous in these days with red keys. Saw *swamp white oak* under the handsome pleached elm on the road from the manse to Peter Hutchinson's. The day was joyfully bright and warm, but, at night, coldish again.

Saw the leather-colored, or dead-oak-leaf-

1 White baneberry.

colored *rana sylvatica*.[1] In the morning we saw *krigia*.[2]

On Sunday (June 6) on our walk along the river-bank, the air was full of the ephemerides, which Henry celebrates as the manna of the fishes.

Scholar and Times. Could I make you feel your indispensableness, — and yet it behooves first to show you the joy of your high place. You have the keys. You deal with design and the methods. Here lies this wide aboriginal Nature, old beyond figures, yet new and entire, the silver flame which flashes up the sky, — no æons can date it, yet there it burns as delicately as the passing cinder of the firefly with the lightness of a new petal. Here you rest and work in this element of Space, whose bewildering circuits make all the universe a dot on its margin, — dwarfing the gods.

To teach us the first lesson of humility, God set down man in these two vastitudes of Space and Time, yet is he such an incorrigible peacock that he thinks them only a perch to show his dirty feathers on.

1 Wood frog. 2 Dwarf-dandelion.

What we accept in generals, we deny in particulars. But the applicability is not capricious, this applicability, by which planets subside and crystallize and clothe themselves with forests, and animate themselves with beasts and men, will not stop; but will continue into finer particulars, and from finer to finest evermore.

For every creature has a sphere and a predisposing power. He is not possible unless the invisible things are right for him as well as the visible. There are more belongings to every creature than his lair and his food.[1] . . .

> I have sought for thee a costlier dome
> Than Mahmoud's palace high,
> And thou returned shall find thy home
> In the apple of lover's eye.

[Mr. Emerson was translating German versions of Hafiz into English.

At this time he was preparing an Ode for the Fourth of July breakfast in the Town Hall. (See in the *Poems*.)

Although he did not introduce the following verses, he did not omit his plea to the Country to purge itself from the blot of Slavery.]

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 37, 38).

O sun! take off thy hood of clouds,
O land! take off thy chain,
And fill the world with happy mood
And love from main to main.

Ye shall not on this charter day
Disloyally withhold
Their household rights from captive men
By pirates bought and sold.

Ah, little knew the innocent
In throes of birth forlorn
That wolves and foxes waited for
Their victim to be born.

Zoölogists may dispute whether horsehairs in the water change to worms.[1] . . .

Wednesday, *July* 8.

This morning I had the remains of my mother and of my son Waldo removed from the tomb of Mrs. Ripley to my lot in "Sleepy Hollow." The sun shone brightly on the coffins, of which Waldo's was well preserved — now fifteen years. I ventured to look into the coffin. I gave a few white-oak leaves to each coffin, after they were

1 The passage is printed in full in "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 177).

put in the new vault, and the vault was then covered with two slabs of granite.

There is certainly a convenience in the money scale in the absence of finer meters.[1] . . .

Clubs. In the East they buy their wives at stipulated prices. Well, shall I not estimate, when the finer anthropometer is wanting, my social properties so? In our club, no man shall be admitted who is not worth in his skin five hundred thousand. One of them, I hold worth a million: for he bows to facts, has no impertinent will, and nobody has come to the end of his resources. So, in my house, I shall not deign to count myself by my poor taxable estate twenty or thirty thousand, but each of my children is worth, on leaving school, a hundred thousand, as being able to think, speak, feel, and act correctly, — able to fill the vacant hours, and keep life up to a high point.

Sunday, *July* 19.

A visit to Josiah Quincy, Jr.,[2] on his old

1 For the remainder of the passage, see "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 48).

2 Mr. Emerson's classmate, Mr. Quincy, used to relate, that at the class election he and several others refused the honor of being Poet before it was offered to Emerson.

place at Quincy, which has been in the family for seven generations, since 1635, and the deed by which the place is holden is an *order* on the first page of the Records of the Town of Boston, "*Ordered*, that Edmund Quincy and (one other named party) lay out 800 acres at Mount Wollaston." There lives the old president, now eighty-five years old, in the house built by his father in 1770; and Josiah, Jr., in a new house built by Billings, seven years ago. They hold five hundred acres, and the land runs down to the sea. From the piazza in the rear of the house of Josiah Quincy, Jr., you may see every ship that comes in or goes out of Boston, and most of the islands in the harbor. 'T is the best placed house I know.

The old man I visited on Saturday evening, and on Sunday he came and spent the evening with us at his son's house. He is the most fortunate of men; old John Adams said that of him; and his good fortune has followed to this hour. His son said to me, "My father has thrown ten times, and every time got doublets." Yet he was engaged to a lady whose existence he did not know of seven days before, and she proved the best of wives. I made a very pleasant acquaintance with young Josiah 3d, the poet of "Lyteria,"

and I like him better than his poem. Charles Francis Adams also was there in the Sunday evening. Old Quincy still reads and writes with vigor and steadiness two or three hours every night after tea till ten. He has just finished his "Life of John Quincy Adams."

Montaigne's story of the man who learned courage from the hare weighs with me. 'T is the best use of Fate to teach us courage like the Turk.[1] . . .

Every man tries his hand at poetry somewhere, but most men don't know which their poems are.

July 26.

Ellery Channing thinks that these frogs at Walden are very curious but final facts; that they will never be disappointed by finding themselves raised to "a higher state of intelligence."

The "Sákoontalá" ends with a prayer of the King, —

> "And may the purple, self-existent God,
> Whose vital energy pervades all space,
> From future transmigrations save my Soul!"

1 The remainder of this paragraph is printed in "Fate" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 24 and 47).

He persists in his bad opinion of orchards and farming; declares, that the only success he ever had with the farmer was, that he once paid a cent for a russetin apple; and farming, he thinks, is an attempt to outwit God with a hoe: that they plant a great many potatoes, with much ado; but it is doubtful if they ever get the seed again.

July 28.

Yesterday, the best day of the year, we spent in the afternoon on the river. A sky of Calcutta; light, air, clouds, water, banks, birds, grass, pads, lilies, were in perfection, and it was delicious to live. Ellery and I went up the South Branch, and took a bath from the bank behind Cyrus Hubbard's, where the river makes a bend. Blackbirds in hundreds; swallows in tens sitting on the telegraph lines; and one heron (*ardea minor*) assisted. In these perfect pictures, one thinks what weary nonsense is all this painful collection of rubbish, — pictures of rubbish masters, — in the total neglect of this and every lovely river valley, where the multitudinous life and beauty make these pictures ridiculous, cold chalk and ochre.

From Faraday's Lecture at the Royal Institution, 1857, on "Conservation of Force": —

"A grain of water is known to have electric relations equivalent to a very powerful flash of lightning.[1] It may therefore be supposed that a very large apparent amount of the force causing the phenomena of gravitation may be the equivalent of a very small change in the unknown condition of the bodies whose attraction is varying by change of distance. Many considerations urge my mind toward the idea of a cause of gravity which is not resident in the particles of matter merely, but constantly in them and all space."

A particle of oxygen is ever a particle of oxygen, — nothing can in the least wear it."[2]

Faraday is an excellent writer, and a wise man, and whilst I read him, I think that, if natural philosophy is faithfully written, moral philosophy need not be, for it will find itself expressed in these theses to a perceptive soul.[3] That is,

1 This sentence Mr. Emerson used in "Perpetual Forces," showing what mighty forces might give the delicate flavor of a peach (*Conduct of Life*, p. 70).

2 No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.
("Song of Nature," *Poems*.)

3 Compare "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 218, 219).

we shall read off the commandments and gospels in chemistry — without need of translation; as we read a Latin or a French book to scholars without translation.

I can count on my fingers all the sane men that ever came to me. Were I to insist on silence until I was fully met, and all my faculty called out and tasked by my companion, I should have a solitary time of it. Those who visit me are young men, imperfect persons, people with some partial thought, or local culture.[1] . . .

Each man has, too, six or seven leading thoughts or observations, and his talk with a stranger, as it rises or falls, is usually a pure or a diluted statement of these, until they are all told. Then, if the stranger has not evinced the power to excite and draw him out, they live thenceforward in heavy relation, as people who know each other to disadvantage, and who have nothing to expect from each other.

Thoughts. Will he coax and stroke these de-

1 And yet he welcomed the youths, and heard their questions, answered them indirectly by throwing large lights, and many went away comforted with wide-opened eyes.

ities? I do. I can no more manage these thoughts that come into my head than thunderbolts. But once get them written down, I come and look at them every day, and get wonted to their faces, and by and by, am so far used to them that I see their family likeness, and can pair them and range them better, and if I once see where they belong and join them in that order, they will stay so.

In the house of Mahomet, the guests discussed gardens, architecture, diamonds, horses, chess, the natural history of certain trees, as, the palm, sandal-tree, wines, amber, steel, flowers.

In *Tarare*, Beaumarchais directed to be sung "majestically," by *Nature* and the *Genius of Fire*, the verses,

"*Mortel, qui que tu sois, prince, brahme, ou soldat,*
Homme, ta grandeur sur la terre
N'appartient point à ton état,
Elle est toute à ton caractère."

All. "It must not be imagined that any force or fraction of a force can be ever annihilated. All that which is not found in the useful effect produced by the motive power, nor in the amount of force which it retains after having acted, must

have gone towards the shaking and destroying of the machine." — Arago, *Life of Carnot.*

August 2.

Yesterday with Ellery at Flint's Pond. The pond was in its summer glory, the chestnuts in flower, two fishermen in a boat, thundertops in the sky, and the whole picture a study of all the secrets of landscape. "A place for everything, and everything in place"; "no waste and no want"; "each minds his own part, and none overdo and none interfere," — these and the like rules of good householding are kept here in nature. The great afternoon spends like fireworks, or festival of the gods, with a tranquil exultation, as of a boy that has launched his first boat, or his little balloon, and the experiment succeeds.

Ellery said, "You must come here to see it: It can never be imagined. You must come here to see it, or you have lost your day."

'T is an objection, I said, to astronomy, that you light your candle at both ends. After you have got through the day and 't is necessary you should give attention to the business of sleeping, all hands are called; here come Canopus, Aldebaran, and all stars, and you are to begin again.

The woods were in their best, high grown again, and flecked with spots of pure sunshine everywhere, — paths for Una and her lamb; say better, fit for the stoutest farmers and the greatest scholars.

> Inspired we forget our books
> To see the landscape's royal looks.

Joseph Polis is the hunter who went with Henry Thoreau and Edward Hoar. An Indian has his knowledge for use, and it only appears in use. Most white men that we know have theirs for talking purposes.

The Indian can call a muskrat swimming in the river to the side where he stands, and make him land. "See muskrat, me go talk with em." He can go into the lakes, and be paddled round and round ten or twenty times and then can go off in straight line "to camp," or to Oldtown. White man cannot; and Indian can't tell how he does it. He can give you a new tea every night, and a soup every day; lily soup; hemlock tea; tea from the snowberry. *Chiogenes hispidula* is best. He can cut a string from spruce root, as you cannot.

Cornus sericea is the *kinnik kinnik*.

Truth. "Truth," says Buchner, "hides an inner attraction in itself, beside which all other respects easily vanish." — *Apud* Frauenstadt.

> "De la part du Roi défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle dans ce lieu!"
>
> "By royal decree, we prohibit the gods
> To work any miracle near these sods."

I have quite forgot in what garden this compliment to religion was paid.[1]

September 4.

Yesterday with Henry at the Estabrook Farm, and Ebba Hubbard's swamp to see the yellow birches, which grow larger than I have seen them elsewhere. The biggest measured, at five feet from the ground, ten feet, five inches in circumference. We found bass, thorn-tree (*Crataegus*), feverbush abounding; a huge ivy running up from the base round a (?) tree, to the height of twenty or thirty feet, like a hairy snake; *Osmunda regalis*, white mint, pennyroyal, calamint, *aster corymbosa*, the bay-berry, *amphicarpæa*, *botrychium onoclea*, brake tripartite.

1 This couplet was posted by some wit on the church of St. Médard, one of the Jansenist congregations, in the seventeenth century. The Jansenists had alleged miracles (one at St. Médard) in support of their heresy.

A valuable walk through the savage, fertile, houseless land, where we saw pigeons and marsh-hawks, and ere we left it, the mists, which denote the haunt of the elder gods, were rising.[1] Henry said of the railroad whistle, that Nature had made up her mind not to hear it, she knew better than to wake up: and, "The fact you tell is of no value, 't is only the impression."

Curious that the best thing I saw in Mammoth Cave was an illusion. But I have had many experiences like that and many men have.

Our conversation with Nature is not quite what it seems. The sunset glories are not quite so real as childhood thought them, and the part that our organization plays in them is too large. The same subjectiveness interferes everywhere.

Doctor Solger.[2] When the event is past and

1 Down in yon watery nook
Where bearded mists divide,
The grey old gods whom Chaos knew,
The sires of Nature, hide.
("Waldeinsamkeit," *Poems.*)

2 A learned German who gave a course on History in Mr. Sanborn's school in Concord.

remote, how insignificant the greatest, compared with the piquancy of the present! The professor interrogates Annie in the class about Odoacer and Alaric.[1] . . .

How we failed to be Catholics. The other lesson we got from the lecture was the pathetic one, that the poor Goths or Germans must needs come into the empire when Valens was an Arian, and therefore all Goths and Germans must be Arians, and not the orthodox, catholic prevailing Athanasian creed. In this first germ, one sees us nailed to the north wall of opposition, and foreordained to be pale Protestants, Unitarians, freesoilers, abolitionists.

What baulks all language is, the broad, radiating, immensely distributive action of Nature or spirit. If it were linear, if it were successive, step by step, jet after jet, like our small human agency, we could follow it with language; but it mocks us.

Greatness. Every human being whom History selects is some child of fate, full of fate, who did what he did by this strong arm; as the

1 See "Success" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 304, 305).

woodchopper, by using the force of gravity, lets the planet chop his stick, so these men perceived each that he had inherited some trick of nature, a voice, or a face, or a sympathy, or a brutish courage, or skill, some fascination, which prevailed with his fellows, and he gladly threw himself on this, seeing how much it served him, though this all belonged to the kingdom of fate, and not to the sphere of souls.

Maximum and minimum. The doses of heaven are homœopathic. How little it is that differences the man from the woman; the animal from the plant; the most like from the most unlike things!

The sun is as much a creature of fate as any worm which his heat engenders in the mud of earth. Large and small are nothing. Given a vesicle you have the Cosmos.

"For the living out of doors, and simple fare, and gymnastic exercises, and the morals of companions, produce the greatest effect in the way of virtue and of vice." — PLATO, *Timæus.*

Here again is the *Circumstance*, is Fate, so potent; or, shall I say, here the unity of things intimating that the moral is the highest chem-

istry. Put the atoms all right in their best order, and you get the unsophisticated countryman, body and mind in equal health; the crystallization is not interfered with, nor hastened, and the perfect diamond results.

Surfaces. Good writing sips the foam of the cup. There are infinite degrees of delicacy in the use of the hands; and good workmen are so distinguished from laborers; and good horsemen, from rude riders; and people of elegant manners, from the vulgar. In writing, it is always at the surface, and can chip off a scale, where a coarser hand and eye find only solid wall.

Determination of blood is all one with intrinsic value. If a man is set on collecting diamonds, or Arabian horses, or an arboretum, or a particular piece of land, or a telescope, his heat makes the value.

We read the Orientals, but remain Occidental. The fewest men receive anything from their studies. The abolitionists are not better men for their zeal. They have neither abolished slavery in Carolina, nor in me. If they cannot break one fetter of mine, I cannot hope they will of any

negro. They are bitter, sterile people, whom I flee from, to the unpretentious whom they disparage. I see them to be logically right, but —

[The rest torn out.]

The eye is final: what it tells is the last stroke of Nature. Beyond colour we cannot go.

Gauss, I believe it is, who writes books that nobody can understand but himself, and himself only in his best hours. And Peirce and Gould and others in Cambridge are piqued with the like ambition. But I fancy more the wit of Defoe, and Cervantes, and Montaigne, who make deep and abstruse things popular.

Henry avoids commonplace, and talks birch bark to all comers, reduces them all to the same insignificance.

The Atlantic Monthly. A journal is an assuming to guide the age — very proper and necessary to be done, and good news that it shall be so. — But this journal, is this it? Has Apollo spoken? In this, the sentiment of freedom is the sting which all feel in common: a Northern sentiment, the only tie; and the manifest conveniency of having a good vent for such wares as scholars

have. There is this discrepancy in the nature of the thing: each of the contributors is content that the thing be to the largest aims; but when he is asked for his contribution, he considers where his strength lies: he has certain experiences which have impressed him lately, and which he can combine, but no choice, or a very narrow choice among such, and the best the Editor can do is, to see that nothing goes into the book but important pieces; every chapter must record of real experiences. It suffices that it be weighty. It matters not whether 't is upon Religion, or Balloons, or Kneebuckles, so only that there is nothing fantastic or factitious in the subject and writing. Great scope and illumination ought to be in the Editor, to draw from the best in the land, and to defy the public, if he is only sure himself that the piece has worth, and is right. Publics are very placable, and will soon find out when they have a master. The value of money-capital is to be able to hold out for a few months, and go on printing, until the discerning minority of the public have found out that the book is right, and must be humbly and thankfully accepted, and abandon themselves to this direction, too happy that they have got something good and wise to admire and obey.

Alcott makes his large demand on the *Lecture*, that it is the university of the people, and 't is time they should know at the end of the season what their professors have taught this winter: and it should be gathered by a good reporter in a book what Beecher, Whipple, Parker, Bellows, King, Solger, and Emerson have taught. But the Lecturer was not allowed to be quite simple, as if he were on his conscience to unfold himself to a college class. But he knew his audience, and used the "adulatory" and "confectionary" arts (according to Plato) to keep them in their seats. He treats them as children; and mercantile Libraries and Lyceums will all vote, if the question be virtually put to them, — We prefer to be entertained; nay, we must be entertained.

My friend[1] has magnificent views, and looks habitually to the government of the country; of the state; of nature; nothing less. His natural attitude explains Plato. When has Plato found a genial critic? No; always a silly village wondering what he could be at! What he said about women? Did he mean Athens, or

1 Mr. Alcott, after several years' residence in Walpole, returned with his family to Concord. They made it their home until near the end of his life.

Hippias, or the Thirty? None of it at all, but just what you mean, when you come to the morning mountains, and say, The soul made the world, and should govern it, and the right radiancy of the soul from the centre outward, making nature, and distributing it to the care of wise souls, would be thus and thus. Here is my sketch; speaking really or scientifically, and not in your conventional gabble.

Alcott thinks Socrates would not have known his own remark when Plato repeated it!

What an obstinate illusion is that which in youth gives respect to the old![1] . . .

Dreams. I owe real knowledge and even alarming hints to dreams, and wonder to see people extracting emptiness from mahogany tables, when there is vaticination in their dreams. For the soul in dreams has a subtle synthetic power which it will not exert under the sharp eyes of day. It does not like to be watched or looked upon, and flies to real twilights, as the rappers do in their wretched mummeries. If in

1 This passage, slightly varied in form, is printed in "Old Age" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 316).

dreams you see loose and luxurious pictures, an inevitable tie drags in the sequel of cruelty and malignity. If you swallow the devil's bait, you will have a horizon full of dragons shortly.

When I higgled for my dime and half-dime in the dream, and lost,—the parrots on the chimney tops, and church pinnacles scoffed at me, Ho! ho!

The shooting complexion, like the cobra de capello and scorpion, grows in the South. It has no wisdom, no capacity of improvement: it looks in every landscape, only for partridges; in every society for duels. And, as it threatens life, all wise men, brave or peaceable, run away from the spider-man, as they run away from the black spider: for life to them is real and rich, and not to be risked on any curiosity as to whether spider or spider-man can bite a poisonous wound. With such a nation, or a nation with a predominance of this complexion, war is the safest terms. That marks them, and, if they cross the lines, they can be dealt with as all fanged animals must be.

Is there no check to this class of privileged thieves that infest our politics? We mark and

lock up the petty thief, or we raise the hue and cry in the street, and do not hesitate to draw our revolvers out of the box, when one is in the house. But here are certain well-dressed, well-bred fellows, infinitely more mischievous, who get into the government and rob without stint, and without disgrace. They do it with a high hand, and by the device of having a party to whitewash them, to abet the act, and lie, and vote for them. And often each of the larger rogues has his newspaper, called "his organ," to say that it was not stealing, this which he did; that if there was stealing, it was you who stole, and not he.

I took such pains not to keep my money in the house, but to put it out of the reach of burglars by buying stock, and had no guess that I was putting it into the hands of these very burglars now grown wiser and standing dressed as Railway Directors.[1]

Wisdom has its root in goodness, and not goodness its root in wisdom. A thought is embosomed in a sentiment, which broadens in-

1 The financial crisis had now affected Mr. Emerson's other railroad securities.

definitely around it, and the attempt to detach and blazon the thought by itself is like a show of cut flowers.

Wonders of arnica. I must surely see the plant growing. Where's Henry? If Louis XVI had only in his pocket a phial of arnica, Father Edgeworth could have attached his falling head to his body, and with a little arnica made all whole again, and altered the fate of Europe.

It was a sublime sounding fact which we used to hear of Egyptian temples, that the foundation stones showed carving on their under sides, showing that, old as they were, they were ruins of an older civilization. And I found in Sicily, that the church in Syracuse was an antique temple of Diana; but that was a mushroom to the Egyptian. But Geology will show that first primeval carved stone to have been a stratum precipitated and crystallized in what far æons of uncounted time! Neither then were the particles and atoms new and raw, but mellowed and charred and decomposed from older mixtures, when, when, and where to reach their youth? A particle of azote or carbon is and remains azote and carbon, "nothing can in the least

wear it." Well, the like *ærugo*, sacred rust, and smell of an immeasureable antiquity, is on all with which we deal or of which we are.

> "And the ruby bricks
> Of the human blood
> Have of old been wicks
> In God's halls that stood" —

as Wilkinson huskily sings.

Do we suppose it is newer with our thoughts? Do they come to us as for the first time? These wandering stars and sparks of truth that shone for eternity, and casually beamed this instant on us? The memory is made up of older memories. The blaze of genius owes its depth to our delighted recognition of the truth, as something older than the oldest, and which we knew aforetime, whether in the body or out of the body, we cannot tell; God knoweth.

I recalled to-day, for the first time for many years, old lines of Moore that once delighted me — the Song of the Peri, and his lines about Campbell, I think: —

> "True bard and simple, as the race
> Of heaven-born poets always are;
> When stooping from their starry place
> They're children, near, though gods afar."

Generalization. The studies of Cuvier showed that the classification of animals must be based on organs. But Bichat showed that the organs depended on the tissues, and so undermined Cuvier's system. But newer inquirers (Schwann) showed that tissues depended on cellular structure, and so undermined Bichat. And, when the microscope is improved, we shall have the cells analysed, and all will be electricity, or somewhat else.

Success. I like the successes of George Stephenson and Columbus, well-won, hard-earned, by fifty years of work, a sleepless eye, and an invincible will. Do you not know that "Wisdom is not found in the hands of those who live at their ease"? — *Job.*

Instinct. The girl deserts the parlor to hear the delightful *naïveté* of the Milesians in the kitchen. The boy runs gladly from the tutors and parents to the uproarious life he finds in the market and the wharf. The college is not so wise as the shop, nor the quarter-deck as the forecastle.[1] . . . If Bowen or Sir William Ham-

1 The greater part of the paragraph is printed in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 161).

ilton were to lecture and at the same hour in which George Melvin,[1] or Joe Polis, the Bangor Indian, would tell us what they knew of owls or of muskrats, Sir William would be deserted.

'T was a Pythagorean rule, Don't sail on the ground.

When a man defines his position, it must be his organic position, — that which he *must* occupy; then it is interesting, as every piece of natural history is: but not his expedient or selected position. For fraud and cunning are essentially *uninteresting*.

If a true metaphysician should come, he would accompany each man through his own (the student's) mind, and would point at this treasure-crypt, and at that, indicating immense wealth lying here and there, which the student would joyfully perceive, and pass on from hall to hall, from recess to recess, ever to more interior and causal forces, being minded to come over again on the same tracks by himself at future leisure and explore more nearly the treasures now only

1 A Concord pot-hunter and fisher.

A VIRGIL LESSON

(Mr. Emerson, his younger daughter and son)

verified. But such as we now call metaphysicians, the Lockes, and Reeds, and Stewarts, etc., are no more than the *valets de place* and *custodi* who lead travellers through the curiosities of Rome or Verona, and say over by rote the legends that have been repeated from father to son, "*molto antico, signore*"; "*un tempio,*" "*c'era battaglia,*" etc., etc.

Why does the name of a chapter "on Memory," shoot a little chill to the mind of each auditor? There are few facts known on the subject of Memory. In the minds of most men it is nothing but a calender on such a day.[1] . . . "You may perish out of your senses, but not out of your memory and imagination," said Alcott. But he says nothing satisfactory about either of these two immense Powers. All that is good is his ranking them so high. I tell him, that no people have imagination. 'T is the rarest gift. Imagination is the nomination of the causal facts, the laws of the soul, by the physical facts. All physical facts are words for spiritual facts, and Imagination, by naming them, is the Interpreter, showing us the unity of the world.

1 Much of what follows is printed in "Memory" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 96).

Most men are cowed by society, and say good things to you in private, but will not stand to them in public.[1] . . .

I listen to every prompting of honour, believing that it can deliver itself through all the maze of relations to the end of nature.

Nature does not like criticism. There is much that a wise man would not know.[2]

Naiveté. Uses of Nature, to be sure! — Why, this is foremost. What we value, all we value, is the *naturel*, or peculiar quality of each man; and, in a large, healthy individual, this is the antagonist of gravitation, vegetation, chemistry, nay, of matter itself, and as good at last as they. This is the saliency, the principle of levity, the *sal volatile*, which is the balance, or offset, to the mountains and masses. This is forever a surprise, and engaging, and a man is therefore and thus wonderful and lovely. Now Homer, Shakspeare, Burns, Scott, Voltaire, Rabelais, Montaigne, Hafiz, have these spirits or intui-

1 See *Society and Solitude*, p. 15.

2 Here follow the passages on the concealment of the skeleton, in "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 308, 309), and on joking, in "Social Aims" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 97, 98).

tions, and are magnetic, or interesting to all men.[1] We are curious about them, can't be satisfied with watching the primal springs, and their movements, wish to know their law, if we could. Well, every man has the like potency in him, more or less. This wit is related to the secret of the world, to the primitive power, the incessant creation. It is in harmony with gravity, and the orbit of the stars, and the growth of grass, and the angles of crystals. There is no luck or choice about it, but law in it, from first to last. It is the next finer ascent or metamorphosis of gravity, chemistry, vegetation, animal life, the same thing, on the next higher plane; as the *morale* is a still higher ascent or metamorphosis, and kindred to it. But the essence of it is, that it be native and intuitive.

All facts in Nature interest us, because they are deep, and not accidental, especially not tampered with, adulterated, doctored, or betraying any lower will, any quackery or falsehood. Animals, Indians, farmers' children, interest us so.

But this native force has most unequal temperament. In the vast mass, it sleeps, and is hard

1 A portion of the above passage is found in "Country Life" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 163), and another in "Concord Walks" in the same volume (pp. 178, 179).

to awaken. In Rabelais, Homer, and Shakspeare, and Cervantes, it is fortunately free, and escapes in fine jets, illuminating the time and place where they are. It subsists in the whole population, but is more or less torpid. Then the problem was to free it. It was found that new aspects of nature, mountains, forests, sea-air, change of place, cities, and travel, had a good effect of disengaging this volatile principle. And the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean have this medical value in the history of man. But it was early discovered that the low will or selfishness of the individual could be disengaged at the same time and blend with this spirit or genius, and instantly rots it. Better have none. Cities are sure to corrupt it.

[Scattered along the next pages of the Journal are trial verses, some of which are found in "Waldeinsamkeit," the "Song of Nature," "Walden," in the *Poems*.]

But oft at home mid tasks I heed,
I heed how wears the day;
We must not halt while fiercely speed
The spans of life away.

But here amid the hills sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,

O what have I to do with time?
For this the day was made.

[NATURE]

What wealth of mornings in her year
And planets in her sky!
She chose the best thy heart to cheer
Thy beauty to supply.

Now younger lovers find the stream,
The willow and the vine; —
But aye to me the happiest seem
To draw the dregs of wine.

The air is wise, the wind thinks well,
And all through which it blows,
If plant or brain, if egg or cell,
Or bird or biped, knows.

Here the great Planter plants
Of fruitful worlds the grain,
And with a million spells enchants
The souls that walk in pain.

Here are the types of all he made;
The grace that gladly wins,
Words for all thoughts that can be said,
And youth which aye begins:

Here works the craft that wove the robe
Of sky and broidered stars,
That carved the cockle, cast the globe,
Scooped seas, and set their bars.

He to the gentle virgin bold
Or humble careless boy
Tells what cannot with words be told
But moulded into joy.

Whatever we study in Nature, 'tis always found to be the study of man. That gives the edge to the inquiry. If you could once show an independency and foreignness in Nature, we should never care for it more. . . . But this study has its stern, purifying, corrective effect. Man's egotism will not be found there; man's crime or folly will be filtered out. 'T is only moral and rational man, that Nature subserves.

Fontenelle (?) said, "When a learned man speaks to instruct other men, and exactly in that line of instruction they wish to acquire, he does them a favour: but, if he speaks only to show off his own learning, they do him a favour in listening." — ARAGO, p. 360.

"The twelfth century is an aurora, the fourteenth, a sunset," said Fauriel.

"There is a certain village where the whole population reproduces still at the present day the features of the ancient seigneurs. I speak of the Mirabeaus." — MICHELET, *Renaissance.*

"God the Father during fifteen centuries has no altar."

Pace. The miracle in Safford, and in Corinne or Cerella is only the acceleration of the processes which take place slower in the writer. And we say, in relating anybody's *bon mot*, that he replied *instantly* so and so; whilst *l'esprit d'escalier*, though it were better, is not much valued.

Rev. Mr. Stone,[1] of Bolton, thought Bacon monotonous, and 't is certain that Shakspeare is *murionous.*

Bacon is worldly. Shakspeare defies the world even, through Falstaff and the clown, with his spiritual fun.

Miscellany is as bad as drunkenness.

The saddest fact I know, under the category of *Compensation*, is, that, when we look at an

1 T. T. Stone, one of the contributors to the *Dial.*

object, we turn away from every other object in the universe.

Answer. The redress is that we find every other object in that.

My philosophy holds to a few laws; 1. Identity, whence comes the fact that *metaphysical faculties and facts are the transcendency of physical.* 2. Flowing, or transition, or shooting the gulf, the perpetual striving to ascend to a higher platform, the same thing in new and higher form.

High Criticism. You must draw your rule from the genius of that which you do, and not from by-ends. Don't make a novel to establish a principle of political economy. You will spoil both. Don't set out to teach Theism from your Natural History, like Paley and Agassiz. You spoil both.

Few stars, few thoughts. They say, that, though the stars appear so numberless, you cannot count more than a thousand. Well, there are few thoughts. Count the books and you would think there was immense wealth: but any expert knows that there are few thoughts which have emerged in his time. Shut him up in a closet,

and he could soon tell them all. They are quoted, contradicted, modified, but the amount remains computably small.

"Masterly inactivity," "wise passiveness"; — see how much has been made of that feather stolen from the plume of Carlyle by Calhoun and others.

The ballads got their excellence, as perhaps Homer and the Cid did, by being conventional stories conventionally treated, with conventional rhymes and tunes and images, done over and over, until, at last, all the strokes were right, and the faults were thrown away. Thus Logan got his "They sought him east, they sought him west,"[1] etc. Somebody even borrowed "*Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.*" (See Child's *Ballads*, vol. ii, "The Drowned Lovers.")

Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or, quietly drops you.[1] . . .

The reason why the Greek mythology obtains to this day is, that it is more catholic than any other.

1 For the rest of the paragraph, see "Behavior" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 186).

If men should take off their clothes, I think the aristocracy would not be less, but more pronounced than now.

If men were as thick as snowflakes, — millions of flakes, but there is still but one snowflake: but every man is a door to a single deep secret.

The ancients, to make a god, added to the human figure some brutal exaggeration, as the leonine head of Jove, the bull-neck of Hercules; and Michel Angelo added horns to give mysterious strength to the head of Moses.[1] So Webster impressed by his superb animality, and was strong as Nature, though weak in character. His understanding and his demonstrative talents were invigorated from these low sources, but he had vulgar ambition, and his power was only that of a lawyer,* and it perished utterly, even before his death. What is called his fame only marks the imbecility of those who invoke it.

* No, he was a skilful statesman and a great orator. R. W. E. [This footnote added later.]

1 Mr. Emerson probably believed that artistic considerations influenced Michel Angelo rather than the Vulgate rendering of the text, which, by selection of the meaning *horns* instead of *rays* of the Hebrew word, pictures Moses as seen by the congregation when he came down from the presence of Jehovah as *horned* rather than *radiant*. The King James version gives the

Sentiment is always colour, as thought is form. When I talked with Goodson, on a Sunday morning, in Cincinnati, of Catholic churches, how warm and rich and sufficient was the hour and conversation: as the colours of the sunset, whilst we gaze, make life so great; but now no memory remains of conversation or sunset.

But remember the high value of sentiment to deepen or fix the thought, as when Wordsworth told me that a thought born and united to a sentiment was κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, or, as I wrote it elsewhere, We never attain a perfect sincerity in our speech unless we feel a degree of tenderness.

October.

October 14th, the New York and Boston banks suspended specie payment, and, as usual in hard times, there are all sorts of petty and local reasons given for the pressure, but none that explain it to me. I suppose the reasons are not of yesterday or to-day; that the same danger has often approached and been avoided or postponed. 'T is like that destruction of St. Petersburg, which was threatened by Kohl, which may come whenever a great freshet in

passage "Moses knew not that the skin of his face shone" (Exodus xxxiv. 29).

the Neva shall coincide with a long prevalence of northwest (?) wind. 'T is like the jam which the ice or the logs make in our rivers: there is ample room for all the ice and all the logs to go downstream, — was, and is, and shall be; — but, by unfavourable circumstances, they are heaped together in a deadlock, so as to dam up the backwater, till it accumulates to a deluge, and bursts at last, carrying bridges, houses, and half towns, to destruction.

But I take it as an inevitable incident to this money of civilization. Paper money is a wonderful convenience, which builds up cities and nations, but it has this danger in it, like a camphene lamp, or a steam boiler, it will sometimes explode. So excellent a tool we cannot spare, but must take it with its risks. We know the dangers of the railroad, but we prefer it with its dangers to the old coach, and we must not forego the high civility of paper and credit, though once in twenty years it breaks the banks, and puts all exchange and traffic at a stand.

The financial panic has the value of a test. Nobody knows how far each of these bankers and traders blows up his little air-ball, on what infinitely small supply of soap and water. They all float in the air alike as balloons, or planets,

if you will, until they strike one another, or any house. But this panic is a severer examiner than any committee of Bank Commissioners to find out how much specie all this paper represents, and how much real value.

The imagination gives all the value to the day. If we walk, if we work, if we talk, it is how many strokes vibrate on the mystic string. . . .

But 't is the north wind that thinks, and whatever it blows through, — is it pinewood or biped, — thinks rightly and beautifully.

'T is the receptivity that is rare.[1] . . .

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1857

Æsop; Pindar; Heracleitus;

Iamblichus; Hafiz; *Sákoontalá, or The Lost Ring;* Rabelais; Cervantes; Locke; Defoe; Voltaire;

Thomas Reid; Lessing, *Emilia Galotti;* Burke; John Adams; Herschel; Dugald Stewart; Laing, *Heimskringla;* John Quincy Adams, *apud* Josiah Quincy (*Biography*).

Cuvier; Bichat; Karl Friedrich Gauss; Moore,

1 The rest of the passage occurs in "Inspirations" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 296).

on *Campbell;* Southey, *Chronicle of the Cid;* Alcott;

Arago, *Life of Carnot;* Guizot; Faraday, *Conservation of Force;* Beaumarchais, *Tarare;*

Benjamin Peirce; George Calvert; Hawthorne, Preface to Miss Bacon's book; Bulwer; Victor Hugo; Agassiz; Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, *Poems on Agassiz's Birthday;* Schwann, *Microscopic Researches;* Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Uncle Tom's Cabin;*

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JOURNAL

THOREAU

HAFIZ

MASSACHUSETTS POLITICS

FRENCH METAPHYSICIANS

RAREY

ROWSE

THE ADIRONDAC CAMP

STILLMAN AND LOWELL

JOURNAL XLIX

1858

(From Journals VO and DO)

[Mr. Emerson seems to have made no distant lecturing tour in the winter; one lecture in Philadelphia is recorded February 3. In March, he gave a course of six lectures in Boston: I, "Country Life"; II, "Works and Days"; III, "Powers of Mind"; IV, "Natural Method of Mental Philosophy"; V, "Memory"; VI, "Self-Possession." Mr. Cabot gives in the *Memoir* an abstract of the parts not printed. (Appendix F, pp. 753–756.)

In January, Mr. Emerson wrote to his Aunt Mary; — "I abide in my old barrel, or, if you will, coop or tub, and mean to keep my eyes open, whether anything offers to be observed or not."]

(From VO)

The question is, — Have you got the interesting facts? That yours have cost you time and labor, and that you are a person of wonderful parts, and of wonderful fame, in the so-

ciety or town in which you live, is nothing to the purpose. Society is a respecter of persons, but Nature is not. 'T is fatal that I do not care a rush for all you have recorded, cannot read it, if I should try. Henry Thoreau says, "The Indians know better natural history than you, they with their type fish, and fingers the sons of hands."

I should go to the naturalist with a new feeling if he had promised to teach me what birds say to each other at midsummer, and what when they convene at autumn.

I found Henry yesterday in my woods. He thought nothing to be hoped from you, if this bit of mould under your feet was not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world. We talked of the willows. He says, 't is impossible to tell when they push the bud (which so marks the arrival of spring) out of its dark scales. It is done and doing all winter. It is begun in the previous autumn. It seems one steady push from autumn to spring.

I say, how divine these studies! Here there is no taint of mortality. How aristocratic, and of how defiant a beauty! This is the garden of Edelweissen.[1]

1 The Swiss form of our "Everlasting" flower. See the

He says, Wachusett is twenty-seven miles from Fairhaven,[1] and Monadnoc about fifty.

Perhaps it would be a safe episode to the Intellect chapters, to give an account of the gentleman in search of the practical, as illustrated by the history of the Turbine, which is valued here at $100,000, and there is discarded as useless, and on which there seems no settled verdict to be had.

J. Bright, of Rochdale, said, the use of machinery in America and in England went by fancy: and [I learned in] my search for the pioneers in Illinois and Wisconsin,—"they were visionary men, not practical, and all bankrupted." And my Western banker at Adrian, and Mr. Hooper's at Lexington, may serve to show what practical people are.

January 28, 1858.

The panegyrics of Hafiz addressed to his shahs and agas show poetry, but they show deficient civilization. The finest genius in England

concluding passage of "Thoreau" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

1 A broadening of the south branch of Concord River just below "The Cliffs" is called "Fairhaven Bay."

or France would feel the absurdity of fabling such things to his queen or emperor about their saddle, as Hafiz and Enweri do not stick at.

When a dog barks on the stage of a theatre, the audience are interested. What acting can take their attention from the dog? But if in the real action which their scene represents, a dog had barked, it would not have been heard.

The politics of Massachusetts are cowardly. O for a Roman breath, and the courage that advances and dictates! When we get an advantage, as in Congress, the other day, it is because our adversary has made a fault, and not that we have made a thrust.

Why do we not say, We are abolitionists of the most absolute abolition, as every man that is a man must be? Only the Hottentots, only the barbarous or semi-barbarous societies are not. We do not try to alter your laws in Alabama, nor yours in Japan, or the Fee Jee Islands; but we do not admit them or permit a trace of them here. Nor shall we suffer you to carry your Thuggism North, South, East, or West into a single rod of territory which we control.

We intend to set and keep a *cordon sanitaire* all around the infected district, and by no means suffer the pestilence to spread.

At Springfield, I told Lamoureux that I thought metaphysics owed very little to the French mind. What we owe is not to the professors, but to the incidental remarks of a few deep men, namely, to Montaigne, Malebranche, Pascal, and Montesquieu. The analytic mind will not carry us far. Taking to pieces is the trade of those who cannot construct. In a healthy mind, the love of wholes, the power of generalizing, is usually joined with a keen appreciation of differences. But they are so bent on the aim and genius of the thing, that they don't mind the surface faults. But minds of low and surface power pounce on some fault of expression, of rhetoric, or petty mis-statement of fact, and quite lose sight of the main purpose. I knew a lady who thought she knew she had heard my discourse before, because the word "*arena*" was in both of the two discourses. (Yet we must remember Descartes and Malebranche; Cousin is only a pupil of Hegel.)

The English think, if you add a hundred facts, you will have made a right step towards

a theory; if you add a thousand, so much the nearer. But these lines never meet. A good mind infers from two or three facts, or from one, as readily as from a legion. Witness Kepler, Newton, Dalton, etc., who are born with a taste for the manners of Nature, and catch the whole tune from a few bars.

It is impossible to be a gentleman, and not be an abolitionist. For a gentleman is one who is fulfilled with all nobleness, and imparts it; is the natural defender and raiser of the weak and oppressed, like the Cid. But these are snobs. In the Southern country, their idea of a gentleman is a striker. There are abundance of their gentlemen garroting in New York streets.

1776 to 1858. Eighty-two years count the age of the Union, and yet they say the nation is as old and infirm as a man is with those years. Now a building is not in its prime till after five hundred years. Nor should a nation be; and we aged at eighty!

The populace drag down the gods to their own level.[1] . . .

1 The passage is printed in "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 104).

Gloumorceau[1] perfect in the centre of a barrel of Baldwins this 20 February, 1858.

[Written in later.] As good to-day, 15 Feb., 1864.

February 27.

Felton told of Agassiz, that when some one applied to him to read lectures, or some other paying employment, he answered, "I can't waste my time in earning money." Dr. Holmes told a story of John Hunter, that, being interrupted by a professional call, when he was dissecting a tiger, he said, "Do you think I can leave my work for your damned guinea?"

Here is Mr. Rarey in London showing in 1858 how to tame a horse by appealing to his heart and his mind. 'T is as it should be, only we have been rather slow about it. It ought to be as old as Homer and Theseus, at least. So the taming or the conquering of a dog is not yet a science. And the language of birds is a fable still. I think the fame of Theseus has come down a peg or two, since the appearance of Mr.

1 Mr. Emerson had a tree of excellent and sweet winter *pears* of this name, and one was probably accidentally put into a barrel of Baldwin apples. E.W.E.

Rarey. His maxim is, "He who would tame a horse must not know fear or anger."

It seems as if there should be new Olympian games in which the unsolved questions should be proposed for prizes, What is *Imagination? Will? Which is first, Truth, or Goodness?*

Nor can we dispose of these gods by saying, *These are simple acts of one power.*

I admit the perpetual pertinence of the reference to amount of manhood or humanity. What have all your inquiries, or skills, or reforms by you inaugurated, profited you? The roarers for Liberty turn out to be slaves themselves; the thunderers of the Senate are poor creatures in the street, and when canvassing for votes. And when, in their own village, the question is, How many honest men are there in town? men who will not take a petty advantage, and are severer watchers of themselves than of their debtor? why, they are as rare among the reputable as among the unreputed; the great gentleman, scornful and lofty, will do very shabby things: and a career of triumphantly logical reform has consumed all the domestic virtue and private charm of the athlete. His wife hates him, children do not love him, scholars dislike him, and he is miserable alone.

Races. All the children born in the last three years or eight years should be charged with love of liberty, for their parents have been filled with Kansas and Anti-slavery.

Moral sense makes genius in spite even of disowning by genius.

Why moral sentiment is laming?

My theory of the present basis of society being brutish, each feeding on other; but the basis of intellect and morals is aid, and "the more angels the more room."

You are too historical by half. I show you a grievance, and you proceed to inquire, not if it is mischievous, but if it is old. I point the redress, and you inquire about a constitutional precedent for the redress. That which only requires perception, — mischiefs that are rank and intolerable, which only need to be seen, to be hated and attacked, with you are ground for argument, and you are already preparing to defend them. The reliance on simple perception constitutes genius and heroism; and that is the religion before us.

Wordsworth's "Prelude" is not quite solid enough in its texture; is rather a poetical pam-

phlet, though proceeding from a new and genuine experience. It is like Milton's *Areopagitica*, an immortal pamphlet.

Many of Tennyson's poems, like "Clara Vere de Vere," are only the sublime of magazine poems,—admirable contributions for the *Atlantic Monthly* of the current month, but not classic and eternal. Milton would have raised his eyebrow a little at such pieces. But the "Ulysses" he would have approved.

> The sun athwart the cloud thought it no sin
> To use my land to put his rainbow in.

Eloquence. What unreckoned elements the orator carries with him, for example, silence. He performs as much or more with judicious pauses, as by his best stroke.

We can't afford to take the horse out of Montaigne's essays.

May 11.

Yesterday with Henry Thoreau at the Pond. Saw the creeper, *vesey, vesey vesey*.

Yorick is the *veery*, or Wilson's thrush.

The lamprey-eel was seen by Wetherell building the pebble nest in the river. The sucker, so

often seen dead in the river, needs a great deal of air, and hence perhaps dies when detained below. The trout was seen to kill the pickerel by darting at him and tearing off a fin every time.

I hear the account of the man who lives in the wilderness of Maine with respect, but with despair. It needs the doing hand to make the seeing eye, and my imbecile hands leave me always helpless and ignorant, after so many years in the country. The beauty of the spectacle I fully feel, but 't is strange that, more than the miracle of the plant and animal, is the impression of mere mass of broken land and water, say a mountain, precipices, and waterfalls, or the ocean-side, and stars. These affect us more than anything except men and women. But neither is Henry's hermit, forty-five miles from the nearest house, important, until we know what he is now, what he thinks of it on his return, and after a year. Perhaps he has found it foolish and wasteful to spend a tenth or a twentieth of his active life with a muskrat and fried fishes. I tell him that a man was not made to live in a swamp, but a frog. If God meant him to live in a swamp, he would have made him a frog.

The charm which Henry uses for bird and

frog and mink, is Patience. They will not come to him, or show him aught, until he becomes a log among the logs, sitting still for hours in the same place; then they come around him and to him, and show themselves at home.

Peabody-bird; *Pee-pee*, pee pee pee, five bars, — that is the note of the *myrtle-bird*,[1] penetrating and like the note of the meadow lark.

Rowse[2] said that a portrait should be made by a few continuous strokes, giving the great lines; but if made by labour and by many corrections, though it became at last accurate, it would give an artist no pleasure, — would look muddy. Anybody could make a likeness by main strength.

[Mr. Emerson wrote in later "See the contrast of these two pages," that is, the account

1 The song described is evidently that of the white-throated sparrow, or Peabody-bird. Thoreau, as his Journal shows, for a long time attributed it to the myrtle-bird (now commonly called the myrtle warbler), and it is probable that Mr. Emerson was misled by him.

2 Samuel Rowse, whose crayon portraits, though a little deficient in strength, were pleasing and good. Mr. Emerson sat to him for his portrait at Mr. Charles E. Norton's request, and the picture, still in the possession of the Norton family, has been often reproduced.

of Thoreau's patience and Rowse's belief in dash.]

We are all better in attack than in defence. It is very easy to make acute objections to any style of life, but the objector is quite as vulnerable. Greenough [thought my speculations unnatural], but the artist life seems to me intolerably thin and superficial. I feel the reasonableness of what the lawyer or merchant or laborer has to allege against readers and thinkers, until I look at each of their wretched industries, and find them without end or aim.

Monotone. Chicadee dee, says the titmouse; *pee-pee*, pēē pee pēē, says the "Peabody bird," each as long as he lives; and the man who hears, goes all his life saying his one proverb, too.

May 20.

Yesterday walked with Henry Thoreau to the spring in Everett's pasture and found *Ranunculus abortivus* and *bulbosus*, and the *Equisetum hiemale*, scouring rush, and *Saxifraga Pennsylvanica*, and golden saxifrage; heard a note of Henry's nightwarbler and saw at Gourgas's pond two yellow-legs flying like ducks, only

with a curlew cry ("telltale"), and a pair of tatlers who continued their researches in the water without regard to our spyglasses; saw the wood frog (*Rana sylvatica*).

Nature has two ways of hiding her things, by light, and by darkness. We never see mosses, lichens, grasses, birds, or insects, which are near us every day, on account of our preoccupied mind. When our attention is at last called to them, they seem the only things worth minding.

June 8.

I spent the evening of June 7 at the American House, with J. S. Babcock, the carpenter, Mr. Rowse's friend,—a man of much reading, and a very active and independent mind, with an exclusive respect for intellectual power, not much sensibility to morals, though meaning to be fair, and of little hope for the race. The bully, he thinks, is the great god of the people, and, if Sumner had killed Brooks, he thought the people would have worshipped Sumner. Now, all the West despised him. I tried to show him how much the genius of Burke was indebted to his affection; what insight good-will gives, and what eyewaters all the virtues are, as humility, love, courage, etc., and what a blindman's-buff

self-conceit makes. And he was candid enough. I told him, that whatever was dreary and repels is not power, but the lack of power, — which he allowed. He struggled hard for Webster, who is his idol. He thought the masses admire Cushing, Burlingame, Wise, or any man who has done the feat, — who has succeeded. His opinions on books, which he has read a good deal, were his own, and just.

A man of eminently fortunate aspects, who is cordially hailed as bringing the glitter of the muse and good omen into certain houses, has, in spite of himself, and to his deep regret, in other quarters, a dreary and withering aspect.

What is the benefit of the doctrine of Fate? — because, under that form we learn the lesson of the immutability and universality of law.

English politics are ever agreeable reading on this side the water, whilst our own are the reverse. 'T is partly that the virulent element is taken out by our disinterested position as spectators, like tobacco smoke strained through water, or the gas cleansed through water on its

way to the jet, and partly the distinction of the persons who act in them, who, for the most part, are highly-bred men.

[The following notes in the Journal supplement Mr. Emerson's poetic chronicle in the *Poems* of this happy experience in the primeval forest, so different from anything he had known before in its physical and social features. Yet the enormous Norway pines, cedars and maples spoke to him the same language as their kin by Walden.

In Stillman's interesting and faithful painting of the scene, done on the spot,[1] between the group of Agassiz, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, and Dr. Estes Howe, dissecting a fish, with the humorous John Holmes (Dr. Holmes's charming brother) looking on, and the other of Lowell, Judge Hoar, Dr. Binney, and Horatio Woodman trying their rifles under Stillman's skilled instructions, stands Emerson, friend and admirer of these companions, but alone, in thought. Stillman in his *Autobiography* tells at length of this first camp of the Adirondac Club.]

1 Given by Judge Hoar to the Concord Public Library, where it now hangs.

(From DO)

ADIRONDAC, *August* 2.

Follansbee's Pond. It should be called Stillman's henceforward, from the good camp which this gallant artist has built, and the good party he has led and planted here for the present at the bottom of the little bay which lies near the head of the lake.

The lake is two miles long, one to one and a half miles wide, and surrounded by low mountains. Norway pine and white pine abound.

An Adirondac camp is a shanty [6½] feet high at the top, [?] feet long at the eaves, closed on three sides, and open to the fire, in one compartment of which [?] persons can comfortably sleep and in the other [?], besides containing the luggage.

On the top of a large white pine in a bay was an osprey's nest around which the ospreys were screaming, five or six. We thought there were young birds in it, and sent Preston to the top. This looked like an adventure. The tree might be a hundred and fifty feet high, at least; sixty feet clean straight stem, without a single branch, and, as Lowell and I measured it by the tape as high as we could reach, fourteen feet six inches

in girth. Preston took advantage of a hemlock close by it and climbed till he got on the branches, then went to the top of the pine and found the nest empty, though the great birds wheeled and screamed about him. He said he could climb the bare stem of the pine "though it would be awful hard work." When he came down, I asked him to go up it a little way, which he did, clinging to the corrugations of the bark. Afterwards Lowell watched long for a chance to shoot the osprey, but he soared magnificently, and would not alight.

[Around] the pond is totally virgin soil, without a clearing in any point, and covered with primitive woods, rock-maple, beech, spruce, arbor vitæ. We have seen bald eagles, loons, ravens, kingfishers, ducks, tattlers. We have killed two deer yesterday, both in the lakes, and otherwise fed our party with lake-trout and river-trout. River-, lake-, and brook-trout cannot be scientifically discriminated, nor yet male from female. The wood thrush we heard at Stephen Bartlett's camp, but not since, and no other thrush.

Lowell, next morning, was missing at breakfast, and when he came to camp, told me he had climbed Preston's pine tree.

The midges, black flies, and mosquitoes are

looked upon as the protectors of this superb solitude from the tourists, and also —— Creek leading from Raquette River to Follansbee's Lake. There is no settler within twelve miles of our camp. Every man has his guide and boat and gun.

Wednesday morn, Agassiz, Woodman, and I left the camp, each in a boat with his guide, for Big Tupper's Lake; passed through the inlet into Raquette River, and down it fourteen miles to Tupper; then up the lake six miles to Jenkins's, near the Falls of the Bog River.

Jenkins lives within the town of Atherton, which contains eleven souls. He has lately sold his farm to Colman, of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. He assisted in surveying the town's lines and measured the breadth of the lake on the ice and reckons it one and a half miles broad by six long, and Big Tupper he thinks about the same size.

[Mr. Emerson, by invitation of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, gave the Address at the Annual "Cattle Show" in the end of September. He is said to have called it the *The Man with the Hoe*. It is essentially the same as the essay "Farming," in *Society and Solitude*.]

(From VO)

Wealth consists in having at every moment a commanding position as regards your ends. A man in debt has not. Every hour is bringing certain opportunities to do somewhat desirable. But we are not free to use to-day, or to promise to-morrow, because we are already mortgaged to yesterday, having eaten our cake before we had earned it.

Leisure, tranquillity, grace, and strength, belong to economy. Calvert mows his grass. Kant wears the same hat for twenty years, Minot never rides. Francis stays at home, and Hosmer goes to work every day; and each of these are free and able to the new day, free and great as it, whilst the debtor is perplexed in the extreme, and, because he is low in his own esteem, loses rank in the world.

A great aim infuses itself alike into hours and ages. Quality makes all moments indifferent, and character pervades all acts. Time is the quality of the moment.

Not fears, but forces.

Fate. He saw and spoke truly who said, When you have come to your highest thought, you say what is already known to the common man.

Your fate is what you do, because first it is what you are.

[It does not appear why Mr. Emerson wrote much less than usual in this year's Journal, nor why he gave so few lectures, and did not go on far journeys for this purpose. Perhaps the hard times had crippled the Lyceum courses in many places.

In December he went to New York, carrying with him his ancient and revered sibyl, Aunt Mary Moody Emerson, who was to pass the remainder of her days with her Haskins relatives in Williamsburg, now part of Brooklyn. Mr. Emerson gave one or more lectures in New York and Philadelphia in this month. The following lines, cut from the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, were found in one of his blank-books; most of the notice was missing: —

"*Mr. Emerson's lecture on Town and Country.*

"We listened with great pleasure to the chaste and beautiful lecture of the Boston Essayist. He is tall and literarily thin; as was remarked by a medical friend, 'the least remarkable man on the stage.' As usual in the lectures of our Yankee brethren, a good degree of sensible and well-applied physiology entered into the discussion."]

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1858

Martial;

Enweri; Hafiz;

Rabelais; Vasari, *Lives of the Painters;* Kepler; Descartes; Pascal; Fontenelle; Malebranche; Newton; Montesquieu; Voltaire;

Thomson, *Seasons;* Beaumarchais; Logan, *The Braes of Yarrow;* Burns; John Dalton; Talleyrand; Chateaubriand; Cousin;

Horatio Greenough; Tennyson; Agassiz; Holmes; Thoreau.

JOURNAL

BOSTON

LECTURE COURSE

THE BURNS CENTENARY

THE SPRAIN AND ITS RESULTS

DR. HOLMES'S BIRTHDAY

CELEBRATION AT CHELMSFORD

SUNDAY DISCOURSES TO

PARKER FRATERNITY

JOHN BROWN'S RAID AND

EXECUTION

JOURNAL L

1859

(From Journals AC and CL)

[In January, Mr. Emerson seems to have lectured in Baltimore, New York, and Albany.

On the twenty-fifth of that month, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated in Boston, and Mr. Emerson was one of the speakers. He never dared to trust himself without written notes, and used them on this occasion, but the atmosphere of the festival was so genial, and he so favoured in his delivery, that many of his delighted hearers were sure that his words were the inspiration of the moment.]

(From AC)

"Earth smiled with flowers, — forth rushed the god to light."

Powers of the Mind. A stern enumeration will find few thoughts; all that is known of love or memory is soon told; and hardly Goethe,

Coleridge, or Alcott will have added more than one observation apiece.[1]

The Cid. "God! how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard!

"Glad was the Cid; never had he such joy; for tidings were come to him of what he loved best."

"Hear what he said when he was born in happy hour —"

He replies to the herald, "Tell him that I am not a man to be besieged."

He gave a feast, and "so well did he prepare for them, that all were joyful, and agreed in one thing, that they had not eaten better for three years." — Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid.*

The mask of Nature is variety; our education is through surfaces and particulars; and multitudes remain in the babe or animal state, and never see or know more: but in the measure in which there is wit, we learn that we are alike; that a fundamental unity or agreement exists, without which there could be neither marriage, nor politics, nor literature, nor science. We are

1 A similar sentence occurs in "Quotation and Originality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 179).

born with an indestructible conviction that the reason why our fellow does not think as we do is because of some fraud he practises on himself. He holds up his milk, he checks the flow of his opinion. Yes, and we look in his eye, and see that he knows it, too, and hides his eye.

Michel Angelo

"Alas, alas, that I am betrayed
By my flying days; it is then the looking-glass,
Not the mind, if self-love do not tarnish it.
Alas that he who foolish frets in desire,
Not heeding the flying time,
Finds himself like me, at one instant old.
Nor know I how to repent, nor do I make myself ready,
Nor advise myself with death at the door.
Enemy of myself,
Vainly I pour out plaints and sighs
Since there is no harm equal to lost time."

Then follows a better form of the same [thought]:

"Woe's me! woe's me! when I think
Of my spent years, I find not one
Among so many days, — not one was mine.
Hopes which betrayed me, vain longing,
Tears, love, fiery glow, and sigh, —

For not one mortal affection is longer new to me,* —
Held me fast, and now, I know it, and learn it,
And from goodness and truth ever severed,
Go I forth from day to day further;
Ever the shadows grow longer; ever deeper
Sinks for me the sun;
And I, infirm and outworn, am ready to fall."

Michel Angelo's *Poems*.

To Miss Margaret P. Forbes

February 14, 1859.

I send you back *Counterparts*, a talismanic book, full of secrets guarded so well that no profaner eye can read. For the gem will, I doubt not, be taken by most for a dull pebble, whilst you are sure you have seen it shoot rays of green, blue, and rosy fire. I don't know where a novel has contained so many searching glances into the house of life, and given the reader this joy of sincere conversation rightly made the culmination of interest. Genius always treats us well, and we are not turned rudely out of doors at the end of the story, by a prosperity exclusively the hero's, but are delighted to find he means *us*. What a discovery to know there is an Author

* Grimm's translation runs: —

"New to me is nothing which beguiles men,"

(R.W.E.'s note.)

of *Counterparts* hidden among these slow British people! Send to Caroline Tappan to meet you at an evening with the Author of *Counterparts*,[1] in London.

> Sweet is sleep — Ah, sweeter, to be stone,
> Whilst wrong and shame exist, and grow;
> Not to see, not to feel, is boon,
> Then not to wake me, pray speak low!

It seems as if all had the same power, but great difference in degree. One who remembers a little more than I, with equal opportunity, is a prodigy to me. Then difference in pace makes a miracle not less. But the high difference is, in the quality of association by which each remembers, whether by puns, or by principles. The moment I discover that this man observes and recalls, not by yellow string, or a knot in his handkerchief, or Gray's Mnemonics, but by cause and effect, by the axis of the globe, or the axis of Nature, every word of his represents the harmony of the Cosmos, and I am as in the presence of Jove.

We are absurdly historical. When an outrage is charged on human rights, instead of

1 Later found to be Elizabeth Sara Sheppard.

instant redress, the Government answers, The form in which the wrong alleged was done was strictly routinary; and the manner in which you propose to redress it is not; and it would be so dreadful to have an unaccustomed statute. Better endure tyranny according to law a thousand years, than irregular and unconstitutional happiness for a day.

Those poor, benighted fellows in Kansas, how entirely they mistake the question! they complaining of the wrong, when the Government shows them plainly that the forms of law were observed. "But it was the Missourians that voted, and not we." — "What of that? here is the certificate signed by the Assessor." — "But they will kill me if I vote." — "What of that? here is the seal." — "But they forged the votes, and invented the names of voters." — "What of that? here is the signature and countersign as the law directs." Those benighted Kansas men who wish to be unconstitutionally happy and free, deaf to the assurances of the Government that all their rights have been taken away by the strictest forms of law!

For the chapter on Quotation much is to be said on the matter of Originality. We have said

all our life, Whoever is original, I am not. What have I that I have not received? Let every creditor take his own, and what would be left? 'T is the sea again, which, if you stop all the rivers, Amasis can drink up. Yet this is true, and not true. Every man brings a certain difference of angle to the identical picture which makes all new.

But this makes originality, that the beholder of this particular knot of things or thoughts has the habit of recurrence to universal views. The boy in the school, or in the sitting-room at home, sits there adorned with all the colour, health, and power which the day spent out of doors has lent him. The man interests in the same way, not for what he does in our presence, at the table, or in his chair, but for the authentic tokens he gives us of powers in the landscape, over ships, railroads, cities, or other outdoor organizations. The girl charms us with the distant contributions which she reconciles. She has inherited the feature which manly joy and energy of her ancestors formed, long ago, softened and masked under this present beauty; and she brings the hint of the romance of fields and forests and forest brooks, of the sunsets, and music, and all-various figures that deck it. A white invalid that sits in a chamber is good for

nothing. To be isolated, is to be sick, and so far dead. That is, the life of the *All* must stream through us, to make the man and the moment great.[1] And the same law takes place in the thought that the mind has gone out of its little parlor into the great sky of Universal truths, and has not come back the same it went, but ennobled; and with the necessity of giving back habitually to the same firmament, and importing its generosities into all its particular thought. He who compares all his traditions with this eternal standard, he who cannot be astonished by any tinsel or clap-trap or smartness or pop-gun; for the immensities and eternities, from which he newly came, to which he familiarly returns, have once for all put it out of his power to be surprised by trifles,—that man conveys the same ecstacy in which he lives, in some degree, into everything he says; it is in his manners, and feeds the root of his life. It is the magic of Nature, that the whole life of the Universe concentrates itself on its every point.

The revolution of society is promised in every meeting of men of thought. That state of mind

1 The last two sentences are found in *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 21.

in which they find themselves, those truths which are at once patent to them, condemn our customs and laws and people as irrational, and require new; show that we are living after customs whose root of thought has died out; point at a health so potent that all elements, all planets serve it, and it has no need to ask succor for its flaggings from narcotics and alcohol; a health and perception to which the earth speaks and the heaven glows.

'T is very important in writing that you do not lose your presence of mind. Despair is no muse, and he who finds himself hurried, and gives up carrying his point this time, writes in vain. Goethe had the "*urkraftige behagen*," the stout comfortableness, the stomach for the fight, and you must.

Correspondence of the mind to the world.[1] . . . Hence intellect is Æsculapian.

Greatness. Κινήτικον, aboriginal mover. Great men are they that see spiritual is greater than any material force; that thoughts rule the world. But a thought which does not go to embody or externize itself, is no thought.

1 See "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 300, 301).

Society is revolutionized and a vast future provided whenever two contemplative men meet. Do you suppose there is any doubt. Every thought rushes to light, — rushes to body.

An immense future is before us. We are so bad and know it. These forms and customs rattle so. A reform such as never was, — a revolution that shall have no hypocrisy.

Now we say that, as the differences are superficial between James and John, and the agreements like two leaves of a tree, so is it between a man and a planet, that they also are leaves of a tree; all the parts and properties of one are in the other. Then we add that, as man and his planet are analogous, so the same laws which are found in these run up into the (invisible world) mind, chemistry, polarity, undulation, gravity, centrifugence, and that hereby we acquire the key to this dark, skulking, hide-and-seek, blind-man's play of Thoughts, namely, by the solar microscope of Analogy. 'T is the key of the Universe.

Great is the mind. Ah! if we knew how to use it! Ah! could you show me in every torpid hour how I could wake to full belief, and earn-

est labor. A man should know his way to his nectar. But see how we use it: how the memory? how the mind?

I propose, then, to draw from the mind itself some lights for the rule of it, even at the risk of repeating old sayings.

1. It must be by and through your individualism. Opinions are organic. Every man who stamps his personality on his life is great and free. 'T is a wonderful instrument, a sympathy with the whole frame of things. Write what you are. Yet we do not believe our own thought.[1] . . .

It does not need to pump your brains, and force thought to think well. Oh, no: right thought comes spontaneously; it comes like the breath of the morning wind, comes daily, like our daily bread; to those who love it and obey it, it comes duly. When we wake, our thought is there waiting for us. Yes, but it comes to health and temperance and willingness to believe, to those who use what they have, and embody their thoughts in action.

[In March, Mr. Emerson began a course of six lectures in the Freeman Place Chapel in

1 See "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 292).

Boston; — I, "The Law of Success"; II, "Originality"; III, "Clubs"; IV, "Art and Criticism" (perhaps much of the material printed in the paper of that name in *Natural History of Intellect*, Century Edition only); V, "Manners" (probably "Behavior" in *Conduct of Life*); VI, "Morals" (much of this is found in "Character" and "Sovereignty of Ethics"; *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).]

March.

Love. All the veneration of Spring connects itself with love; the marriage of the plants, the wedding of the birds, the pairing of all animals. Even the frog and his mate have a new and gayer coat for this benign occasion.

April.

Spring. What a joy to believe that Nature loved me. I received hints in my dreams. I found the friends I went to seek on the way to my door.

Mallows,
First sign celestial natures show
Of sympathy with ours below.
PYTHAGORAS.

Spring, cold with dropping rain,
Willows and lilacs brings again;

The whistling of unnumbered birds
And trumpet lowing of the herds.[1]

The fool in Goethe's *Helena* when paper currency was invented, said, "What, do you say This is money? I will go and buy me a farm"; and Mephistopheles points to the fact that the fool is the only one of the set who does a wise thing.

I saw the same thing occur the other day, when the two girls passed me. The accomplished and promising young man chose, with the approbation of all surrounding society, the pretty girl, who went through all the steps unexceptionably. But the real person, the fine-hearted, witty sister, fit for all the range of real life, was left, and to her a foolish youth passionately attached himself, and said, "I shall be wretched and undone, but you I must have." And he was right, and the other not.

Ripple Pond. The rippling of the pond under a gusty south wind gives the like delight to the eye, as the fitful play of the same wind on the

1 These lines (with "April" for "Spring," to mend the metre) show that the poem "May Day" was in progress.

æolian harp to the ear. Or the darting and scud of ripples is like the auroral shootings in the night heaven.[1]

Ellery Channing's poetry is wanting in clear statement. Rembrandt reaches effects without details, gives you the effect of a sharp nose or a gazing eye, when, if you look close, there is no point to the nose, and no eye is drawn. William Hunt admires this, and in his own painting puts his eye in deep shadow; but I miss the eye, and the face seems to nod for want of it.[2] And Ellery makes a hazy, indefinite impression, as of miscellaneous music, without any theme or tune. Still, it is an autumnal air and like the smell of the herb "Life everlasting" and syngynecious flowers.

"Near Home" is a poem which would delight the heart of Wordsworth, though genuinely original, and with a simplicity of plan that allows the writer to leave out all the prose. 'T is a series of sketches of natural objects, such as abound in New England, enwreathed by the

1 See in "Fragments on the Poet and the Poetic gift" these sights done into verse. (*Poems*, pp. 321, 322.)

2 Mr. Emerson had in mind Hunt's portrait of Chief Justice Shaw.

thoughts they suggest to a contemplative pilgrim.

> "Unsleeping truths by which wheels on Heaven's prime."

There is a neglect of superficial correctness, which looks a little studied, as if perhaps the poet challenged notice to his subtler melody, and strokes of skill which recall the great masters. There is nothing conventional in the thought, or the illustration, but "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers," and pictures seen by an instructed eye.

Jefferson says in a letter to Judge Roane: "The great object of my fear is the federal judiciary. That body, like gravity, ever acting with noiseless foot and unalarming advance, gaining ground step by step, and holding what it gains, is ingulfing insidiously the special governments into the jaws of that which feeds (eats?) them." — JEFFERSON'S *Works*, Vol. viii, p. 212.

I am a natural reader, and only a writer in the absence of natural writers. In a true time, I should never have written.

In literary circles they still discuss the question who wrote Junius, — a matter of supreme unimportance. But in the whole world no one discusses the question who wrote *Hamlet* and *Lear* and the *Sonnets*, which concerns mankind.

You can always tell an English book by the confusion of ideas; a German by the ideal order. Thus, an English speculator shows the wonders of electricity, and talks of its leaving poetry far behind, etc., or, perhaps, that it will yet show poetry new materials, etc. Yet poetry is in Nature just as much as carbon is: love and wonder and the delight in suddenly seen analogy exist as necessarily as space, or heat, or Canada thistles; and have their legitimate functions: and where they have no play, the impatience of the mind betrays precisely the distance from the truth, — the truth which satisfies the mind and affections, and leaves the real and the ideal in equilibrium, which constitutes happiness.

[The previous entries in this journal, marked *1859* by Mr. Emerson, have been rather scanty, and are mainly notes for his Mental Philosophy course written in, perhaps, partly before and partly after the following statement.]

I have now for more than a year, I believe, ceased to write in my Journal, in which I formerly wrote almost daily. I see few intellectual persons, and even those to no purpose, and sometimes believe that I have no new thoughts, and that my life is quite at an end. But the magnet that lies in my drawer, for years, may believe it has no magnetism, and, on touching it with steel, it knows the old virtue; and, this morning, came by a man with knowledge and interests like mine, in his head, and suddenly I had thoughts again.

Among the words to be gazetted, pray insert the offensive Americanism *balance* for *remainder*, and, what always accompanies it in this Albany man's book, *lay* for *lie*.

Pace. The world is reckoned by dull men a dead subject, whilst it is quick and blazing. The house and farm are thought fixed and lasting, whilst they are rushing to ruin every moment. The difference between skilful and unskilful men is — that the one class are timed to this movement, and move with it, can load as they go, can read as they run, can write in a cab; whilst the heavy men wait for the eagle to

alight, for the swallow to roost like a barn fowl, for the river to run by, for the pause in the conversation, which never comes till the guests take their hats. Rarey can tame a wild horse, but can he make wild a tame horse; it were better.

Channing, who writes a poem for our fields, begins to help us. That is construction, and better than running to Charlemagne and Alfred for subjects.

Secondary men and primary men. These travellers to Europe, these readers of books, these youths rushing into counting-rooms of successful merchants, are all imitators, and we get only the same product weaker. But the man who never so slowly and patiently works out his native thought, is a primary person. The girl who does not visit, but follows her native tastes and objects, draws Boston to her. If she do not follow fashion, fashion follows her.

Why do I hide in a library, read books, or write them, and skulk in the woods, and not dictate to these fellows, who, you say, dictate to me, as they should not? Why, but because in my bones is none of the magnetism which flows in theirs? They inundate all men with their streams. I have a reception and a perception, which they have not, but it is rare and casual,

and yet it drives me forth to watch these workers, if so be I may derive from their performance a new insight for mine. But there are no equal terms for me and them. They all unwittingly perform for me the part of the *gymnotus*[1] on the fish.

Every man has the whole capital in him, but does not know how to turn it. Every man knows all that Plato or Kant can teach him. When they have got out the proposition at last, 't is something which he recognizes, and feels himself entirely competent. He was already that which they say, and was that more profoundly than they can say it. Yet from the inertness and phlegm of his nature, the seldomness with which a spark passes from him, he exists as a flint, — he that should be a sun.

"No author ever wrote, no speaker ever said, anything to compare with what the most ordinary man can feel." — J. Thompson.

We impatient Americans! If we came on the wires of the telegraph, yet, on arriving, every one would be striving to get ahead of the rest.

Ellery said, looking at a golden rod, — "Ah! here they are. These things consume a great

[1] Electric eel.

deal of time. I don't know but they are of more importance than any other of our investments."

The doctrine of latent heat is a key to the history of intellect. There is as much heat used in the conversion of ice to water as in raising water (?) degrees; and there is the total amount of mind that Newton shows later, really active in the infant Newton, in acquiring the knowledge of the first sensible objects. When we remember our first mental action, it does not seem unworthy or unequal to the latest.

You must distinguish between people, in your serving, and leave alone those frivolous drones who exist only to be carted about, who have no object in life. If anybody has a thought or is in good earnest about anything worthy, prove him; "He ought to be forraded," as the dollar-giving peasant said to Bellows: "A man that has them 'ere sentiments ought to be forraded." Leave the others to fertilize the ground like guano.

The Supreme Court of the United States declares "that negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect."

How delightful, after the conceited ruffians, is Whipple's radiant, playful wit. Good nature stronger than tomahawks.

"For now a few have all, and all have nought." — SPENSER, *Mother Hubberd's Tale.*

I delight in persons who clearly perceive the transcendant superiority of Shakspeare to all other writers. I delight in the votaries of the genius of Plato. Because this clear love does not consist with self-conceit.

Culture is a pagan. It marks intellectual values, but is not lost in them, not the fool of them, but holding them under control, and socially. Yes, a reference to Society is part of the idea of Culture, — Science of a gentleman, Art of a gentleman, Poetry in a gentleman; — intellectually held, that is, for their own sake, for what they are, for their universal beauty and worth, and not for economy, which degrades them; but not over-intellectually, that is, not to an ecstacy, entrancing the man, — but redounding to his beauty and glory.

I am forced to add that the cultivated person must have a moral determination. There will be a certain toleration, a letting be and letting

do, a consideration and allowance for the faults of others, but a severity to his own. Sportive in manner, inexorable in act. Then in one of my truest gentlemen is an impossibility of taking an advantage. He will not foreclose a mortgage. Such is Frank C. Lowell.[1]

Events are not as the brute circumstance that falls, but as the life which they fall upon. Out of the same carbon and ammonia, the rose will make a rose, and the nettle a nettle. The same air in the trachea of an ass will bray, in the trachea of a nightingale will sing.

I have been writing and speaking what were once called novelties, for twenty-five or thirty years, and have not now one disciple. Why? Not that what I said was not true; not that it has not found intelligent receivers; but because it did not go from any wish in me to bring men

1 Francis Cabot Lowell of Waltham, Mr. Emerson's friend and classmate. After the partial destruction by fire of Mr. Emerson's house in 1872, Mr. Lowell was among the first to come to see him. After he had gone, it appeared that he had left a letter enclosing a large gift. Mr. Emerson was greatly moved, though somewhat disturbed, for such experiences were new to him. He exclaimed, "He let me have his visit with no word of this — great gentleman that he is!"

to me, but to themselves. I delight in driving them from me. What could I do, if they came to me? — they would interrupt and encumber me. This is my boast that I have no school follower. I should account it a measure of the impurity of insight, if it did not create independence.

Here came the sub-soil plougher H. J.[1]

The ease with which people use the word spiritual, to cover what is antagonistic to spiritual, suggests the popularity of a searching tuition in that direction. I fancy that, if you give me a class of intelligent youths and maidens, I could bring them to see the essential distinctions which I see; and could exercise them in that high department, so that they should not let go what they had seen. Spiritual is that which is its own evidence; which is self-executing; which cannot be conceived not to be;[2] that which sets aside you and me, and can very well let us drop; but not we it. The existence and history of

1 Henry James, always a loyal friend, but — eager Swedenborgian that he was, and accomplished dialectician — was impatient of Emerson's religious attitude, which seemed cold to his fervor, and with the impossibility of getting closer to him by *argument*.

2 This definition occurs in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 215).

Christ are doubted and denied by some learned and critical persons in perfect good faith. Of course, the existence and history of Christ are not a spiritual reality, for they could not deny the existence of justice, of love, of the laws of time and space.

Henry James said of woman, "That the flesh said, It is for me, and the spirit said, It is for me."

A man finds out that there is somewhat in him that knows more than he does. Then he comes presently to the curious question, Who 's who? which of these two is really me? the one that knows more, or the one that knows less? the little fellow or the big fellow?

Personality. No man's egotism covers his personality. Personality is identical with the interest of the universe; the wind is obedient to the heavenly vision; suffers no regard to self to interfere. Egotism looks after the little Timothy that it is, and much over-estimates the importance of Timothy. Egotism is a kind of buckram that gives momentary strength and concentration to human beings.[1] . . .

1 What follows is printed in "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 289).

Broad as God is the personality we want, and which all great souls have or aspire to have. We stand for God. Knights in Romance must be majestic and compel reverence, and accept no conditions or disparagements. Henry Clay says, "I thank my God that he has given me a soul incapable of fear of the anger of any other being besides himself."

We grasp and pull down, and would pull down God if we could; and if a man get 10,000 votes, admire him; but if another get 20,000, the universe of fools turns round to the new man; and excellence is lost sight of in this hunger for performance.

Let us rather prefer the private power of each person, — the door into Nature that is opened to him; that which each can, let him do, satisfied with his task and its instructions and its happiness.

Then, over all, let him value the sensibility that receives, that believes, that loves, that dares, that affirms.

I value Michel Angelo's saying, "There is something I can do"; I value a man's trust in his fortune, when it is a hearing of voices that call him to his task; when he is conscious of a

great work laid on him to do, and that Nature cannot afford to lose him until it is done.

[A large part of this portion of the Journal is taken up with matter found in "Success," "Quotations and Originality," and "Courage," not here printed.]

Believe the faintest of your presentiments against the testimony of all sacred and profane history. A great man is always a contradiction to his age and to foregoing history. If Plato has not been, you would say, no Plato could be. If Jesus had not been, would not the Skeptic deny the possibility of so just a life? And yet steadily in the heart of every man the possibility of a greater than Plato, of a greater than Jesus, was always affirmed, and is affirmed; for every man carries with him the vision of the Perfect. And the highest actual that fulfils any part of this promise exalts the ideal just so much higher, and it can no more be attained than he can set his foot on the horizon which flies before him.

Spiritism once more. The same things which you tell, or much better, I could well accept, if

they were told me by poets, or of great and worthy persons. That the hero had intimations preternatural of what it behoved him to know,— that a noble lover should be apprised by omens, or by presentiments, of what had befallen his friend in some distant place, is agreeable to believe; but angels do not appear to ask why Mr. Smith did not send home his cabbages, or Dick his new shoes.

We had much talk at the Adirondac Club on Everett's extraordinary jump into the arms of Bonner.[1]

BOSTON[2]

The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice a day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms.

1 Mr. Everett, to help on the Mount Vernon fund, had accepted the offer of the editor of the *New York Ledger* (a "story paper" recently set afoot by Mr. Bonner), of a large price for contributing articles during this year. Everett's timid holding aloof from the cause of Freedom in his own day, while he busied himself in a strange way in order to establish a Memorial to its champion in the last century, was very displeasing to these Northern patriots.

2 These are early trials for a poem that was not finished until the war was over and Slavery overthrown. Then the

The youth of yore were stout and poor
And sailed for bread to every shore.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
Made them as free and bold,
The winds that sung the boy to sleep
Sang freedom uncontrolled.
The honest waves refuse to slaves
The empire of the ocean caves.

Oh, once when they were few and brave
They minded well their task;
Was nought too high for them to crave;
They gave what they did ask.

Your town is full of gentle names
By patriots once were watchwords made,—
The war-cry names are muffled shames,
The men are menials made.
But who would dare a name to wear
The foe of freedom everywhere?

At every parting with people who interest us at all, how the sense of demerit is forced upon each!

poem, with the former sad verses, no longer true, omitted, was read in Boston by Mr. Emerson at the Anniversary of the "Boston Tea-party." For other verses on Boston's divided attitude between Conscience and Cotton see *Poems* (note), p. 573.

May (?)

Here dies the amiable and worthy Prescott amid a chorus of eulogies, and, if you believe the American and almost the English newspapers for a year or two back, he is the very Muse of History. And meantime here has come into the country three months ago a book of Carlyle, *History of Frederick*,[1] infinitely the wittiest book that ever was written, a book that one would think the English people would rise up in mass to thank him for by cordial acclamation, and congratulate themselves that such a head existed among them, and sympathising and much-reading America would make a new treaty extraordinary of joyful grateful delight with England, in acknowledgement of such a donation, — a book with so many memorable and heroic facts, working directly, too, to practise, — with new heroes, — things unvoiced before, with a range of thought and wisdom, the largest and the most colloquially elastic, that ever was, not so much applying as inosculating to

1 William H. Prescott had died three months earlier than this entry was made apropos of Mr. Emerson's receiving from Carlyle the first volume of *Frederick the Great*. See *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence* (vol. II, p. 270) for Mr. Emerson's joy in receiving it, accompanied by a letter.

every need and sensibility of a man, so that I do not so much read a stereotype page, as I see the eyes of the writer looking into my eyes; all the way, chuckling with undertones and puns and winks and shrugs and long commanding glances, and stereoscoping every figure that passes, and every hill, river, wood, hummock, and pebble in the long perspective, and withal a book that is a Judgment Day, too, for its moral verdict on men and nations and manners of modern times, with its wonderful new system of mnemonics, whereby great and insignificant men are ineffaceably ticketed and marked in the memory by what they were, had, and did.

And this book makes no noise: I have hardly seen a notice of it in any newspaper or journal, and you would think there was no such book; but the secret interior wits and hearts of men take note of it, not the less surely. They have said nothing lately in praise of the air, or of fire, or of the blessing of love, and yet, I suppose, they are sensible of these, and not less of this Book, which is like these.[1]

1 This passage on Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* was embodied by Mr. Emerson in the lecture called "Art and Criticism" in his Boston course in the Spring of this year. That lecture is printed in *Natural History of Intellect* (pp. 283–

What a critic is the Age! Calvinism, how coherent! how sufficing! how poetic! It stood well every test but the telescope. When that showed the Copernican system to be true, it was too ridiculous to pretend that our little speck of an earth was the central point of Nature, etc.

Well, when India was explored, and the wonderful riches of Indian theologic literature found, that dispelled once for all the dream about Christianity being the sole revelation, — for, here in India, there in China, were the same principles, the same grandeurs, the like depths, moral and intellectual.

Well; we still maintained that we were the true men, — we were believers, — the rest were heathen. Now comes this doctrine of the pseudo-spiritists to explain to us that we are not Christians, are not believers, but totally unbelieving.

Now and then, rarely, comes a stout man like Luther, Montaigne, Pascal, Herbert, who utters a thought or feeling in a virile manner, and it is unforgettable. Then follow any number of

305). As, however, it is included only in the Centenary Edition of the *Works* and the text varies from that in the Journal, it is given here.

spiritual eunuchs and women, who talk about that thought, imply it, in pages and volumes. Thus Novalis said, "Spinoza was a god-intoxicated man." Samuel Hopkins said, "A man must be willing to be damned for the glory of God." George Fox said, "That which men trample on must be thy food." Swedenborg said, "The older the angels are, the more beautiful." The Eastern poet said, "When the jubilant Oman prays, the ninth heaven vibrates to the tread of the soul." Herbert said, —

"Let me not love thee, if I love thee not."

Each of these male words, being cast into the apprehension of pious souls, delight and occupy them, and they say them over in every form of song, prayer, and discourse. Such is Silesius Angelus. Such is U——, such is A——. Such is Pusey and his men. Great bands of female souls who only receive the spermatic *aura*, and brood on the same but add nothing.

Do not spend one moment on the last; they are mere publishers and diluters and critics.

Sentiment is materialized: that dear excellence of English intellect, *materialized intellect*, like *kyanized wood*, had already come into fashion.

"The deepest speculations are but difficult trifles, if they be not employed to guide men's actions in the path of virtue." — KENELM DIGBY, *Memoirs*, p. 265.

POVERTY'S PRAISE

If bright the sun, he tarries;
All day his song is heard;
And when he goes he carries
No more baggage than a bird.

Were it not fit subject for poem, to send a soul to doom in the charge of an angel, and trace the angel's vain attempts to find a hell for it, — the assimilating energy of Osman converting every place into the one thing needful, and every hobgoblin into the best company!

Reality rules destiny. They may well fear Fate who have any infirmity of habit and aim. But he who rests on what is, and what he is, has a destiny above destiny, and can make mouths at fortune.

There are better pleasures than to be first. I keenly enjoyed C——'s pointed remark, after we had both known Charles Newcomb, that "no one could compare with him in original

genius," though I knew that she saw, as I saw, that his mind was far richer than mine, which fact nobody but she and I knew or suspected. Nay, I rejoiced in this very proof of her perception. And now, sixteen years later, we two alone possess this secret still.

The French wittily describe the English on a steamboat as each endeavoring to draw around himself an impassable space detaching him from his countrymen, in which he shall stand alone, clean and miserable. The French pay for their brilliant social cultivation herein, that they all write alike. I cannot tell whose book I am reading without looking at the cover; you would think all the novels and all the criticism were written by one and the same man.

Antony had heard too well the knell of thought and genius in the stertorous voice of the rector to have the smallest inclination to the Church.

People live like these boys who watch for a sleigh-ride and mount on the first that passes, and when they meet another that they know, swing themselves on to that, and ride in another

direction, until a third passes, and they change again ; 't is no matter where they go, as long as there is snow and company.

People masquerade before us in their fortunes and titles.[1] . . . "I had received," said Aunt Mary, "the fatal gift of penetration." And those Cassandras are always born. Margaret Fuller was one, Charles Newcomb a Delphic Oracle.

Modern Criticism has whitewashed Richard III; Cromwell; Froude has made out of Henry VIII a good family man ; Robespierre is a genuine patriot and tender philanthropist; 't is almost Cæsar Borgia's turn to become a saint. Meantime, the other process now begins, and Forschammer has blackwashed Socrates.

Criticism. The two handles. Herrick the most remarkable example of the low style.[2]

"The divine art of printing frightened away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies."

1 For the rest of the passage, see "Behavior" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 188).

2 For the rest of the passage see "Art and Criticism" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 296).

"Fairies lingered until people became readers."

"One is his printer in disguise and keeps
His press in a hollow tree, where to conceal him
He works by glow-worm light, the moon's too open;
The other zealous rag is his compositor."
Time Vindicated, Ben Jonson's last masque.

Ben Jonson called the newspaper "a weekly cheat to draw money," and "thought it an ephemeral taste easily to be put down." — C. Knight, "*Once on a Time.*"

Shall I blame my mother, whitest of women, because she was not a gypsy, and gave me no swarthy ferocity? Or my father, because he came of a lettered race, and had no porter's shoulders?

In Utah the leading issues are not those of our parties, yet the Government invariably adopts the bad side. We have no character. In the European cities, we should be of great weight, if we had character. But Austria and France and Russia can say, Look at America, 't is worse than we.

I think that the religious revolution ought to

have shaken by this time the security of the European tyrannies. Napoleon writes, "By the grace of God, *and by the will of the French people*," but Austria and Russia still write, "By the grace of God," and the cohesion of the system is in that dilapidated religion. Well, here we think meanly enough of Unitarianism. 'T is here a mere speck of whitewash, because the mind of our culture has already left it behind. Nobody goes to church or longer holds the Christian traditions. We rest on the moral nature, and the whole world shortly must. One would think, then, poor little Unitarianism would have sapped these thrones.

There is no strong performance without a little fanaticism in the performer. That field yonder did not get such digging, ditching, filling, and planting for any pay. A fanaticism lucky for the owner did it. James Burke opened my hay as fiercely on Sunday as on Monday. Neither can any account be given of the fervid work in Aunt Mary's manuscripts, but the vehement religion which would not let her sleep, nor sit, but write, write, night and day, year after year. And Charles Newcomb had this Δαίμων dazzling his eyes, and driving his pen.

Unweariable fanaticism (which, if it could give account of itself to itself, were lost) is the Troll that by night

> "threshed the corn
> Which ten day laborers could not end."

Cushing, and Banks, and Wilson are its victims, and, by means of it, vanquishers of men. But they whose eyes are prematurely opened with broad common-sense views, are hopeless *dilettanti*, and must obey these madmen.

May 25.

The warblers at this season make much of the beauty and interest of the woods. They are so eloquent in form and coat, and many of them here but for a short time; the Blackburnian warbler rarely seen by Henry Thoreau; the trees still allowing you to see far. Their small leaflets do not vie, — with the spaces of the sky, — but let in the vision high — and (yesterday) Concord was all Sicily.

Glad of Ellery's cordial praise of Carlyle's History, which, he thinks, well entitled to be called a "Work," and far superior to his early books. Wonders at his imagination which can

invest with such interest to himself these (one would think) hopeless details of German story. He is the only man who knows. — What a reader! how competent to give light now on the Politics of Europe! To-day this History appears the best of all histories.

'T is worth remembering in connexion with what I have so often to say of Surface, that our whole skill is in that direction. Carlyle's *Frederick* is a great book; opens new extension to history. How much event, perplexity, nationality, is there disclosed, or hinted at, and will draw multitudes of scholars to its exploring and illustration! So with every new vein that is opened. Wide, East and West, North and South, immense lateral spaces, — but the sum and upshot of all, the aim and theory, is in few steps, or one; seen in an instant, or never seen. Vast surface, short diameter.

Raffaelle's letter to Count Castiglione is as follows, — "On account of Galatea, I should reckon myself a great master, were there in it only half of the great things which your excellency writes me. I recognize, nevertheless, in your words, the love which you bear me. Besides, I must say to you, that, in order to paint

a beautiful female form, I must see many of them, and certainly under the condition that your Excellency stand near me in order to select the finest. But whilst still a right judgment is as rare as beautiful women are, therefore I use a certain idea which subsists in my mind. Whether this possesses genuine artistic excellence, I know not, but I strive to reach it; and so I commend myself to your Excellency." — See Grimm's *Essays*, p. 194.

The Understanding is a sort of shop clerk: it is for petty ends. It has nothing catholic or noble in power or aim. It is the "Preception of a Prince," direct, omniscient, self-contained, needing no ally.

Dante. Dante cannot utter a few lines, but I am informed what transcendent eyes he had, as, for example, —

"un fuoco
Ch' emisferio di tenebre vincia."

How many millions would have looked at candles, lamps, and fires, and planets, all their days, and never noticed this measure of their illuminating force, "of conquering a hemisphere of the darkness." Yet he says nothing about his own eyes.

Inspiration. What marks right mental action is always newness, ignoring of the past; and the elasticity of the present object, — which makes all the magnitudes and magnates quite unnecessary. This is what we mean when we say your subject is absolutely indifferent. You need not write the History of the World, nor the Fall of Man, nor King Arthur, nor Iliad, nor Christianity; but write of hay, or of cattle shows, or trade sales, or of a ship, or of Ellen, or Alcott, or of a couple of schoolboys, if only you can be the fanatic of your subject, and find a fibre reaching from it to the core of your heart, so that all your affection and all your thought can freely play.

Tennyson. England is solvent, no matter what rubbish and hypocrisy of Palmerstons and Malmesburys and Disraelis she may have, for here comes Tennyson's poem,[1] indicating a supreme social culture, a perfect insight, and the possession of all the weapons and all the functions of a man, with the skill to wield them which Homer, Aristophanes, or Dante had. The long promise to pay that runs over Ages

1 The first four of the *Idylls of the King* were newly published.

from Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, — the long promise to write the national poem of Arthur, Tennyson at last keeps, in these low self-despising times; Taliessin and Ossian are at last edited, revised, expurgated, distilled. The national poem needed a national man. And the blood is still so rich, and healthful, that, at last in Tennyson, a national soul comes to the Olympic games, — equal to the task. He is the Pisistratus, who collects and publishes the Homer, ripened at last by the infusion of so many harvests, and henceforth unchangeable and immortal.

A collection there should be of those fables which are agreeable to the human mind. One is the orator or singer who can control all minds. The Perfect Poet again is described in Taliessin's *Songs*, in the *Mabinogion*. Tennyson has drawn Merlin.

England forever! What a secular genius is that which begins its purpose of writing the Arthur Epic with Chaucer, and slowly ripens it until now, in 1859, it is done! And what a heart-whole race is that which in the same year can turn out two such sovereign productions as the *History of Frederick*, and *The Four Idylls*.

Channing's remark is that there is a prose tone running through the book, and certainly he has flat lines, e.g., the four lines, "Forgetful of his promise to the King,"[1] etc., which contrasts badly with a similar iteration in Shakspeare's *Henry VI*, the dying soliloquy of Warwick, which is alive.[2] . . .

But he has known how to universalize his fable and fill it with his experience and wisdom. The eternal moral shines. But what landscape, and what words! — "the stammering thunder."

(From CL)

Aliis lætus, sapiens sibi.[3]

June.

I learned that the rhyme is there in the theme, thought, and image, themselves. I learned that there is a beyond to every place, — and the bird moving through the air by successive dartings taught me.

Simonides made an epigram in commendation of his memory.

Μνήμη δε οὔτινά φημὶ Σιμονίδη ἰσοφαρίζειν
'Ογδωκουταέτει παιδὶ Λεωπρέπεος

1 In Enid. 2 Part 3, Act. v, sc. ii.

3 Outwardly joyous, inwardly wise.

Nobody has a memory like to Simonides, the man of eighty years, the son of Leoprepes.

Certain persons utter oracles, as Bettine, as Aunt Mary, as Alcott, and Charles Newcomb. We hear awe-struck that the ancients recognized an omen or *fatum*, now and then, in chance words spoken; and we cast about and wonder what these oracles were. And we hear some remark which explains our own character, or foible, or circumstance, and it does not occur to us that this is the very chance those ancients considered. This is the omen and *fatum*. But these oracles are simply perceptions of the intellect; and whenever the intellect acts, there is an oracle.

Nature wishes that woman should attract man, but she has cunningly made them with a little sarcasm in expression, which seems to say, "Yes, I am willing to attract, but to attract a little better kind of man than any I yet see."

[The following is the first form of the thought which, turned to verse, is the motto of the essay "Worship" and is printed in the *Poems*.]

Bridle him. Yes, but he takes the bridle in his teeth. He invented locks and bolts and can unlock his own. This is he who invented the electric horse. He can swim across the ocean, and arrive in Asia at an earlier date than he left New York. Throw him to the lions. But this is Androcles, Van Amburgh; the lions lick his feet. Fire will not burn him, but plays the part of St. Irenæus, flames, namely, of a wall or a vaulted shrine bending around and over him, without harm.

The South has too large concession to begin with.

Disunion is excellent, if it is just disunion enough, but if it go too far, 't is bad. Is the Union a conveniency only, like the United States Bank, which enabled a man to put in his pocket bills which were current everywhere, — and so made us citizens from Canada to the Gulf?

The insanity of the South. I acquit them of guilt on that plea;

"But never more be officer of mine" [1]

1. Othello's dismissal of his lieutenant for drunkenness: —

I love thee, Cassio, but never more be officer of mine.

They come to our colleges; they travel in Europe; they marry here. They hear at Columbia College Dr. Lieber's lectures. Europeans go, like Gosse, into Alabama, and write as he about the damnation, and such is the *esprit de corps* that their reason is dethroned.

I see for such madness no hellebore.

All things have an accompaniment of magic. If the fact seems plain and thoroughly known to thee, 't is plain thou knowest nothing about it.

Allston, the painter, came at last to say with alarm, "I have at last painted a picture which contents me."

Magic needs finer organs, and its own time. You must not look at fireflies by daylight. A man must be a mystic or worshipper, he must carry with him an unsounded secret, or he is worthless. "Power as such is not known to the angels." It must be magically easy.

Bettine is a wise child with her wit, humor, will, and pure inspirations. She utters oracles and is the best critic of Goethe. Her talk about music, and manners, and character, is like Charles Auchester's. But he has no wit like her fine things about the "flat seventh."

'T is easy to see that Carlyle has learned of

Goethe his literary manners, and how to be condescending and courteous, and yet to keep himself always in rein.

But when Bettine writes from Vienna her admirable reports of her conversation with Beethoven, Goethe in his reply comes at last out of his shell, and pays a homage to Beethoven he has not expressed for any other; calls himself a "layman" before this "demon-possessed person," and offers to meet him at Carlsbad, etc. (Vol. 11, p. 217.)

But in Varnhagen's journals, Bettine makes a far different appearance, and never to her advantage.

Bettine says of the Frau Rath, "She let me do as I pleased and gave my manner of being no name."

"I am in low esteem with the Philistines who find a row of talents valuable in a woman, — but not the woman herself without these."

Very little reliance must be put on the common stories of Mr. Webster's or of Mr. Choate's learning, their Greek, or their varied literature. That ice won't bear. Reading! to what purpose did they read?[1] . . .

1 The rest of this charge of fruitless reading on statesmen

Poor C——, — he is properly punished for his hypocritical church deaconing, etc., by having this poor dunce of a Dr. A—— braying over his grave — that Jesus Christ is getting on, for Mr. C—— has signified his good opinion. Even the old Jehovah himself, good times must be coming to Him; for Mr. C——, etc.

Fame is the impression that a fine soul makes of itself; many a man has done no one thing up to his fame. Yet the fame was inevitable.

In reading prose, I am sensible as soon as a sentence drags, but in reading poetry, as soon as one word drags.

"But had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you say he does, I should have hugged him," said Johnson of Adam Smith.

When the railroad bridge breaks, or the road is washed away by the freshet, it is because the Company breaks, and its integrity is corrupted. Shall the "groundworks be all one cracking and pulverization?"

who turned their backs on Liberty in their own day is found in "The Man of Letters" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 256).

"33 Henry VIII. It is ordered, that no person above the age of twenty-four shall shoot with the light-flight arrow at a distance under 220 yards." Two hundred and twenty yards, then, was the effective range for fighting purposes of the heavy war-arrow. Latimer says, "My father taught me how to lay my body in the bow, — not to draw with strength of arm, as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." — FROUDE.

Alcott said, that Cowley considered the use of a University to be for the cherishing of gifted persons.

It is true that the University and the Church, which should be counterbalancing institutions and independent, do now express the sentiment of the popular politics, and the popular optimism, whatever it be. Harvard College has no voice in Harvard College, but State Street votes it down on every ballot. Everything will be permitted there which goes to adorn Boston whiggism; it is geology, astronomy, poetry, antiquities, art, rhetoric; but that which it exists for, — to be a fountain of novelties out of heaven, a Delphi uttering warning and ravishing oracles to elevate and lead mankind, — *that* it

shall not be permitted to do or to think of. On the contrary, every generosity of thought is *suspected*, and gets a bad name. And all the young men come out decrepit Bostonians ; not a poet, not a prophet, not a dæmon, but is gagged and stifled, or driven away. All that is sought in the instruction is drilling tutors, and not inspirers.

May.

The Spring is the inundation of love. The marriage of the plants, the marriage of bird, beast, reptile, of the animal world, and of man, is the aim of all this new glory of colour and form.

Our doctrine must begin with the necessary and eternal, and discriminate Fate from the necessary ; there is no limitation about the Eternal. Thought, Will, is co-eternal with the world ; and, as soon as intellect is awaked in any man, it shares so far of the eternity, — is of the maker, not of the made. But Fate is the name we give to the action of that one eternal, all-various necessity on the brute myriads, whether in things, animals, or in men in whom the intellect pore is not yet opened. To such it is only a burning wall which hurts those who run against it.

The great day in the man is the birth of perception, which instantly throws him on the party of the Eternal. He sees what must be, and that it is not more that which must be, than it is that which should be, or what is best. To be then becomes the infinite good, and breath is jubilation. A breath of Will blows through the universe eternally in the direction of the right or necessary; it is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and all things are blown or moved by it in order and orbit.

The secret of the Will is that it doth what it knows absolutely good to be done, and so is greater than itself, and is divine in doing. Whilst other choices are of an appetite, or of a disease, as of an itching skin, or of a thief, or sot, or striker.

Nature is the memory of the mind, said Alcott (?). But come how it will, the only men of any account in Nature are the three or five we have beheld who have a will. Then we say, Here is a man, and men obey him; his body is sweet, and not putrid like others; his words are loaded, and all around him is eventful.

Come, then, count your reasons.

1. The belief in Fate is unwholesome, and

can only be good where it teaches the strength of Nature to man.

2. We only value a stroke of will. He alone is happy who has will; the rest are herds. He uses, they are used.[1]

3. This will derives from the aboriginal Nature, is perception of the Eternal Necessity.

It rests on God himself, and that is its power to shock, that it betrays his presence in this loafer; but it winds through dark channels, and one knows not how it arrived here.

It is a sharing of the true order of the world, and a push in that interest and direction.

It is born, freedom, in the intellect. On that bright moment when we are born into thought, we are instantaneously uplifted out of the rank we had. Now we are of the maker, not of the made. Now all things have such a look as the horse has which we drive.

But is there not another element, or people who are strong through love alone?

August 16.

The Parrot.[2] She has good uses for a detached family. Poll is a socialist and knits a

1 This paragraph is in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 46).

2 A devoted attendant of Mr. Emerson's children made

neighborhood very soon. Every child stops before the gate to say, "Poll wants a cracker," and is promptly answered by Poll. When there is a lull, — to prevent all life going to *ennui*, Poll scolds and screeches; then, if you feed her and talk to her, rallies and shows her refinement by the sudden gentleness and delicacy of her tones. If she cannot say all that she is reputed to say, she still, as Ann O'Brien affirmed, "makes a beautiful offer to say it." Then what a terrible test of people's truth was Poll. To hear what they told of her!

I saw Dr. Henry J. Bigelow's bird, Mino,[1] about the size of a cat-bird, black with a yellow collar. His speech was articulate as a man's. "What's your name?" "How d'ye do?" "Go way." "Doctor Bigelow." "Mino," and a loud whistle, like a locomotive's, were his utterances.

[In the end of July or early in August, Mr. Emerson made an excursion to Wachusett, the

them a present of a parrot, who, perched on the scraper of the sunny southeast doorstep in summer, endeavored to keep things pleasant in the neighborhood.

1 The editors are informed that this was the Mynah (*Sturnia religiosa*). The collar effect was due to two yellow wattles which extend backward.

mountain thirty miles away, which, like a blue whale, seems swimming southward along Concord's western horizon. On his way down the steep path he sprained his foot so badly that he was crippled and consequently his health suffered for two or three months as will appear later in this Journal. It was on a visit to Boston's eminent surgeon that he saw this remarkable speaking bird.]

Πάντα ῥεῖ. You think a farm and broad acres a solid property, but its value is flowing, like water. It requires as much watching as if you were decanting wine from a hogshead. Bent, the farmer, knows what to do with it, and decants wine; but a blunderhead M —— comes out of Cornhill and it all leaks away. So is it with houses as with ships. What say you to the permanent value of an estate invested in railroad stocks?

The secret of the charm which English castles and cathedrals have for us is in the conviction they impress that the art and the race that made these is utterly gone. 'T is fine to tell us that, chemically, diamond is identical with coal-cinder, if there is no science in the world that can re-form such a crystal; and I must

respect the men who built Westminster Abbey, since they have left no posterity who can do the like.

Beatitudes of Intellect. Am I not, one of these days, to write consecutively of the beatitude of intellect? It is too great for feeble souls, and they are over-excited. The wineglass shakes, and the wine is spilled. What then? The joy which will not let me sit in my chair, which brings me bolt upright to my feet, and sends me striding around my room, like a tiger in his cage, and I cannot have composure and concentration enough even to set down in English words the thought which thrills me — is not that joy a certificate of the elevation? What if I never write a book or a line? for a moment, the eyes of my eyes were opened, the affirmative experience remains, and consoles through all suffering.

> For art, for music, overthrilled,
> The wineglass shakes, the wine is spilled.

I admire those undescribable hints that power gives of itself. I find sublime that essence of the man which makes him pass for more than his performances, though he never told his se-

cret, is aware that a few private persons alone know him, and not one of them thoroughly.

'T is a great misfortune of certain temperaments that they are by their own force, or too much determination, thrown out of all sympathy, and are therefore inconvertible. They cannot be made to see when they are in the wrong, and when they are rushing to ruin, taking the bits in their teeth, they are then triumphantly assured of their innocency, and mere Phocions, scorning the universe of objectors. Argument, appeal to bystanders, to a world of bystanders, masses of opposing fact, all is wasted; 't is only oil to flame, only mountains of confirmation to their insanity. In these tragic cases, their own talent, acuteness, cannot help them, even genius, as in Aunt Mary, only widens the hopeless chasm.

What is the poetic interest of the lost Pleiad for so many minds? Each nun or hermit in the country towns has heard that there were once seven stars, and now the eye can count but six. (No matter about the fact; it is a numerous cluster, and more or fewer can be counted, as your eyes are better or worse.) But the legend is, as I have said, and each nun or hermit is

struck with the circumstance and writes solitary verses about it. What is the charm of the incident? I think because it is to each a symbol of lost thoughts.

Winckelmann dates from Pericles or Augustus or the Renaissance; Hallam, from the Revival or the Reformation; Coleridge, from Shakspeare; but the Intellect from itself. We like a person of will and of thought because there is nobody behind his chair. It is the year one, and the Emperor is here.

One wrong Step. On Wachusett, I sprained my foot. It was slow to heal, and I went to the doctors. Dr. Henry Bigelow said, "Splint and absolute rest." Dr. Russell said, "Rest, yes; but a splint, no." Dr. Bartlett said, "Neither splint nor rest, but go and walk." Dr. Russell said, "Pour water on the foot, but it must be warm." Dr. Jackson said, "Stand in a trout brook all day."

When I sprained my foot I soon found it was all one as if I had sprained my head, if I must sit in my chair. Then I thought Nature had sprained her foot; and that King Lear had

never sprained his, or he would have thought there were worse evils than unkind daughters. When I see a man unhappy, I ask, has a sprained foot brought him to this pass?

August 20.

Home is a good place in August. We have plenty of "Sopsovines,"[1] and Moscow Transparents, and the sweet apple we call Early Bough. Our early pears (Madeleine) are past, but Bloodgoods are ripe and ripening. And Apricot plums (if we had more trees than the one survivor)[2] are mature.

All knowledge gives superiority and it makes so little difference in what direction. 'T is wonderful to expound an Assyrian inscription! But 't is not less to know a Greek or German word that I do not know; or to see through a galvanic battery, or a chemical combining, or a binomial theorem, which I see not at all.

Dread the collectors, whether of books, of shells, of coins, of eggs, of newspapers; they

1 Evidently corruption of *Sops-of-Wine*, a deliciously fragrant early red apple, now seemingly extinct.

2 The curculio had just begun its destructive ravages.

become alike trustless. Their hunger overrides their honesty. A *forte* always makes a foible.

Remember Norton's story of the gentleman who passed the antique coin which he believed to be an unique around his dinner-table, and lost it. One guest alone refused to be searched, and, after it was found on the floor, excused his refusal by announcing that he had a duplicate of the coin at that moment in his pocket.

I find Haydon's autobiography one of the best books. He admired Boswell's *Johnson*, and his book is precious like that. His estimate of himself, and his sanguine folly of hoping important results from every compliment or polite look with which any of his great men smoothed their leave-taking, reminds me of X fifty times. How weak and how strong these English are!

The way to make a man famous is to tell the result, and skip the means. Sir George Beaumont made the town rush to Wilkie, by describing him as "a young man who came to London, saw a picture of Teniers, went home, and at once painted the Village Politicians." That was the wonder, — "At once! at once, my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once!"

Speech at the Dinner to Dr. Holmes, August 29.

Mr. President, —

When I read the *Atlantic*, I have had much to think of the beneficence of wit, its vast utility; the extreme rarity, out of this presence, of the pure article. Science has never measured the immense profundity of the Dunce-Power. The globe of the world — the diameter of the solar system, is nothing to it. Everywhere, a thousand fathoms of sandstone to a teaspoonful of wit. And yet people speak with apprehension of the dangers of wit, as if there were, or could be, an excess.

We all remember, in 1849, it was thought California would make gold so cheap that perhaps it would drive lead and zinc out of use for covering roofs and sink-spouts, but here we have had a Mississippi River of gold pouring in from California, Australia, and Oregon for ten years, and all has not yet displaced one pewter basin from our kitchens, and I begin to believe that if Heaven had sent us a dozen men as electrical as Voltaire or Sidney Smith, the old Dulness would hold its ground, and die hard.

Why, look at the fact. Whilst, once, wit was extremely rare and sparse-sown, — rare as co-

balt, rare as platina, — here comes the Doctor and flings it about like sea-sand, threatens to make it common as newspapers; is actually the man to contract to furnish a chapter of Rabelais or Sidney Smith once a month — bucketsful of Greek fire against tons of paunch and acres of bottom. Of course, the danger was that he would throw out of employment all the dunces, the imposters, the slow men, the stock writers; in short, all the respectabilities and professional learning of the time. No wonder the world was alarmed.

And yet the old House of Unreason stands firm at this day, when he is fifty years old, and he is bound to live a hundred in order to spend the half of his treasure.

Sir, I have heard that when Nature concedes a true talent, she renounces for once all her avarice and parsimony, and gives without stint. Our friend here was born in happy hour, with consenting stars. I think his least merits are not small. He is the best critic who constructs. Here is the war of dictionaries in this country: in England, a philological commission to draft a new lexicon. All very well; but the real dictionary is the correct writer, who makes the reader feel, as our friend does, the delicacy and

inevitableness of every word he uses, and whose book is so charming that the reader has never a suspicion, amid his peals of laughter, that he is learning the last niceties of grammar and rhetoric.

What shall I say of his delight in manners, in society, in elegance, — in short, of his delight in *Culture*, which make him a civilizer whom every man and woman secretly thanks for valuable hints?

What, then, of his correction of popular errors in taste, in behavior, in the uncertain sciences, and in theology, attested by the alarm of the synods?

And this is only possible to the man who has the capital merit of healthy perception, who can draw all men to read him; whose thoughts leave such cheerful and perfumed memories, that when the newsboy enters the car, all over the wide wildernesses of America, the tired traveller says, "Here comes the Autocrat to bring me one half-hour's absolute relief from the vacant mind."

Now when a man can render this benefit to his country, or when men can, — I cannot enter into the gay controversy between the rival Helicons of Croton and Cochituate, but I desire all men of sense to come into a Mutual Admi-

ration Society, to praise and honor that power. The heartier the praise, the better for all parties. For, really, this is not praise of any man. I admire perception wherever it appears. That is the one eternal miracle. I hail the blessed mystery with ever new delight. It lets me into the same joy. Who is Wendell Holmes? If it shines through him, it is not his, it belongs to all men, and we hail it as our own.

Honor to the Gymnasium and the Riding School!

When the learned Thynnius took his first ride, — was it the earnest look of the rider, or some disharmony between the rider and the horse? — he could not fail to notice the sympathizing looks of all the passengers, and the good-natured endeavor to look away, which all his acquaintances made. But the excellent Thynnius did not like it.[1]

1 Mr. Emerson always wished that, in his youth, he had been made to learn to dance and to ride. Poverty, of course, forbade. He took pains that his son had these advantages. Once about this time when his son, returning from a ride, was about to lead the wide-awake but gentle Morgan "Dolly" to the barn, Mr. Emerson stopped him, mounted the mare, and rode off in the twilight, the only occasion that his son recalls of his riding.

September.

Mr. Crump. The unfortunate days of August and September, when the two cows were due from the Temple pasture (New Hampshire) and did not arrive, and we learn that they had strayed on the way, and are lost. When the Muster approached, bringing alarms to all housekeepers and orchard-owners;[1] when the foot was lame, and the hand was palsied;[2] and the foot mending was lame again. When a strong southwest wind blew in vicious gusts all day, stripping every loaded pear tree of its fruit, just six weeks too early. The beggars arrive every day, some on foot, the Sardinians and Sicilians, who cannot argue the question of labor and mendicity with you, since they do not speak a word of English; then the Monumentals, who come in landaus or barouches, and wish your large aid to Mount Vernon, Plymouth, Ball's Webster, or President Quincy in marble; then the chipping lady from the Cape, who has three blind sisters, and I know not how many dumb

1 This was the great muster of the State Militia held by Governor Banks at Concord.

2 From long pressure of old-fashioned stick-crutches without the modern handles to prevent pressure on the nerves in the arm-pit.

ones, and she had been advised to put them in the Poor House. No, not she. As long as she had health, she would go about and sell these books for them, which I am to buy, and she tosses her head, and expects my praise and tears for her heroic resolution; though I had a puzzled feeling that, if there was sacrifice anywhere, it was in me, if I should buy them; and I am sure I was very little inclined to toss my head on the occasion.

Mr. Crump remarked that he hated lame folks: there was no telling how hypocritical they were. They are dreadful lame when you see them, but the lamest of them, if he wants something, and there 's nobody will help him to it, will manage to get it himself, though it were a mile off; *if you are not by*.

But the fortnight of vexations is not over. I received a letter, last night, to tell me that Phillips and Sampson will fail in a week.

Dr. Johnson. He said of some ode, "Bolder words and more timorous meaning, I think were never brought together." The language might be well applied to Dr. ——'s sermons.

"Sir, if you had been dipped in Pactolus, I should not have noticed you."

"But were there not six horses to each coach (at Garrick's funeral)?" "Madam, there were no more six horses than six Phœnixes."

"A man may write at any time, if he will set himself doggedly to it," said Johnson.

Of Beauclerk, "No man was ever so free, when he was going to say a good thing, from a *look* that expressed that it was coming, or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come."

Phillips's letter to the Judge and the President on dining at the Revere House is only a logical hit.[1] They are formalists, and he shows them they have outraged their own forms. But he, who is not a formalist, had not a good right to write the letter. I think wealth has lost much of its value, if it have not wine. I abstain from wine only on account of the expense. When I heard that Mr. Sturgis had given up wine, I

1 This has reference to an open letter addressed to Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw and President Walker of Harvard University by Wendell Phillips, in which the great orator sharply criticized them for having attended a banquet at the Revere House when that hotel was defying the Prohibitory law of the State. He held that their official positions and responsibilities should have deterred them from thus condoning violation of law.

had the same regret that I had lately in hearing that Mr. Bowditch had broken his hip; — a millionaire without wine, and a millionaire that must lie on his bed.

"We draw back into ourselves, and penetrate the false illusions, in order that we may better enjoy the true illusions." — *Herman Grimm.*

[Theodore Parker, whose free religious thought, high ethical teaching, and fearless humanity had drawn together a great congregation at the Music Hall on Sundays, in spite of the attacks of all the sects, had sailed for the Mediterranean shores in vain hope to prolong his life. On the first Sunday of his voyage he smiled as he said "Emerson is speaking in the Music Hall to-day."

Mr. Parker's Society — the Twenty-eighth Congregational, of Boston — often asked Mr. Emerson to speak to them on Sunday at the Music Hall, and he also appeared annually in the course of lectures conducted by the Parker Fraternity at the Tremont Temple. His lecture "Courage" was there delivered in November of this year.]

Aunt Mary. Dr. Johnson is a good example of the force of temperament. 'T is surprising how often I am reminded of my Aunt Mary Emerson in reading Boswell lately. Johnson impresses his company as she does, not only by the point of the remark, but also when the point fails, because he makes it. Like hers, his obvious religion or superstition, his deep wish that they should think so or so, weighs with them, so rare is depth of feeling, or a constitutional value for a thought or opinion, among the light-minded men and women who make up society. And this, though in both cases their companions know that there is a degree of shortcoming, and of insincerity, and of talking for victory. Yet the existence of character, and habitual reverence of principles over talent or learning, is felt by the frivolous.

Are you everywhere? Then you misspend a great deal of money in buying railroad tickets; and that property is worthless.

The imagination enters into all the details and ennobles life. Even the shopboy smoking his cigar assumes the attitude and air of rich gentlemen, and is raised in his own eyes.

Chelmsford.[1] I know well the town in which they lived; the landscape which they saw. I spent an autumn and winter among these hills and plains. I knew where the chestnut first spread its brown harvest on a frosty morning for the boys; where the apples covered the ground with white fruit. I saw the last fires that burned in the old limekiln. I knew the ripples of the Baptist Pond, and the woods that grew where the corn is now ripening.

Plain homely land, sandy fields which the Merrimack washes, but the sun and stars do not disdain to fill it with magnificence in June, and with sublime lights in autumn. And I can easily believe that the soldiers you celebrate deserved your praise. For I had an acquaintance with the young men and young women who grew up here in a poverty I suppose as severe, with manners as hardy and plain; and I know that their feeling was as tender and their intellect as vigorous as that which opens under softer skies, and

1 Mr. Emerson had been the teacher of the Academy at Chelmsford for a season, before he began his studies at Divinity Hall in Cambridge. On this account, he was invited to speak on the occasion of this dedication of a monument, on September 22, to the memory of Chelmsford's soldiers who lost their lives in the war of the Revolution. Unfortunately an illness seems to have kept him at home.

in city palaces. I read and conversed with friends here, children of the soil, who showed that force of thought, and that sense of right, which are the warp and woof of which greatness is woven; that curiosity for knowledge and that delight in intellectual conversation which is the purest joy of Youth, and the beginning of all national greatness. I suppose it is fair to judge the tree by its fruits, the fathers by the children.

These people were original authors of liberty, and not plagiarists, not sentimental nations like the Italians, French, and Hungarians and Germans. These all learned it of our people. Our farmers were all orthodox, Calvinists, mighty in the Scriptures, had learned that life was a preparation, and "probation," to use their word. They read no romances, but with the pulpit on one hand, and poverty and labour on another, they had a third training in the town meeting. They held the fee of their farms; no patron, no ground rents, and great proprietaries, but every man owned his acres.

We go to Plutarch and Montaigne for our examples of character, but we might as well go to Pliny and Varro for oaks and firs, which grow as well in our own dooryards and cow-pastures. Life is always rich, and spontaneous graces and

forces elevate life in every domestic circle, which are overlooked, whilst we are reading something less excellent in old authors. I think as I go through the streets, each one of these innumerable houses has its own calendar of saints, its unpublished anecdotes of courage, of patience, of wit, cheerfulness, for the best I know were in the most private corners.

Everything draws to its kind and frivolous people will not hear of its noble traits; but let any good example of this secret virtue come accidentally to air, like Florence Nightingale, and you will have parallels in every direction.

From the obscurity and casualty of those examples which I know, I infer the obscurity and casualty of the like balm and consolation and immortality in a thousand homes which I do not know, and all round the world. Let it lie safe in the shade there, from the compliments and praise of foolish society. It is safer so. All it seems to demand is that we know it when we see it. This is no mean reward. If an intelligent and generous witness, passing by, sees our plight and so much as exchanges a searching glance of sympathy, "Well done, brave heart!" it is better than the thunder of theatres, and the world full of newspapers, which only echo each other.

There are men whose opinion of a book is final. If Ellery Channing tells me, "Here is a good book," I know I have a day longer to live. But there are plenty of able men whose report in that kind is not to be trusted.

And in clubs a person of the prowess of G. W. Tyler is inestimable.[1]

Ellen H—'s passionate inquiry twenty years ago was, What is the place and use of common people? or, I suppose, what Tennyson also meant by "Reflections of a sensitive second-class mind." Let this question take the first page in the new edition of *Notes and Queries*.[2]

The physicians wisely say that fevers are self-limiting; so are all diseases, sprains, and head-aches, and passions; and all errors, like Jupiter's moons, periodical.

[In October, the whole country was astonished, and the South startled, by John Brown's

1 George Washington Tyler of Charlestown, who has been alluded to in the Journals before for his versatile and genial talents.

2 But Mr. Emerson would have enjoyed Lincoln's saying, "The Lord likes common people. That 's the reason he makes so many of them."

seizure of the United States Arsenal and the town of Harper's Ferry, with his few followers, in pursuance of a project secretly cherished by him to effect in Virginia what he had done often in a small way in Missouri, namely, a gathering and wholesale exodus of slaves to freedom in Canada. At the North, of the hundreds who had helped "Free State" settlers to homes in Kansas and Nebraska and furnished them with arms to defend these, only a very few — probably not ten persons — knew of this design, and very few would have countenanced it. Mr. Emerson knew nothing of it.

The seizure of a national arsenal, the stopping of mails, and the proclamation of a provisional government of course made the action of Brown treason. The North would not abet the act. The South naturally was in terror of a servile insurrection with frightful consequences. Utter disapproval was general through the country.

But when presently it appeared that it was John Brown who was in command, his old acquaintances and friends felt sure that his purposes were humane, if militant, and believed that his fighting would be only defensive in leading away such fugitives as might flock to him. His

brave defense, when hemmed in, with his handful of men against surrounding hundreds of militia and volunteers, until a company of United States Marines ended the matter in a few moments by assault with a ladder as battering-ram, won admiration; and the fortitude of the severely wounded man at his trial won sympathy, as it won respect from Governor Wise, Colonel Washington, and other Virginians. Finally, his manly speech, when asked if he had anything to say why the death sentence should not be passed, — one of the most simple and eloquent in history, based absolutely on Christ's words, and human rights, — showed him as one forced by his conscience to be a martyr for justice and humanity, victim of a mischievous system which was wrecking the country, and of the laws which guarded that system.] [1]

1 This speech, in the Charleston, Virginia, Court House, may be found in full in the *Life of John Brown*, by James Redpath. After explaining his design, and denying murderous intent or any plan for servile insurrection, Brown, weak and wounded, went on: —

"I have another objection; and that is that it is unjust that I shall suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered . . . in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or of any of their friends . . . or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have

The Resistance to Slavery. It is the old mistake of the slaveholder to impute the resistance to Clarkson or Pitt, to Channing or Garrison, or to some John Brown whom he has just captured, and to make a personal affair of it; and he believes, whilst he chains and chops him, that he is getting rid of his tormentor; and does not see that the air which this man breathed is liberty, and is breathed by thousands and millions; that men of the same complexion as he, will look at slaveholders as felons who have disentitled

been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God; I see a book kissed which I suppose to be the Bible . . . That teaches me that all things 'whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do, even so, to them.' It teaches me further to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted that I have done, in behalf of his despised poor was not wrong, but right.

"Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments — I submit, so let it be done."

themselves to the protection of law, as the burglar has, whom I see breaking into my neighbor's house; and therefore no matter how many Browns he can catch and kill, he does not make the number less, for the air breeds them, every school, every church (every domestic circle) every home of courtesy, genius and conscience is educating haters of him and his misdeeds.[1]

[On the conversion of a valued friend to the church of Rome.]

Courage. Here was happiest example of the best blood which, in meeting the best-born and best-bred people of Europe, speaks with their speech, and deals with them with their own

1 In this connection should be remembered, though the increasing aggression of the slave power and interest and the resulting reaction at the North had brought on a state of great irritation, — how Mr. Emerson, though smarting under the humiliation of the Fugitive Slave Law, had called his countrymen's attention to the misfortune into which the Southerners were born, and had recommended purchasing their slaves at whatever price. He wrote in this month to his friend Mr. Ward:

"Our Kansas Cid is hard bested, but a lion to the last. I keep a hope for him yet. How so wise a soldier got into this corner I know not, but he is a true saint and miracles wait on such."

weapons. Ah, I should have been so glad if it could have said to them, Look, I do without your rococo. You have heard much ill of America. I know its good, its blessed simplicity, nor shall I make the mistake of baptizing the daylight and time and space by the name of Jones or Jenkins, in whose shop I chance to behold daylight and space and time. Least of all will I call sacraments those legendary quips of yours which break the sacraments which are most my own, my duty to my wife, husband, son, friend, country; nor can I suffer a . . . monk to whisper to me, to whom God has given such a person as [my husband] and such children for my confessors and absolvers.

We talk of Sparta and Rome, we *dilettanti* of liberty. But the last thing a brave man thinks of is Sparta or Scythia or the Gauls. He is up to the top of his boots in his own meadow, and can't be bothered with histories. That will do for a winter evening with schoolboys. As soon as a man talks Washington and Putnam and General Jackson to me, I detect the coxcomb and charlatan. He is a frivolous nobody who has no duties of his own.

"Mount Vernon"; I never heard a brave man

talk of Mount Vernon, or a religious man of Mount Sinai. They leave that to hypocrites. They have Mount Vernons enough in shoes, and Mount Sinai in their wish to pay their debts.

[My friend who has just joined the Church of Rome] was at a loss in talking with me, because I had no church whose weakness she could show up, in return for my charges upon hers. I said to her, Do you not see that, though I have no eloquence and no flow of thought, yet that I do not stoop to accept anything less than truth? that I sit here contented with my poverty, mendicity, and deaf and dumb estate, from year to year, from youth to age, rather than adorn myself with any red rag of false church or false association? My low and lonely sitting here by the wayside is my homage to truth, which, I see, is sufficient without me; which is honoured by my abstaining, not by superserviceableness. I see how grand and self-sufficing it is; how it burns up, and will none of your shifty patchwork of additions and ingenuities.

October.

High courage, or a perfect will superior to all events, makes a bond of union between two

enemies. Inasmuch as Governor Wise is a superior man, he distinguished John Brown. As they confer, they understand each other swiftly, each respects the other; if opportunity allowed, they would prefer each other's society and desert the rest; enemies would become affectionate. Rivals and enemies. Hector and Achilles, Wellington and Soult, become aware that they are nearer and liker than any other two, and, if their nation and circumstances did not keep them apart, would fly into each other's arms.

See, too, what contagion belongs to it. It finds its own with magnetic affinity, all over the land. Heroic women offer themselves as nurses to the brave veteran. Florence Nightingale brings lint and the blessing of her shadow.[1] The troop of infantry that cut him down ask leave to pay their respects to the prisoner; poetry and eloquence catch the hint. Everything feels the new breath, excepting the dead old doting

1 Of course the name of the great English nurse is used here generically. Mr. Emerson had in mind Longfellow's lines in "Santa Filomena"; —

> "And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
> The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
> Her shadow, as it falls
> Upon the darkening walls."

politicians, whom the trumpet of resurrection cannot waken.

War

There was no need of trumpets,
There was no need of banners;
Every zephyr was a bugle,
Every woodthrush sang hosannas.
Sharp steel was his lieutenant
And powder was his men.
The land was all electric,
The mountain echoes roar,
Every crutch became a pike,
The woods and meadows shouted War,
Every valley shouted, "Strike!"

Courage charms us, because it indicates that a man loves an idea better than all things in the world, that he is thinking neither of his bed, nor his dinner, nor his money, but will venture all to put in act the invisible thought of his mind.

We value idealists who do not rest in ideas, but convey them into things. He converts the earth to its use, the earth is proud to bear him, the air to feed his lungs. He accepts an ideal standard. Freedom is ideal. It means, not to have land or money or pleasure, but to have no

other limitation than that which his own constitution imposes. I am free to speak the truth. I am free to do justly. I am not free to lie, and I wish to break every yoke all over the world which hinders my brother from acting after his best thought.

Brown shows us, said Henry Thoreau, another school to send our boys to, — that the best lesson of oratory is to speak the truth. A lesson rarely learned — to stand by the truth. We stand by our party, our trade, our reputation, our talent, but these each lead away from the truth. That is so volatile, and vital, evanescing instantly from all but dedication to it. And yet inspiration is that, — to be so quick as truth; to drop the load of memory and of futurity, memory and care, and let the moment suffice us; then one discovers that the first thought is related to all thought and carries power and fate in its womb.[1]

1 While many of John Brown's friends and helpers in Kansas troubles were naturally in doubt as to their attitude in this crisis, Thoreau, who had lately become more hopeless than ever of any good coming of the United States Government, and thoroughly sympathized with any man who had courage to break its bonds in the cause of natural right, sent a messenger from house to house through the village to notify his neigh-

There must of course be a minority of intelligent gentlemen in Virginia sufficiently catholic to appreciate the public objection of all States where slavery does not exist, and to understand, therefore, the inevitable sympathy which all writers and through them the civilized world generally will feel with Captain John Brown, and Virginians also as soon as the temporary heats are forgotten. I shall not insult you by referring to a public opinion changing every day, and which has softened every hour its first harsh judgment of him. The man is so transparent that all can see through him, that he had no second thought, but was the rarest of heroes, a pure idealist, with no by-ends of his own. He is, therefore, precisely what lawyers call crazy, being governed by ideas, and not by external circumstances. He has afforded them the first

bors that he would speak on John Brown that evening in the Unitarian vestry. A friend sent back a note that it might be premature. Thoreau sent back word, "You misunderstand; I did not ask advice. I am going to speak on John Brown tonight." The vestry was filled with people, many of them uneasy and doubting, but Thoreau, usually cool and holding aloof from politics, spoke as one moved to the core, and turned the tide of public feeling into admiration for Brown's courage and sacrifice, however they might halt at the method he had chosen for his endeavors to help the slave.

trait marked in the books as betraying insanity, namely, disproportion between means and ends.

Ideas make real societies and states. My countryman is surely not James Buchanan, nor Caleb Cushing, nor Barnum, nor Governor Gardner, nor Lot Poole, nor Fernando Wood; but Thoreau and Alcott and Sumner, and whoever lives in the same love and worship as I; every just person, every man or woman who knows what truth means.

It will always be so. Every principle is a war-note. Whoever attempts to carry out the rule of right and love and freedom must take his life in his hand.

Pierre d'Auvergne, troubadour of the twelfth century, sings, —

"I will sing a new song which resounds in my breast. Never was a song good or beautiful which resembled any other." FAURIEL, II, 13.

"Since the air renews itself, and softens, so must my heart renew itself, and what buds in it, buds and grows outside of it."

"The nightingale glitters on the bough."

I see at the edge of the snowbank the hardy blades of young grass prying holes through the ice, and lifting themselves above it.

Phillips goes to the popular assembly, as the others go to their library. Whilst he speaks, his mind feeds. Animal spirits, enthusiasm, insight, and decision.

The intellect delights in seeing the traces of a law, which, hiding itself, yet indicates at distant points its presence. And that it is which makes us so fond of pictures of fate. We say there is no lawless particle. Fate is the superstition; Law is the science. But it needs virtue to see straight.

Intellect pure of action is skeptical. *Being*, and so *doing*, must blend, before the eye has health to behold through sympathy and through presence, the spirit. Then all flows, and is known without words. Power even is not known to the pure. Power indicates weakness and opposition. Health exists and unfolds in the rose, in the sea, in the circular and endless astronomy. The electricity is not less present in my body and my joy, for twenty years that I never saw or suspected it, than in the twenty-first, when I drew by art a spark from my knuckle.

It may be that we have no right here as individuals; that the existence of an embodied man marks fall and sin. To be pure, we must live in God radiant and flowing, constituting the health and conservation of the universe. We have stopped, we have stagnated, we have opprobriated or become selfish, before we could arrest our immortality into this callus or wen of an individual, and have been punished by the wars, infirmities, and fate, of human life. The wise East Indian seeks Nirvana or re-absorption, as felicity. It is for this reason that we are dualists, and know the law of our members as opposed to the good. And hence the inexplicable jangle of Fate and Freedom, matter and spirit. Hence the indignation of the poet, the scorn of the idealist, to whom geology and zoölogy are often an impertinence.

The believing we do something when we do nothing is the first illusion of tobacco.

The Bath. The cutaneous sublime, the extremes meet, the bittersweet, the pail of pleasure and of pain. O, if an enemy had done this!

John Brown. He drew this notice and distinction from the people among whom he fell

from the fact that this boy of twelve had conducted his drove of cattle a hundred miles alone.

Culture. Books. The Indian who carried a letter from the French governor through the forest, hid it when he would eat, or do any unsightly office. Atahnalfa caused a Spaniard to write "Die" on his thumbnail, and when Pizarro could not read it, despised him. What a wonder we make of Cadmus, or of whatever inventor of letters. And what an ado about the invention of printing; this month again on Franklin's birthday! Then what a debt is ours to books. How much we owe to imaginative books! The boy has no better friend or influence than his Scott, Shakspeare, Plutarch, and Homer. And if, in Arkansaw or Texas, I should meet a man reading Horace, I were no stranger, and should forget the dreary land. Yet there is a limit to this influence also. After reading Adam Smith or Linnæus, I am no better mate for Mr. Hosmer or Mr. Potter.

And one book crowds out another, so that, after years of study, we are not wiser. Then books can't teach motherwit, sagacity, presence of mind, and humanity.

[On the 2d of December John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Virginia.

In Concord on that afternoon — a strangely sultry day with threatening clouds and something ominous in the air — there was a gathering of persons who honoured his motives and great sacrifices in the cause of human freedom, in the Town Hall. Rev. Edmund Sears of Wayland made a prayer, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott made brief speeches. Mr. Thoreau read Sir Walter Raleigh's "Soul's Errand," Hon. John S. Keyes selected verses from Aytoun's "Execution of Montrose," and Mr. Sanborn contributed a poem.

Mr. Emerson spoke at Boston on November 18, and at Salem on January 6, at meetings for the relief of the Brown family.[1]

It should also be recorded that, soon after, Mr. Sanborn invited as pupils in his successful private school three daughters of John Brown, Anna, Sarah, and the widow of Thompson, killed at Harper's Ferry, and they came.]

1 See *Miscellanies*.

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1859

Viasa ; Mahabarata, *apud* Alger's *Oriental Poetry ;* Pythagorus ; Simonides ; Aristophanes ; Aristotle ;

Valerius Maximus ; Epictetus ; Apuleius ; Plotinus ; St. Augustine ;

Taliessin ; St. Anthony ; Pierre d'Auvergne, *apud* Fauriel ; Dante, *Vita Nuova ;* Chaucer ;

Michel Angelo, *Sonnets ;* Copernicus ; Luther ; Latimer ; Calvin ; Spenser, *Mother Hubberd's Tale ;* Chief Justice Sir Randolph Crewe ; Herrick ; Sir Kenelm Digby ; Sir P. Warwick ;

Pascal ; Silesius Angelus ; Newton ; Young, *Night Thoughts ;* Berkeley ; Cotton Mather, *Magnalia Christi Americana ;*

Franklin ; Winckelmann ; Linnæus ; Samuel Hopkins, *System of Theology ;* Boswell, *Life of Johnson ;* Guthrie, *Tour through the Taurids, apud* Southey ; Goldsmith ; Washington ; Gibbon, *Autobiography ;* F. H. Jacobi ; Jefferson ; Goethe, *Helena ;* Laplace ; Fuseli ; Madame Piozzi ; Fauriel, *Histoire de la littérature provençale ;* Richter, *Titan ;*

Sydney Smith ; Davy ; Henry Clay ; Novalis (Von Hardenburg) ; Ducrotay de Blainville,

Osteographie; Hallam; Southey, *Chronicle of the Cid;* De Candolle; Webster; Adam Smith; Bettine Brentano; Sir David Brewster; Haydon, *Autobiography;* Lamartine;

Charles Knight, *Once on a Time;* William H. Prescott; Edward Everett, *Mount Vernon Papers;* Quetelet; Carlyle, *Frederick the Great; Wilhelm Meister;* Alcott; Choate;

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JOURNAL

WINTER LECTURING IN CANADA AND THE WEST

CULTURE, POLITICS

PHILLIPS AND CASSIUS M. CLAY

THEODORE PARKER DIES

ESTABROOK FARM

THE DANGEROUS SPEAKER

HENRY JAMES

MEMORABILIA OF PHILOSOPHY

THE ELECTION

JOURNAL LI

1860

(From Journals CL and DL)

At mihi succurit pro Ganymede manus.[1]

[On January 12, Mr. Emerson made a short speech at a meeting held in Salem to raise money for the relief of the family of John Brown. His speech is printed in *Miscellanies*. It is probable that his bold words on this occasion and in the preceding months interfered with his invitations to lecture, and that from Philadelphia was withdrawn. However, a Chicago correspondent wrote him, "The West is in insurrection to hear Ralph Waldo Emerson this season," and a tour was accordingly arranged in the States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois; also one or more lectures in Toronto. Some twenty-five lectures were given between the middle of January and the middle of February. He went to Canada

1 This may be freely rendered,

My own right hand my cupbearer shall be.

again in March and read in Montreal "Poetry and Criticism." Also, in March, he read his lecture "Moral Sense," to Theodore Parker's Society in the Music Hall.]

(From CL)

January 16, 1860.

The engineer was goading his boilers with pitch-pine knots.

The traveller looked out of the car window; the fences passed languidly by; he could scan curiously every post. But very soon the jerk of every pulse of the engine was felt; the whistle of the engineer moaned short moans, as it swept across any highway. He gazed out over the fields; the fences were tormented; every rail and rider writhed and twisted past the window; the snowbanks swam past like fishes; and the speed seemed to increase every moment. The near trees and bushes wove themselves into coloured ribbons. The rocks, walls, the fields themselves streaming like a mill-race. The train tore on with jumps and jerks that tested the strength of oak and iron. The passengers seemed to suffer their speed. Meantime, the wind cried like a child, complained like a sawmill, whistled

like a fife, mowed like an idiot, roared like the sea, and yelled like a demon.

January 28 (?).

At Buffalo, found William B. Wright, my former correspondent from Goshen, New York; and on the way from Rochester to Toronto, J. B. Hunter, of Batavia, New York, once of Louisville, Kentucky; and at Toronto, saw two Carlyles, nephews of Thomas C. and sons of John Carlyle, of Mohawk, Canada West, his brother. Another brother of Thomas Carlyle, Alexander Carlyle, lives at Brentford, and a sister, Mrs. Haining, at Hamilton. The young men did not know that their uncle, Dr. John A. Carlyle, of London, was named John like their father, but called Dr. John "Uncle Aitkin." One of these young men is teacher of the "Model School" in Toronto, and the other, I believe, is preparing for the ministry. At Toronto, I had a telegraph from James E. Day inviting me to lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, Hamilton (Ontario); but could not go. My correspondent on æsthetics at Toronto is J. D. Edgar, to whom I must write.

February 16.

At Kalamazoo, I had a humpbacked driver who took me to Grand Rapids and back. His

name is Church, and his father is a noted lawyer at Syracuse, but this dwarf prefers to be an ostler. He talks to his horses all the way and praises them. "Ha, ha, Jimmy, what are you looking after? ha, ha, ha. Take care, Jimmy! St! St! John! John takes it easy," he says, "but whenever he 's called on, he 's on hand, ha! ha!" He says he slept for years in the same stall with the seed-horse, "Sir Henry," which killed its Dutch ostler, and was ironed, but Church took the irons off, and gave it [first and last] a barrel of sugar.

Flora Temple trotted for a purse of three thousand dollars at Kalamazoo, and made the shortest time ever made in the Union, "Two minutes, nineteen seconds, and *a half*." "She flew." But, he thinks, the "Princess," which was beaten, is the handsomer and the better horse.

Ohio, the Buckeye State;
Illinois, the Sucker State;
Indiana, the Hoosier State;
Michigan, the Wolverine State;
Wisconsin, the Badger State;
Missouri, the Pike State;
Iowa, the Hawkeye State.

When an Eastern man is cheated by a Hoosier, he is said to be *Wabashed.*

[Of his Kalamazoo adventure and cross-country ride in bitter cold, Mr. Emerson wrote to his family thus: "At Kalamazoo a good visit, and made intimate acquaintance with a college wherein I found many personal friends, though unknown to me, and one Emerson was an established authority. Even a professor or two came along with me to Marshall to hear another lecture. My chief adventure was the necessity of riding in a buggy forty-eight miles to Grand Rapids; then, after lecture, twenty more on the return; and the next morning getting back to Kalamazoo in time for the train hither at twelve. So I saw Michigan and its forests and Wolverines pretty thoroughly."]

The postmaster, in each of our towns, is usually some sneak who reads the administration paper every day, and loudly defends the last measure of Government. Of course, in its varying policy, he is obliged to eat his words before the year is out. The boys at school call Cicero "a regular postmaster."

Dr. [Jacob] Bigelow's formula was, that fevers

are self-limiting; afterwards that all disease is so; therefore no use in treatment.

Dr. Holmes said, No use in drugs.

Dr. Samuel Jackson said, Rest, absolute rest, is the panacea.

"The two mandarins (namely, Pihkwei and the Tartar General) were in full official costume, and retained throughout that charmed and delighted manner, which a Chinaman always puts on when he is powerless and alarmed." When Lord Elgin put these two captured officials into temporary office again, after the taking of Canton. — Oliphant.

'T is trite enough, but now and then it is seen with explaining light, that Nature is a mere mirror and shows to each man only his own quality.

Illusions. Colour is illusion, you say; but how know I that the rock and mountain are more real than its hue and gleam?

"Pardon me, but the moral impression (of Everett's Φ. B. K. Oration) is nothing to Cicero's. Could he with sincerity but once, if only

once, have raised his gifted voice to the Aegis of our salvation! He would then have better resembled Burke, who descended from a higher sphere, when he would influence human affairs." (From Aunt Mary's letter of 1825.)

"Then for Culture, can Solitude be spared? Solitude, the safeguard of mediocrity, is to genius the stern friend, the cold obscure shelter where moult the eagle wings which will bear one farther than suns and stars. Byron and Wordsworth there burnished their pens. Ah! that you could be disunited from travelling with the souls of other men, — of living, breathing, reading, and writing, with one livelong time-fated yoke, — their opinions." MARY MOODY EMERSON.

Manners. Have manners that can last. As these forms are to be repeated every day, perhaps every hour, nothing exaggerated will last. Any excess, as grimace, or affected look or word, becomes intolerable. If a man declines the bread or meat you offer him, with "No, I 'm obliged to you"; or when he assents to your remark, says, "Decidedly," or "Exactly," one soon hesitates to give him an opportunity. But the civility reduced to the simplest form, as "Please,"

"No, thank you," can be spoken ten thousand times with new propriety.

The least mistake in sentiment takes all the beauty out of your clothes.

Travel, Culture. We shall not always travel over seas and lands, with light purposes, and for pleasure, as we say; progress of culture will give gravity and domestic rest to the educated classes in this country.

April.

Somebody said in my hearing lately, that a house in Concord was worth half as much again as a house in any other town, since the people had shown a good will to defend each other.[1]

1 The bailiffs of the United States Marshal in Massachusetts made an attempt at forcible arrest of Mr. F. B. Sanborn in this month, from his house in Concord, he having disregarded the summons of the Congressional Committee to appear at Washington on suspicion of having been implicated in the John Brown raid. The seizure was made at midnight, but Mr. Sanborn could not be got into the carriage owing to the valiant defence made by his sister and another brave lady, giving time for a general alarm. The crowd of Concord men and women and Mr. Sanborn's pupils made it impossible for the officers to take him away until a writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained and he released on his promise to appear in the United States Court in Boston next day.

The teaching of politics is that the Government, which was set for protection and comfort of all good citizens, becomes the principal obstruction and nuisance with which we have to contend. Wherever we look, whether to Kansas, to Utah, to the frontier — as Mexico and Cuba — or to laws and contracts for internal improvement, the capital enemy in the way is always this ugly Government. We could manage very well by private enterprise, for carrying the mails, associations for emigration, and emigrant aid, for local police and defence, and for prevention of crime; but the cheat and bully and malefactor we meet everywhere is the Government.

This can only be counteracted by magnifying the local powers at its cost. Take from the United States the appointment of postmasters and let the towns elect them, and you deprive the Federal Government of half a million defenders.

Cassius M. Clay gave Wendell Phillips his audience at New Haven, by closing his own agricultural address at half-past seven and at a quarter to eight went to hear Phillips, advising his hearers to go with him, which they did. So

Phillips opened his lecture with some compliment to him, and referred to the fact that Clay had said that [should war break out] between the negroes and the whites, his own part would be taken with the whites. The audience gave three cheers for Mr. Clay. "Well," said Phillips, "this, then, we must reckon the roll-call on that side, — this distinguished leader and the white population in the slave states — " The audience instantly repeated their cheers. Phillips thought himself in a bad plight, but rescued himself by saying, "Well, gentlemen, now let us see the muster on the other side. Thomas Jefferson says, that 'in this contest the Almighty has no attribute, but must take part with the slave.' Mr. Clay and the Southern gentlemen on one side, *and all the attributes of the Almighty on the other*." The audience were utterly silenced, — and Phillips proceeded with his speech.

We are realists through our politics, trade, and geography, and all the intellectual are emancipated. Barbarism lingers with the feeble, the passionate, the unthinking, and they are domineered by the sect of their fathers or their companions.

May.

The costliest benefit of books is to set us free from themselves also.

Classification, a necessity of the human mind, and one of its main joys. It masters the mind, and makes rogues and thieves of learned men. A professor of theology at Berlin (?) has just been convicted of stealing books from the Library of the University. All collectors tend to this foible. W. S. Shaw, the founder of the Boston Athenæum, used to steal from the private libraries of his friends any book he coveted to make his darling Athenæum complete. Collectors of shells steal *orangias* from Mr. Grinnell's mantelpiece and Mrs. Coffin's (?) house at Siasconset.

Mellish Motte told me that the books stolen from the Boston Athenæum are mostly from the *Theological department*, so that they are forced to lock that up, as they do the Fine Arts alcoves. As an offset to this, Mr. Jewett, the librarian, assured me, at the "City Library," that it was necessary to guard in securest manner the one hundred volumes of "Patent Reports" sent by the British Government, for lawyers who had a case requiring the use of one

of these books were utterly reckless, and would borrow and never return, or would cut out the plate or diagram they wanted.

Agassiz says, "There are no varieties in nature. All are species." Thoreau says, "If Agassiz sees two thrushes so alike that they bother the ornithologist to discriminate them, he insists they are two species; but if he sees Humboldt and Fred Cogswell,[1] he insists that they come from one ancestor."

[Theodore Parker died in Florence in May. Mr. Emerson was asked to speak at the memorial meeting in his honour on June 17. The following are notes in preparation for that occasion. The address is printed in full in the *Miscellanies*.]

Religious sects have been displaced by progress of opinion, and traditions have lost their hold on the mind. The dogma of mystic offices being dropped, 't is impossible to maintain the emphasis of his [Jesus's] personality, and it recedes, as all persons must, before the sublimity of the moral laws.

1 A kindly, underwitted inmate of Concord Almshouse.

The realization of Christianity is the only way to get rid of it.

Theodore Parker has filled up all his years and days and hours; a son of the energy of New England, restless, eager, manly, brave, early old, contumacious, clever. I can well praise him at a spectator's distance, for our minds and methods were unlike, — few people more unlike. All the virtues are *solidaires*. Each man is related to persons who are not related to each other, and I saw with pleasure that men whom I could not approach were drawn through him to the admiration of that which I admire.

The Duc de Brancas said, "Why need I read the *Encyclopédie?* Rivarol visits me." I may well say it of Theodore Parker.

'T is vain to charge him with perverting the opinions of the new generation. The opinions of men are organic.[1] . . .

He was willing to perish in the using. He sacrificed the future to the present, was willing to spend and be spent; felt himself to belong to the day he lived in, and had too much to do than that he should be careful for fame. He used every day, hour, and minute; he lived to

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Theodore Parker" (*Miscellanies*, pp. 287, 288).

the latest moment, and his character appeared in the last moments with the same firm control as in the day of strength.

Fault of Theodore Parker, that there was no beauty. What he said as mere fact almost offended you, so bald and detached.

Death. When our friends die, we not only lose them, but we lose a great deal of life which in the survivors was related to them.

I wrote that one affectation was venial, in prosperous men, — marked attention to their blood relations. I have discovered another of which I think still better, — when people have not common sense, at least to simulate it.

If you have only sympathy, you cannot be spared. If you have a finer perception of beauty, he who has a portfolio of designs in his palace becomes soon aware that his portfolio waits for your praise, and he must climb to your garret to obtain it.

Pairs. I am a matchmaker, and delight in nothing more than in finding the husband or mate of the trivial fact I have long carried in

my memory (unable to offer any reason for the emphasis I gave it), until now, suddenly, it shows itself as the true symbol or expression of some abstraction.

Advantages of old age. I reached the other day the end of my fifty-seventh year, and am easier in my mind than hitherto. I could never give much reality to evil and pain. But now when my wife says perhaps this tumor on your shoulder is a cancer, I say, What if it is?

Of friendship. There is not only the unspeakable benefit of a reasonable creature to talk to, but also a certain increase of sanity, through testing one's health by the other's, and noting the accords and discords. And we appeal pathetically (as Aunt Mary did), when our sanity is questioned, to the certificate of their conversation.

Friendship, — It is an order of nobility ; from its elevations we come.

Plutarch, the elixir of Greece and Rome, that is the book which nations went to compose. If the world's library were burning, I should as soon fly to rescue that, as Shakespeare and Plato, or next afterwards.

Clough says, "Plutarch's best life is Antony, I think."

God getting tired of kings.[1] Antonio Perez quotes a wise counsellor of Philip II, who said to him, "Should God once get tired of monarchies, he will give another form to the political world."[2]

September 11.

Fine walk yesterday with Ellery to Estabrook Farm. Finest day in the year, and best road, almost all the way "through the lots." Birds singing, — got over their summer silence, — sunlight full of gnats; crickets in full cry; goldfinches (*carduelis*) on the thistle eating the seed, scattering the leaves; boulder field; Cooper's hawk; rock of Sinai, all books and tables of law; wonderful hedges, barberry, apple, elder, viburnum, ivy, cornel, woodbine, grape, whitethorn; the brook through the wood; benzoin, the big birch. Largeness of the estate; nobody can buy. Came out at Captain Barrett's and through the fields again out at Flint's.

A cornucopia of golden joys. Ellery says that

1 This quotation is embodied in the second verse of the "Boston Hymn" in the *Poems*.

2 See Humboldt's *Letters*.

he and Henry Thoreau have agreed that the only reason of turning out of the mowing is not to hurt the feelings of the farmers; but it never does, if they are out of sight. For the farmers have no imagination. And it does n't do a bit of hurt. Thoreau says that when he goes surveying, the farmer leads him straight through the grass.

'T is strange, the bluebirds' song brings back vividly the cold spring days when we first hear them; those days were so severe and unlovely, and now seem so sweet!

There is one trap, into which the most cautious avoider of North Street and Broadway may fall. How unsuspectingly a quiet conservative assembly allows a man to speak to them! They would have called in the police, if he had come in with a club, but, the moment he opens his mouth, he begins to unseat them, bereave them of their property, their position, their reasons, their self-respect, to take them out of their possessions and into his, and, if he is the man I take him for, they will not soon be their own men again.

The poor gentlemen go out of the meeting,

when this outlaw ends his speech, and, rallying to recover their disturbed associations, they fancy that all is as it was when they came; that if they suspected a kind of threat and thunder in this strange harangue, probably the odd things dropped by the speaker were not noticed or understood by most people, and will be forgotten to-morrow. At all events, themselves will forget them as fast as they can, and Faneuil Hall Market and the Brokers' Exchange, and the Banks stand where they did, and will help to blot out these impertinences very soon. Never believe it. Younger people, and stronger than they, heard them also, and, above all, the speaker was very well convinced himself, and is already to-day taking more outrageous positions; and the speech of men and women, and the fingers of the press, are doing their utmost to give his words currency and experiment.

Eloquence is forever a power that shoves usurpers from their thrones, and sits down on them by allowance and acclaim of all.

The feat of the imagination is in showing the convertibility of every thing into every other thing.[1] . . .

1 The two omitted portions of this entry are to be found in "Beauty" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 303,304).

Now when I go to the Pyramid, or to Fountain Abbey, or to Stonehenge, I find the sentiment of ancient peoples, their delight in their gods, in the future, their humanity, expressed in this patience of labour that staggered under the toil of hewing and lifting these grey rocks into scientific symmetry. That sentiment of their hope and love touch me, and our associations (which are most pliant and placable) persuade the eye to forget its mathematics, and reconcile it to angles and distortions. The rainbow, the sky, Niagara, the rose, a tone of music, have in them something which is not individual. . . .

Alcott yonder, never learned in Connecticut or in Boston what he sees and declares to me, and his face and manners are sublime at times. The wonder of men is that the reason of things comes to my side moulded into a person like myself and full of universal relations.

This power of imagination, the making of some familiar object, as fire or rain, or a bucket, or shovel do new duty as an exponent of some truth or general law, bewitches and delights men. It is a taking of dead sticks, and clothing about with immortality; it is music out of creaking and scouring. All opaque things are

transparent, and the light of heaven struggles through.

October 9.

Henry James thinks the upper powers don't care so much for talent now as once. It was once the great point to civilize and lead by these gods of the mind. Now they are putting the material activities right, to sustain and order the masses of life. Perhaps the Fourierists have had a reaction upward. *Chacun à son tour.*

He talked well about Louis Napoleon, who is absolute master of all the crowned heads, because he has the revolution in his hand, and can at any time cry *Histaboy!* to the dogs, and pull them all down. And he knows that England is necessary to him, and has no thought of breaking with it, but likes the prestige which these great cry-babies in England by their terror give him with the French and with Europe.

Then of Science, — Mansel's *Limits of Knowledge.* The blunder of the *savants* is to fancy science to be a finality; that it contains and is not contained; but a scientific fact is no more than the scratching of a nail if it stops. All the life of it is in its relatedness, its implication of the All. Only the poetic *savant* is right, for it is not as a finality, but as a convertibility into

every other fact and system, and so indicative of First Cause, that the mind cares for it.

The games of Greece were in the interest and honour of manhood. They called out every personal virtue and talent. Ho! every one who can wrestle, run, lift, ride, fight, sing, narrate, or so much as look well!

Imagination transfigures, so that only the cosmical relations of the object are seen. The persons who rise to beauty must have this transcendency. The calm sky hides all wisdom and power in Beauty.

That haughty force of form, *vis superba formæ* which poets praise, — this is that. Under calm precise outline, the immeasurable and divine.

It is as if new eyes were opened so that we saw under the lilac bush, or the oak, or the rock, or the tiger, the spiritual cause of the lilac, oak, stone, or tiger, the genius of that kind, and so could rightly and securely use the name for truth it stood for in the human mind; and still again, under this genius, its origin in a generic law, and thence its affinities to cosmical laws, and to myriads of particulars; and then again deeper causes below, and so on *ad infinitum*.

But I do not wish to find that my poet be not

partaker, or that he amuses me with that which does not amuse him. He must believe in his poetry. Homer, Milton, Hafiz, Herbert, Swedenborg, are heartily enamoured of their sweet thoughts. Wordsworth, too.

October 20.

We heard across the bay, thirty miles, where the surf of the open ocean was pounding the land.[1]

In looking at the Swiss landscapes one thinks of the heroes. Rich Europe! rich in men; Themistocles has strictly applied himself to the sea and land of Salamis, and each European hero to the rivered and mountained land. Bonaparte must equal the material problem, must carry all these Swiss angles, these Rhine and Danube water-lines, Mediterranean bays, and impregnable Magdeburg, Olmutz, and Coblentz, or whatever fortress; the Italian quadrilateral, the warlike populations, the blood-lines, too, or races that easily unite, and those that instinctively disjoin and quarrel; he must have Europe in his head, before he can hold Europe in his hand. Yet these are but rude pioneers and camp guides

1 Probably Mr. Emerson was lecturing at one of the Cape Cod towns.

to break ground and make way for the truer and finer European who must follow, with a grander map of Europe in his brain; as carpenter and mason build a palace, which, when they have given up the keys, they enter no more.

The most important difference in criticism is whether one writes from life, or from a literary point of view. 'T is difficult for a writer not to be bookish and conventional. If he writes from manly experience and feeling, his page is a power.

(From DL)

October.

Subjects. Hospitality looks like a good title. The hospitality of manners is so vital. Hospitality of mind so diverse in men. Hospitality over nationality. Hospitality in the Arabs; *Le Grand Desert*, DAUMAS.

Michel Angelo. In 1540, Francesco d'Ollanda, miniature painter in the service of the King of Portugal, visited Rome, and saw there Michel Angelo, as well as Vittoria Colonna. His manuscript journal was discovered by Count Raczynsky in Lisbon. Grimm uses a French translation of this. It seems that the manuscript cannot now

be found in Lisbon library and Count Raczynsky is believed to be a liar.

The Memorabilia of Philosophy are: —
Plato's doctrine of Reminiscence;
Berkeley's Ideal World;
Socrates' interpretation of the Delphian Oracle,[1]

Σοφὸς Σοφοκλῆς, σοφώτερος Ευριπίδης,
Ανδρῶν τε πάντων Σωκράτης σοφώτατος;

and Tennyson's use of it in "*Elaine*," —

"Me you call great; mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth
Now crescent, who will come to all I am,
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great;
There is the man";

The "Dance" of Plotinus;[2]

1 That other wise men thought that they were wise, but his higher wisdom lay in knowing that he was not.

2 The editors are indebted to Professor John S. Harrison, of Gambier, Ohio, the author of *The Teachers of Emerson*, for the following information as well as for supplying the English version of the passage referred to: —

"Plotinus is speaking of the Soul of the Universe, and shows how it differs in its relations with the universe from the individual souls to which our bodies are related. He then reasons

[" For the soul of the world stands, as it were, over its body and orders it to abide; but here the elements, secretly, as it were, withdrawing themselves, are bound in their proper order by a secondary bond. In the former case, however, they have no place into which they can fly; hence it is neither necessary to contain them internally, nor by external compression to impel them inwardly, but each remains where Nature from the first intended it should remain. And if any one of them is naturally moved, those things to which motion is not natural are affected by it. The bodies, however, which are naturally moved, are moved in a beautiful manner, as being parts of the whole, but certain things are corrupted in consequence of not being able to sustain the order of the whole. Just as if in a great dance, which is conducted in a becoming manner, a tortoise, being caught in the middle of the progression, should be trod upon, not being able to escape the order of the dance, though if the tortoise had arranged itself with the dance, it would not have suffered from those that composed it." [1]]

that, though in each of the elements of the universe there should be a certain world, this would not affect the Soul of the Universe, since the composition of the world is different from each of the individual things in it."

1 Professor Harrison adds: — " I take it that Mr. Emerson

Doctrine of Absorption; Nirvana; the Greek saying, that the soul is absorbed into God as a phial of water broken in the sea;

Like can only be known by like;

(Heracleitus.)

"*Nec sentire deum nisi qui pars ipse deorum est;*[1]

Ne te quæsiveris extra;[2]

Natura in minimis existat;[3] (Aristotle.)

Hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Kingdom of God cometh not by observation; is received as a little child;

Christianity, pure deism;

God considers integrity, not munificence.

(Socrates.)

Imagination. "Names, countries, nations, and the like are not at all known to those who are in

was struck by the conception of the Universe moving in the ordered manner of a great dance, the animating spirit of which was the great Soul of the Universe. Any trouble or disturbance of an individual kind was a mere accident which in no wise interfered with the beauty of the great dance, though being out of step, as it were, the suffering had a meaning given to it which the individual sufferer alone experienced."

1 He only who is one with the gods can feel the god.

2 Search not beyond thyself.

3 Nature is in leasts.

heaven; they have no idea of such things, but of the realities signified thereby." — SWEDENBORG, *Arcana*, ii, p. 9.

Plotinus says of the heavens, "There, however, everybody is pure (transparent), and each inhabitant is as it were an eye."

Like. Note our incessant use of the word; — Like a pelican pecking her breast to feed her young; Like a horse, always at the end of his tether; Athens, which has lost her young men, is like a year without a spring.

The mind in conversation is perpetually provoked to see how all things reflect or image her momentary thought. Whenever this resemblance is real, not playful, and is deep, or pointing at the causal identity, it is the act of Imagination; if superficial, and for entertainment, it is Fancy.

Success. I have always one saw to say, and never get it rightly said. It is that if you work at your task, it signifies little or nothing that you do not yet find orders or customers.[1] . . .

1 The rest of this passage is printed in "Success" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 294).

Dr. Rimmer wishes "to make a statue which will not be bought."

Stories agreeable to the human mind: —

Pindar and his customer;[1] Sigurd and Eystein;[2] Time, "the little grey man"; Pied Piper; Béranger's *Menetrier de Meudon;* Oriental story in Tholuck; Orpheus; Ring of Gyges; Fortunatus's Cap; Aladdin's Lamp; Transmigrations of Indra; Seven Sleepers; The Thawed Tune; Solomon and the Spectre.

(From CL)

November 15.

[*The Election*].

The news of last Wednesday morning (7th) was sublime, the pronunciation of the masses of America against Slavery. And now on Tuesday, the 14th, I attended the Dedication of the Zoölogical Museum at Cambridge, an auspicious and happy event, most honourable to Agassiz and to the State. On Wednesday, 7th, we had Charles Sumner here at Concord and my house.

1 The athlete thought Pindar's price for an ode in his honour too high, since he could have a statue cheaper, but chose the ode which outlasted it.

2 The debate between the brother kings in the *Heimskringla.*

Yesterday eve I attended at the Lyceum in the Town Hall the exhibition of stereoscopic views magnified on the wall, which seems to me the best and most important application of this wonderful art; for here was London, Paris, Switzerland, Spain, and, at last, Egypt, brought visibly and accurately to Concord, for authentic examination by women and children who had never left their State. Cornelius Agrippa was fairly outdone. And the lovely manner in which one picture was changed for another beat the faculty of dreaming.

An odd incident of yesterday was that I received a letter or envelope mailed from Frazer, Pennsylvania, enclosing no letter, but a blank envelope containing a ten-dollar bank-note.

[There are comparatively few entries in the Journal for this year. This was due to Mr. Emerson's occupation of severely pruning and refining for his book, *Conduct of Life*, the lectures which, as delivered, had much matter to hold the attention of Lyceum audiences in the country at large. Mrs. Emerson remonstrated, missing good anecdotes and lighter touches, but her husband answered, " No, we must put on their Greek jackets for the book."

The book was published at the end of the year and Mr. Emerson sent copies to a long list of his friends. Carlyle, in a letter acknowledging his copy, which for a moment drew him out of his "Prussian Nightmares of a hideous nature," wrote: — "I read it . . . with a satisfaction given me by the Books of no other living mortal. I predicted to your English Bookseller a great sale even, reckoning it the best of all your Books. . . . You have grown older, more pungent, piercing; — I never read from you before such lightning gleams of meaning as are to be found here. The *finale* of all, that of 'Illusions' falling on us like snow-showers, but again of 'the gods sitting steadfast on their thrones' all the while, — what a *Fiat Lux* is there, into the deeps of a philosophy which the vulgar has not, which hardly three men living *have*, yet dreamt of. *Well done*, I say."]

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1860

Upanishad; Zoroaster; Heracleitus; Pindar; Aristotle;

Plotinus; Euclid of Alexandria; Ossian;

Snorri Sturleson, *Younger Edda;* Hafiz; *Ara-*

bian Nights; Francesco d'Ollanda, (alleged) *MS. Journal, apud* Herman Grimm; Montluc, *Mémoires.*

Kepler; Sir Philip Warwick; Sir Thomas Browne; Cowley; Berkeley; *Harleian Miscellanies;*

Charles Chauncy; Humboldt, *Letters;* Schelling; Southey, *Commonplace Book;* Béranger, *Le Menetrier de Meudon;* Dr. Jacob Bigelow, *On Self-limited Disease;* Haydon, *Autobiography;*

General Edouard Daumas and Abd el Kader, *Le Grand Désert;* O. W. Holmes; Theodore Parker; Browning; Wendell Phillips; Henry James; Mansel, *Limits of Demonstrative Science;* Laurence Oliphant, *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China.*

JOURNAL

IN THEODORE PARKER'S PULPIT

RIOT AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING

CONCORD SCHOOLS

THE WAR CLOUD

LIFE AND LITERATURE COURSE IN BOSTON

ADDRESSES

AT TUFTS' COLLEGE AND YARMOUTH

JOURNAL LII

1861

(From Journals CL, DL, and GL)

[In the anxious times between the election of Lincoln as President and his inauguration, there was possibly less interest in literary and philosophical lectures. Mr. Emerson gave, however, a number of lectures in New England in December, 1860, and on Sunday, January 6, read a discourse, "Cause and Effect," before the Parker Congregation in the Music Hall (see Cabot's *Memoir*, vol. ii, p. 772, Appendix F.), and on February 3 "Natural Religion" (Cabot, vol. ii, p. 773). Between these he had read several lectures in Western New York.]

(From CL)

January 4, 1861.

I hear this morning, whilst it is snowing fast, the chickadee singing.

January 19.

Alcott's conversation on Health. No Inspiration this time.

I affirmed, that health was as the perfectness of influx and efflux. A man must pump up the Atlantic Ocean, the whole atmosphere, all the electricity, all the universe, and pump it out again. Any obstruction, any appropriation is tumour and mortification.

How a boy tilts a mountain over!

My measure of a picture is its power to speak to the imagination, and I can buy a few stereoscope views, at shop prices, more potent in this way than costly works of art.

(From DL)

Never was any discovery by observation that had not already been divined by somebody; as Leibnitz, the zoöphytes; Newton, the combustibility of diamond; Kant, the asteroids; Digby, the law of colour; Van Helmont, the sex of plants.

Ὁ χρή σε νοεῖν νόου ἄνθει.[1]

Idealism. More hurt by the base, and burlesque, and inconvenient, than by reason.

"The severe schools shall never laugh me out

1 That which you must grasp with the full-flowering strength of your mind.

of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance, in that invisible fabric." —

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Eras —

When the 47th proposition of Euclid was demonstrated;

When Thales measured the pyramid by its shadow;

When Kepler announced his three laws;

When Newton declared the law of gravity;

Dalton's Atomic Theory;

When the Doctrine of Idealism was first taught;

The doctrine of Correspondences;

Schelling's "All difference is quantitative."

When Napoleon asked Laplace why there was no mention of God in the *Mécanique Celeste* —"*Sire, je n'avais pas besoin de cette hypothèse.*"

Thoreau's page reminds me of Farley, who went early into the wilderness in Illinois, lived alone, and hewed down trees, and tilled the land, but retired again into newer country when the

population came up with him. Yet, on being asked what he was doing, said he pleased himself that he was preparing the land for civilization.

Aristotle (dying speech?).

Λόγου ἀρχὴ, οὐ λόγος ἀλλά τι κρεῖττον[1]

Poetry is something more philosophical and excellent than history.

Action comes less near to vital truth than description.— Plato.

The hand is the instrument of instruments, and the mind is the form of forms.

(From GL)

January.

We have no guess what we are doing, even then when we do our best; perhaps it will not appear for an age or two yet; then the dim outline of the reef and new continent we madrepores were making, will sketch itself to the eyes of the dullest sailor.

The furious slaveholder does not see that

1 The ultimate foundation of reason, not reason, but something better.

the one thing he is doing, by night and by day, is to destroy slavery. They who help and they who hinder are all equally diligent in hastening its downfall. Blessed be the inevitabilities.

Another topic is the *reality* as herein; that the more reason, the less government; government is always superseded. In a sensible family nobody ever hears the words *shall* or *shan't:* nobody commands and none obeys; but all conspire and joyfully coöperate.[1]

The best thing I heard yesterday was Henry James's statement that, in the spiritual world, the very lowest function was governing. In heaven, as soon as one wishes to rule, or despise others, he is thrust out at the door.

Another fine spiritual statement which he made was to the effect that all which men value themselves for, as religious progress, — going alone, renouncing, and self-mortifying, to attain a certain religious superiority, — was the way *from*, not the way *to*, what they seek; for it is only as our existence is shared, not as it is selfhood, that it is divine.

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 121).

Among the Illusions is to be remembered that, so frequent among young men, that there are no fit people near them, but elsewhere; no boys of John's age, no girls of Almira's.

As soon as one sees that life is one, and God does not create, but communicates his life, all is right. This self-love is much in our way. A wise man, an open mind, is as much interested in others as in himself; they are only extensions of himself. They stand on a hilltop, and see exactly what he would see if he were there. He cannot be offended by an honest partiality in others.

Perfect health is the subjugation of matter to be the servant, the instrument of thought and heart; for that matter is not felt as matter, but only as opulence, and light, and beauty, and joy. As soon as we know a particle of matter for itself, it is obstruction and defeat of health.

It is not my duty to prove the immortality of the soul.[1] . . . Yet I find the proofs noble, wholesome, and moral.

1 The omitted portion is found in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 345).

Pay every debt. If you cannot you may be bankrupt, and content with bankruptcy. To-morrow try again. 'T is not your duty to pay the debt, but to try to pay the debt. Do all with a clear and perfect intent. Call in the Universe to witness and sanction, and not to skulk into a corner. If it is your part to kill, kill in the face of day, and with the plaudits of the Universe. Other world! there is no other world; the God goes with you, — is here in presence.[1] What is here, that is there, and it is by his only strength that you lift your hand.

"Of all men," said Grattan, "if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not so much. Themistocles was a rogue."

Grattan said, "The finest passage in Cicero is his panegyric on Demosthenes."

Classes of Men. Defoe said, "The English man of to-day is the mind of all nations." *Hommes réglés*, good providers, insure themselves, keep a secret, answer letters, know

1 Compare a similar sentence in "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 199).

where to find them, canonical, names in the directory, known at the post-office.

Talent and insight seem to make no difference in reconciling the disparity between demand and supply in each mental constitution.

Immortality. All the comfort I have found shall teach me to confide that I shall not have less in times and places that I do not yet know.[1] . . .

The Unity of God is the key to all science. There is a kind of latent omniscience not only in every man, but in every particle.[2] . . .

I watched the fair boy and girl — one as fair and sweet as the other; both surprised with a new consciousness, which made every hour delicious; each laying little traps for the attention of the other, and each jumping joyfully into the traps.

1 The rest of this passage is found in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 338).

2 Here follows the greater part of the first paragraph of "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

Because I have no ear for music, at the Concert of the Quintette Club [at the Lyceum], it looked to me as if the performers were crazy, and all the audience were making-believe crazy, in order to soothe the lunatics, and keep them amused.

February.

What magical merit belongs, over all the details of any work, to the grand design! The performance of steam and iron locomotive on an iron road is wonderful anywhere for a few rods or a mile, but is then only a toy; but continued or repeated for many miles, tens or hundreds, and directed on Boston or New York, acquires suddenly an incredible grandeur. All the details are performed by very narrow, ordinary people, but the total effect seems quite out of the reach of any one man, and a godlike gift.

February 13.

I saw at Augusta Mr. Wilds, a civil engineer, whom I had met at Grand Rapids, and who works for the mining companies at Lake Superior. His associate is Edward Emerson, of Portland. He told me that at Lake Superior, last year (I think), they came, in their excavations, upon a mass of copper of (3? or 6?) tons, standing on end, and on wooden wedges with a

wooden bowl or pan near it, and some stone axes or chisels lying around it. Trees had grown above it since it was thus lifted, and they counted on these trees three hundred and ninety rings.

He told me that his friend Mr. Foster, who lives at Montreal, when building the Eastern Railroad at Kennebunk, had found a nest of bird's eggs ten feet below the surface, in the solid rock, and that they turned out a toad in the rock at the same place. He (Wilds) himself was present, and he and the others thought that they saw the toad gasp on being thrown out. Foster has the eggs now at Montreal.

February 16.

The doctrine of the Imagination can only be rightly opened by treating it in connection with the subject of Illusions. And the Hindoos alone have treated this last with sufficient breadth in their legends of the successive Maias of Vishnu. With them, youth, age, property, condition, events, persons, self, are only successive Maias, through which Vishnu mocks and instructs the soul.

Dream. "When he sleeps, then becomes this Purusha unmingled light. No chariots are there,

no horses, no roads; then he creates chariots, horses, roads; no pleasures are there, no tanks, no lakes, or rivers; then he creates joys, tanks, lakes, rivers; for he is the agent." — *Brihaa Aranyaka Upanishad*, p. 224.

Boston.[1] For a hundred years I suppose there has not been wanting a class of really superior men. See what a company they had in 1812; Judge Parsons, Mr. Gore, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Harrison Gray Otis, George Cabot, Dr. Kirkland, Josiah Quincy, Colonel [Thomas Handasyd] Perkins, Samuel Dexter, Dr. Channing, Mr. Allston, Judge Davis, Tudor.

Gurowski asked, "Where is this bog? I wish to earn some money: I wish to dig peat." — "Oh, no, indeed, sir, you cannot do this kind of degrading work." — "I cannot be degraded. I am Gurowski."[2]

1 Mr. Emerson was writing the lecture in his native city for his course there in April. In its final form it is printed in *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 181.

2 Adam Gurowski, a Polish count, having suffered much on account of his radical patriotism in Europe, came to this country. About this time he was appointed official translator in the Department of State at Washington.

Good of evil. Is any one so childish as not to see the use of opposition, poverty, and insult? Caricatures, nicknames, parody, and abuse are his instructions, no less than galleries, antiques, and literature. These echo and confirm his own doubts and suspicions of his short-comings, and, until he surmounts these by new performance and defying superiority, he is only clever, and, as we say, talented, — but not yet a master. I often say to young writers and speakers that their best masters are their fault-finding brothers and sisters at home, who will not spare them, but be sure to pick and cavil, and tell the odious truth. It is smooth mediocrity, weary elegance, surface finish of our voluminous stock-writers, or respectable artists, which easy times and a dull public call out, without any salient genius, with an indigence of all grand design, of all direct power. A hundred statesmen, historians, painters, and small poets are thus made: but Burns, and Carlyle, and Bettine, and Michel Angelo, and Thoreau were pupils in a rougher school.

It is very hard to go beyond your public. If they are satisfied with your poor performance, you will not easily make better. But if they know what is good and delight in it, you will aspire, and burn, and toil, till you achieve it.

The chamber of flame in which the martyr passes is more magnificent than the royal apartment from which majesty looks out on his sufferings.

Do thy duty of the day. Just now, the supreme public duty of all thinking men is to assert freedom. Go where it is threatened, and say, "I am for it, and do not wish to live in the world a moment longer than it exists." Phillips has the supreme merit in this time, that he and he alone stands in the gap and breach against the assailants. Hold up his hands. He did me the honour to ask me to come to the meeting at Tremont Temple, and, esteeming such invitation a command, though sorely against my inclination and habit, I went, and, though I had nothing to say, showed myself. If I were dumb, yet I would have gone and mowed and muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings, I withdrew.[1]

1 This was the occasion referred to in a note to the Journal of 1848 (vol. VII, p. 396). Mr. Francis J. Garrison, who, as a boy, was present, wrote to one of the editors: "I remembered vividly your father's use of the anecdote about Wilson. I always admired the way in which he held his own

The speech of the man in the street [is] invariably strong, nor can you mend it. You say, if he could only express himself — but he does already better than any one can for him. . . . That something which each man was created to say and do, he only or he best can tell you, and has a right to supreme attention so far. And hence, too, the truth, that all biography is autobiography, or whatever floats in the world concerning any man was first communicated by himself to his companion; all else is wide of the mark.

Leasts. All the music, Henry Thoreau says, is in the strain; the tune don't signify, 't is all one vibration of the string. He says, people sing a song, or play a tune, only for one strain that is in it. I don't understand this, and remind him that collocation makes the force of a word, and that Wren's rule, "*Position essential*

against the howling mob. The meeting was not broken up, however, for the Society held the platform through both afternoon and morning sessions, and conquered the mob at the morning meeting through the cleverness of Wendell Phillips, and in the afternoon by the interposition of the Mayor, who came to disperse the meeting and was obliged to disperse the mob."

to beauty," is universally true, but accept what I know of the doctrine of leasts.

"My lord," said the shipbuilder to Lord Dundonald, "we live by repairing ships, as well as by building them, and the worm is our best friend. Rather than use your preparation, I would cover ships' bottoms with honey to attract worms." His [Dundonald's] object was to induce Government to use coal-tar for protecting the bottoms of inferior ships of war, before the days of copper sheathing.

"But Vasari's tears for liberty," says Grimm, "are the tears of a historian; and, well as he speaks of the old free Florence, he has nothing to say in this regard of the new Florence, in which he lives so comfortably."

I read many friendly and many hostile paragraphs in the journals about my new book,[1] but seldom or never a just criticism. As long as I do not wince, it cannot be that the fault is touched. When the adept applies his galvanic battery now to this part, then to that, on the patient's head, the patient makes no sign, for

1 *Conduct of Life.*

lungs are sound, and liver, and heart: but, at last, he touches another point, and the patient screams, for it seems there is bronchitis, or is hip disease.[1]

And when the critics hit you, I suppose you will know it. I often think I could write a criticism on Emerson that would hit the white.

February.

Long peace makes men routinary and gregarious. They all walk arm in arm. Poverty, the sea, the frost, farming, hunting, the emigrant, the soldier must teach self-reliance, to take the initiative, and never lose their head. In the South, slavery and hunting, sportsmanship and the climate and politics give the men self-reliance; and the South is well officered, and, with some right, they despise the peaceful North people, leaning on the law and on each other. In proportion to the number of self-reliant persons will the power and attitude of the State be.

Theodore Parker was our Savonarola.

1 At this time Mr. Emerson was being told by credulous friends, stories of the diagnosis of visceral disease by the method described at the hands of an uneducated woman. He knew nothing about the fact, but as a symbol it was useful.

Liberty, like religion, is a short and hasty fruit of rare and happy conditions.

Detachment by illumination is the gift of genius, as I have somewhere written. The poet sees some figure for a moment in an expressive attitude and surroundings, and, without hesitating because it is a mere purposeless fragment, he paints out that figure with what skill and energy he has.

Welfare consists in, or requires, one or two companions of intelligence, probity, and grace to wear out life with.

We admire our fathers quite too much. It shows that we have no energy in ourselves, when we rate it so prodigiously high.

Rather let us shame the fathers by superior virtue in the sons.

I like dry light, and hard clouds, hard expressions, and hard manners.

"For Laughter never looked upon his brow."

GILES FLETCHER.

Sects are stoves, but fire keeps its old properties through them all.

Every man has his Diminisher and his Enlarger in his set.

Every one admires the beauty of the harp-shell (*Buccinum harpa*); but when we observe that it adds, year by year, as it grows, a new lip, as the tree adds each year a new ring of liber or bark; that every one of these polished ridges that adorn its surface, like harpstrings, was in turn the outer lip of the shell, we see that the beauty was honestly gained.

"Nothing that is truly beautiful externally, is internally deformed," says Plotinus.

Only our newest knowledge works as a source of inspiration and thought, as only the outmost layer of liber in the tree. Not what you see instructs, but with what idea. The most tender, the most radiant, the most sublime landscape is stark as tombstones, except seen by the thoughtful.

What came over me with delight as I sat on the ledge in the warm light of last Sunday was the memory of young days at College, the delicious sensibility of youth, how the air rings to it! how all light is festal to it! how it at any moment extemporizes a holiday! I remember how boys riding out together on a fine day

looked to me! ah, there was a romance! How sufficing was mere melody! The thought, the meaning, was insignificant; the whole joy was in the melody. For that I read poetry, and wrote it; and in the light of that memory I ought to understand the doctrine of musicians, that the words are nothing, the air is all. What a joy I found, and still can find, in the Æolian harp! What a youth find I still in Collins's "Ode to Evening," and in Gray's "Eton College"![1] What delight I owed to Moore's insignificant but melodious poetry.

That is the merit of Clough's "Bothie," that the joy of youth is in it. Oh the power of the spring! and, ah, the voice of the bluebird! And the witchcraft of the Mount Auburn dell, in those days![2] I shall be a Squire Slender for a week.

One thing strikes me in all good poetry, that

1 These memories are rendered in verse in "The Harp" (*Poems*, pp. 239, 241).

2 The world rolls round, — mistrust it not, —
Befalls again what once befell;
All things return, both sphere and mote,
And I shall hear my bluebird's note
And dream the dream of Auburn dell.

"May Day," *Poems*.

the poet goes straight forward to say his thought, and the words and images fly to him to express it, whilst colder moods are forced to hint the matter, or insinuate, or perhaps only allude to it, being unable to fuse and mould their words and images to fluid obedience.

Aunt Mary speaks of her attempts in Malden "to wake up the soul amid the dreary scenes of monotonous Sabbaths, when Nature looked like a pulpit."

(From DL)

February.

Genius. At Mrs. Hooper's, February 23, we had a conversation on Genius, in which I enumerated the traits of genius: —

1. Love of truth, distinguished from *talent*, which Mackintosh defined, "*habitual facility of execution.*"

2. Surprises; incalculable.

3. Always the term Genius, when used with emphasis, implies Imagination, use of symbols, figurative speech.

4. Creative. Advancing, leading by new ways to the ever-new or infinite.

5. Coleridge said, "Its accompaniment is the carrying the feelings and freshness of youth into the powers of manhood."

Most men in their life and ways make us feel the arrested development; in Genius the unfolding goes on, — perfect metamorphosis, and again, new metamorphosis, and every soul is potentially Genius, if not arrested.

5. Moral. Genius is always moral.[1]

And, finally, my definition is, Genius is a sensibility to the laws of the world; things make a natural impression on him, — belongs to us as well.

All its methods[2] are a surprise when the Indian mythology taught the people that, when Brahma should come, the deep should be a ford to him; they little suspected that the sailor was predicted who should make of the barrier the road of nations.

I should have added, but did not, the catholicity of Greek mythology.

Quoted Pindar, and Lessing concerning Raphael without hands, and read from "Notes to the Westöstlicher Divan." Talked of Browning, Burke, Bettine, Burns, Molière, Father Taylor, and read Saadi's "Persian Boy."

1 This fundamental belief of the impossibility of divorce between morals and the highest intellect, between Goodness and Truth, is dwelt upon in "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 185).

2 Of Genius.

(From GL)

March 16.

I have seldom paid money with so much pleasure as to-day to Dr. Barrett, fifty cents, for taking with a probe a little cinder out of my left eye, which had annoyed me for a week.

" Time is only truly precious to more highly organized natures." — Goethe.

The stern old Calvinist
Doubled Religion in his fist.

[Many trial verses occur in the pages of this part of the Journal for a description of the breaking-up of the winter, some of which occur in " May Day," like the following, descriptive of the booming of the pond, especially at sunrise or sunset, when the temperature suddenly changes.]

Not for a regiment's parade,
Nor evil laws or rulers made,
Blue Walden fired its cannonade.

[Mr. Emerson was on the school committee, and it was the custom, at the end of the winter term, for the whole committee to attend the examinations, which lasted a week. The three Primary schools, the Intermediate, the Grammar,

and High schools in the centre, and the schools in the six districts were visited. It was a pleasant occasion for the families of the pupils, and for the committee; less so for the children, and hard for the teachers. The members of the committee were invited to make remarks at the end. Mr. Emerson's delight in children and in scholarship made him take a keen interest in these occasions.]

I told the School Company at the Town Hall, this afternoon, that I felt a little like the old gentleman, who had dandled ten sons and daughters of his own in succession on his knee, when his grandchild was brought to him. "No," he said, "I have cried *kitty-kitty* long enough." And yet when I heard new recitations and exercises I was willing to feel new interest still.

I was reminded of Dr. Alexander's offer to Dr. Blair, of one thousand pounds, if he would teach him to speak with propriety in public; and I thought he might have been instructed for that price in the Concord schools.

I suggested, for the encouragement or the warning of the parents, my feeling to-day, that the new generation was an improved edition of the adult: then I spoke of Faulkner, who had

adorned and honoured the town by his sweet and faultless youth.[1]

In conclusion, I said, that one thing was plain, that the end of the institutions of the town and the end of the town itself is education.

I intended to say much more; to give an account of Peter Bulkeley's will,[2] of English

1 A boy of charming personality and admirable scholarship from the neighbouring town of Acton. He had entered college from Mr. Sanborn's school and was killed in crossing the railroad at Cambridge.

2 Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder of Concord, and an ancestor of Mr. Emerson's, left to his son Edward "these books: —

1. Piscator's *Commentaries on the Bible;*
2. D. Willett *on Exodus and Leviticus, on Samuel I and II, and on Daniel;*
3. Tarnovius on *Prophetas Minores;*
4. Dr. Owen *against Arminius;*
5. A part of English *Annotation on Bible;*
6. Mr. Aynsworth's *Notes upon Five Books of Moses and upon Psalms.*"

The will continues: — "I do give to my son Eliezer either a farme wh. is now used by Widow Goble and her son Thomas Goble, or my mill here in the town, or the 100 acres of land wh. lies at the nearet end of the Great Meadow." It is, however, but just to mention that, before the bequest of books, the will runs, "to my son Edward (to whom I did at the time of his marriage give such portion as I was then able to give)."

judges [in past times] recommending prisoners to mercy because they could read and write: of the sixteen peers of France who have no other distinction than thought and the arts of thought, that is, writing and speaking.

"We mark the aim, (animus,) and are untuned," said Goethe: i.e., the book written for the irresistible beauty or force of the story, or of the thought, in the writer's mind, we freely read; but if we detect that Miss Martineau wrote the story to bolster up some dogma of political economy, and thus the book is nothing but a paid opinion, we drop the book.

We import our theology. I remember it was gossiped of —— when he returned from Paris, that, though a clergyman, he had accepted all the accommodations of the Palais Royal. So I think we feel that deduction to the merits of Behmen, of Swedenborg, and of other geniuses, that, though great men, they accepted the

The younger sons were thus remembered in the will, though they also very likely had previous gifts: "I do give to my son John, Mr. Cartwright *upon Rhenish testament* and Willett's *Synopsis: Item* to my son Joseph, Mr. Wildersham *upon the 150th Psalm,* and the *History of the Council of Trent* in English, and *Cornelius Tacitus* in English, and Mr. Bolton *on Genesis 6th, concerning a Christian Walking with God.*"

accommodations of the Hebrew Dynasty, and, of course, cannot take rank with the masters of the world.

Blessed are the unconscious. I wish the man to please himself; then he will please me.

Yesterday I saw Rarey's exhibition in Boston. What a piece of clean good sense was the whole performance, the teaching and the doing! An attack on the customary nonsense of nations in one particular. The horse does not attack you till you attack him. He does not know his own strength until you teach it him. Just keep yourself then in such position that he always finds you the strongest, and he believes you invincible. Make him not resist you, by always stroking and conciliating him. Hold the drum or strap up to his nose, let him get acquainted with it, and he will not fear it. When he shies, whip him, and he will shy again the more, because he has not only the terror of the object, but the terror of the whip, associated.

March 26.

Yesterday wrote to F. G. Tuckerman to thank him for his book, and praised "Rhotruda." Ellery Channing finds two or three good

lines and metres in the book, thinks it refined and delicate, but says the young poets run on a notion that they must name the flowers, talk about an orchis, and say something about Indians; but he says, "I prefer passion and sense and genius to botany." Ellery says of Tennyson, "What is best, is, the things he don't say."

Most men believe that their goodness is made of themselves. Others have the converse opinion. What a probity has William Emerson.[1] It shines in all his face and demeanour. He has never analysed or inquired into it. But if he thinks at all, he thinks it is a part of him. But, in reality, he exists from that, and all of him, but that, is caducous.

Lord Brook, in his *Life of Sir Philip Sydney*, says, "Of whose youth I will report no other wonder but this; that though I lived with him,

1 His elder brother William, mentioned in earlier volumes, continued through his active life the practice of law in New York, though living on the hills of Staten Island, where his brother Waldo and his family were always welcomed. He was a man of literary tastes, thorough scholarship, and of great courtesy and observance of old-time decorum. The quotation that follows seems to have come to his brother's mind apropos of him.

and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man: with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years: his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind."

See [boyhood] of Gray, and of Cowley, also.

March 31.

Yesterday, March 30, at the Club, which now numbers twenty (Agassiz, Appleton, Cabot, Dana, Emerson, Forbes, Hawthorne, Hedge, Hoar, Holmes, Howe, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Norton, Peirce, Sumner, Ward, Whipple, Woodman), we had present twelve members; and [as] guests, Mr. Booce (Bruce?) of New York, Mr. Couthouy, Mr. Rowse.

We might call our age the age of Renaissance. We have recovered the Elgin marbles, Nineveh, the Pyramid frescoes, Cicero *de Republica*, the Tischendorf Manuscript, the Champollion inscriptions, Giotto's head of Dante, Milton's *Christian Doctrine;*

Reading of papyri; publication of Sanscrit Vedas, twenty-five thousand years old; the forms and faces of the people of Pompeii buried

in the ashes of Vesuvius; the accurately determined age of men of the stone, bronze, and iron ages; the lacustrine remains; the insight into mythology, alike everywhere in its element; recovery of antique statues; reconstruction of the ground-plan and elevation of temples which war, earthquake, and iconoclasts of all creeds had not been able to utterly disintegrate.

April.

[Beginning early in the month, Mr. Emerson gave a course of lectures in Boston; I, *Genius and Temperament;* II, *Art;* III, *Civilization at a Pinch* (this, no doubt, was specially adapted to the new and hopeful conditions, for the war had begun that promised to solve the distressing problems of the last few years); IV, *Some Good Books;* V, *Poetry and Criticism in England and America;* VI, *Boston.* Abstracts from the manuscripts of some of these lectures remaining are found in Mr. Cabot's *Memoir* (Appendix F), but a large part of the matter is incorporated in essays later printed.]

April 5.

When somebody said to Rev. Dr. Payson, "How much you must enjoy religion, since you live always in administering it," he replied, that

nobody enjoyed religion less than ministers, as none enjoyed food so little as cooks.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, told of a dispute in a vestry at Providence between two hot church-members. One said at last, "I should like to know who *you* are." — "Who I am!" cried the other, — "who I am! I am a humble Christian, you damned old heathen, you!"

One capital advantage of old age is the absolute insignificance of a success more or less. I went to town and read a lecture yesterday. Thirty years ago it had really been a matter of importance to me whether it was good and effective. Now it is of none in relation to me. It is long already fixed what I can and what I cannot do.[1] . . . Great are the benefits of old age! See Swift's Letter on old age; also, "Old age is frowzy."

Old men are drunk with time.

> The brook sings on, but sings in vain
> Wanting the echo in my brain.

In youth, the day is not long enough. I well

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Old Age" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 326).

remember my feeling (say in 1823, or 1824) that a day of eighteen hours would accommodate my plans of study and recreation much better than our poor Copernican astronomy did.

Pliny says, "And luxury ceases not to busy itself, in order that as much as possible may be lost whenever a conflagration happens." (Bohn's translation, Vol. vi, p. 221.)

April 18.

Art. Yesterday I read my lecture on Art. I add: There are as many orders of architecture as creatures, or tenants, or reasons for erecting a building; a seashell, a bird's nest, a spider's web, a beaver-dam, a muskrat's house, a gopher's, a rabbit warren, a rock-spider's silver counterpane over its eggs, a cocoon; a woodpecker's hole in a tree; a field-mouse's gallery, wasp-paper, a beehive, a lamprey's pyramid are examples. So a tree, so the shape of every animal, is the structure, the architecture, which Nature builds for a purpose, which rules the whole building and declares itself at sight.

Boys. I delight to see boys, who have the same liberal ticket of admission to all shops, factories, armories, town meetings, caucuses,

mobs, target-shootings as foes have;' . . . and I desire to be saved from their infinite contempt. If I can pass with them, I can manage well enough with their fathers.

May 3.

Wednesday, I read my lecture on Good Books to the Class.[1]

An affecting incident of the war occurred on the arrival of the Fifth Regiment [of Massachusetts] at Springfield,[2] received with such enthusiasm by the people that a funeral procession, passing by, stopped, and joined in the cheers with which the troops were hailed. [See *Boston Journal* of Tuesday, April 23.] The *National Intelligencer* says of the arrival and performance

1 For the remainder of the long passage thus beginning see "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 138, 139.)

2 A class, mainly of ladies, in some small hall or private parlour in Boston.

3 This was on the way to Washington. The Concord Company, as that time part of the Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, left the village on the Nineteenth of April — auspicious day — under command of Lieutenant George L. Prescott, a brave and good man, who, as Colonel of the Thirty-second Massachusetts Regiment, was killed in battle before Petersburg in July, 1864.

of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment at Annapolis, that probably no other regiment in the country could do what this regiment did, — put a locomotive together, lay the rails on the broken railroad,[1] and bend the sails of a man-of-war (the frigate Constitution), which they manned.

Men delight in being well governed. When two men meet, one of them usually offers his vacant helm to the hands of the other.

The country is cheerful and jocund in the belief that it has a government at last. The men in search of a party, parties in search of a principle, interests and dispositions that could not fuse for want of some base, — all joyfully unite in this great Northern party, on the basis of Freedom. What a healthy tone exists! I suppose when we come to fighting, and many of our people are killed, it will yet be found that the bills of mortality in the country will

1 A most interesting account of the fitness for all work of this, the Essex County regiment, was published in the *Atlantic* for June, 1861, written by the brave and accomplished Theodore Winthrop, then a private in the New York Seventh Regiment, who witnessed the performance. Winthrop fell in the battle of Big Bethel in June. He was then major in a New York regiment.

show a better result of this year than the last, on account of the general health; no dyspepsia, no consumption, no fevers, where there is so much electricity, and conquering heart and mind.

So in finance, the rise of wheat paid the cost of the Mexican War; and the check on fraud and jobbing, and the new prosperity of the West will pay the new debt.

(From DL)

May 25.

Read "Doctrine of Leasts" at Mrs. Parkman's. Should have cited, but did not, Swedenborg's saying, "To construct a philosophy is nothing more than to give the best attention to the operations of one's own mind."

Swedenborg said, "Touch apprehends the surfaces of parts; taste and smell, the surfaces of parts of parts.

"Everything is a series, and in a series." — Swedenborg.

"Hell itself may be contained within the compass of a spark." — Thoreau.

Use the low style. Build low. Mr. Downer said the "snuggeries" in Dorchester kept their tenants; the airy houses on the hills soon lost them.

I have heard that Colonel Wainwright (was it, or what gay gentleman?) took Allston out to ride one day; Allston painted out of that ride three pictures.

Faraday's subjects were, a tea-kettle, a chimney, a fire, soot, ashes, etc.

[Remember] Nature's low fare system.

(From GL)

Southerners do not shrink from the logical construction of their premises because it is immoral: neither will they shrink from the practical result, because it is degrading.

"Short is the date of all immoderate fame,
It looks as Heaven our ruin had designed,
And dared not trust thy fortune and thy mind."
DRYDEN.

Our horizon is not far, — say, one generation or thirty years, — we all see so much.[1]

'T is an inestimable hint that I owe to a few persons of fine manners, and is still as impressive, when I now rarely see them, as of old. . . .[2]

1 See "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

2 The rest is printed in *Letters and Social Aims* (pp. 79, 80).

July.

[On July 10, by invitation of the students, Mr. Emerson gave an address at Tufts College. Most of the matter is printed (in the Centenary Edition of the *Works* only) under the title "Celebration of Intellect." (See *Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 111–132.) Mr. Cabot gives an abstract in Appendix F of the *Memoir*, pp. 780–782.]

The Southerners cannot sufficiently express to Mr. Russell their contempt and detestation of the Northerners. Meantime, they are carefully sending their wives and children to the Northern States for protection during the war.

"Dante is picturesque, for he is in an outward world where he feels forms as persons, and, while he feels as a child in a company, he only affirms facts, [rather] than meets the idea as Goethe does: he tells how Nature has acted toward human persons who are forms, and he sees the Power as lights of them, as we do in life, and describes them as forms and in the places which give us the fact. Milton is picturesque in a grander and less outward [manner?] because he gives us character, though generally

and outwardly, so individually [word omitted] to the forms of Satan and Eve." — C. K. Newcomb.

He basked in friendships all the days of Spring.

You have power or taste. But taste is power passive or feminine. And every one has some. Take your stereoscope among your acquaintances and see how many find delight in it. Try on the new poem, and see how many it will fit.

Notable persons. People receive as compliment the freedom of cities. 'T is a sham gift, like so many of our doings. The personage, 't is likely, who receives it, is some poet, or some politician. What freedom will it give him? — not of the river, for he cannot swim or row; not of the woods, for he is no hunter, and looks on the woods as a place to be avoided; not the hills, — he has not the least inclination to climb barren mountains. I cannot see that the freedom of such a town as ours can be given to any adult who does not possess it already. But they who have the freedom of the town are the boys, who use the brook, the pond, the river, the

woods, the cliffs, the wild orchards, and huckleberry pastures.

The misfortune of war is that it makes the country too dependent on the action of a few individuals, as the generals, cabinet officers, etc., who direct the important military movements, whilst, in peace, the course of things is the result of the movement and action of the great masses of citizens.

August 5.

The war goes on educating us to a trust in the simplicities, and to see the bankruptcy of all narrow views. The favourite pet policy of a district, the *épicier* party of Boston or New York, is met by a conflicting *épicier* party in Philadelphia, another in Cincinnati, others in Chicago and St. Louis, so that we are forced still to grope deeper for something catholic and universal, wholesome for all. Thus war for the Union is broader than any State policy, or Tariff, or Maritime, or Agricultural, or Mining interest. Each of these neutralizes the other. But, at last, Union Party is not broad enough, because of Slavery, which poisons it; and we must come to "emancipation with compensation to the loyal States," as the only broad and

firm ground. This is a principle. Everything else is an intrigue. I wrote to Cabot, that, huge proportions as the war had attained from despicable beginnings, it is felt by all as immensely better than the so-called Integrity of the Republic, as amputation is better than cancer; and we find it out by wondering why we are so easy at heart in spite of being so beaten and so poor.

A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to me.[1]

Hodson's Life,[2] like this war, this teaching war, is a good chapter of the Bible which the nations now want. Self-help; trust against all appearances, — against all privations, in your own worth, and not in tricks and plotting. Lose the good office, lose the good marriage, lose the coveted social consideration, that seem within your reach, if they do not constitutionally belong to you, but must be won by any

1 See "Inspiration" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 272).

2 *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India*, the life of Captain William S. R. Hodson, by his brother, with an introduction by his schoolmate at Rugby, Thomas Hughes. Mr. Emerson was much pleased by this spirited story of a commander of native cavalry during the Indian Mutiny. Hodson was the captor of the King of Delhi.

shadow of intrigue, any departure from that utterly honest, solid, and venerable self-existency which you are. Honour shall walk with me, though the footway is too narrow for Friendship or Success, or what is called Power; and the great sacrifices which directly become necessary in such a resolution, force us on new and grander thoughts, open the eyes to the angels who attend us in phalanxes. All the pleasure and value of novels is in the exhibition of this poetic justice, the triumphs of Being over Appearance.

In talking with Alcott of ontology, etc., I said that few people were entitled to make the catalogue of the powers and the order of genesis; that the great primal powers will not sit for their portraits, and are ever melting into each other, — dodging, one might almost say, behind each other, — and it is only a Plato, a Bacon, or a Kant, that may presume to rank them, nor he but delicately and diffidently. Alcott said, "Yes, he must make up a ladder of lightning, and efface all the steps as he passed up or down."

There is always a larger consideration, just ahead, which the mind can be stimulated to

apperceive, and which is the consolation and the energy which in dulness and despair we need.

If we Americans should need presently to remove the capitol to Harrisburg, or to Chicago, there is almost nothing of rich association with Washington City to deter us. More 's the pity. But excepting Webster's earlier eloquence, as against Hayne, and John Quincy Adams's sublime behaviour in the House of Representatives, and the fine military energy of Jackson in his presidency, I find little or nothing to remember.

It seems that I should like to have the statistics of bold experimenting on the husbandry of mental power. In England, men of letters drink wine; in Scotland, whiskey; in France, wine; in Germany, beer. In England, everybody rides in the saddle. In France, the theatre and the ball occupy the night. In this country, we have not learned how to repair the exhaustions of our climate. Is the sea necessary in summer? Is amusement, is fishing, is bowling, hunting, jumping, dancing, one or all needful? Tristram (?) took care to fight in the hours

when his strength increased, for from noon to night his strength abated.

Resources. If you want Plinlimmon in your closet, Caerleon, Provence, Ossian, and Cadwallon, — tie a couple of strings across a board, and set it in your window, and you have a wind-harp that no artist's harp can rival. It has the *tristesse* of Nature, yet, at the changes, a festal richness ringing out all kinds of loftiness.[1]

Sounds of the animals and of the winds, waters, and forest, are for the most part *triste*, — whip-poor-will, owl, veery, night-hawk, cricket, frog, and toad, — but the thrush, song sparrow, oriole, bobolink, and others are cheerful.

Sir Robert Wilson wrote: — "I transmit a piece of my new order ribbon. It is not beautiful, but

1 This passage, though printed in "Inspiration," is retained here because Mr. Emerson kept in his study an Æolian harp, and, when the wind blew freshly, loved to place it in the western window. He delighted in this instrument played fitfully by the wind, though he cared little for piano or violin. The instrument was not of so rude domestic construction as one might infer from the description in the essay, but was made by the skilful hands of his wife's brother, Dr. Jackson, in his youth. For Mr. Emerson's delight in its singing see his poems "The Harp" and "Maiden Speech of the Æolian Harp."

it becomes so when cannon-smoked." "Bonaparte knows that every Frenchman is a soldier in six weeks, — an advantage not appertaining to any other State." "Every bullet has its billet," "but the men must have shoes."

The British nation is like old Josiah Quincy, always blundering into some good thing.

"There are limits beyond which France cannot be beat back, and it is the part of a statesman to ascertain those limits, and not to force down public spirit to that point where the bounding spring destroys the hand that so unskilfully compressed its elastic power." — Sir Robert Wilson.

The war is a great teacher, still opening our eyes wider to some larger consideration. It is a great reconciler, too, forgetting our petty quarrels as ridiculous: —

"On such a shrine,
What are our petty griefs? Let me not number mine."

But to me the first advantage of the war is the favourable moment it has made for the cutting out of our cancerous Slavery. Better that

war and defeats continue, until we have come to that amputation.

I suppose, if the war goes on, it will be impossible to keep the combatants from the extreme ground on either side. In spite of themselves, one army will stand for Slavery pure; the other for Freedom pure.

"Famâ bella stant." [1] — Quintus Curtius.

The fortune of Bonaparte turned. There is only one that is strong and unfailing, — God, Nature, "General Causes," if you wish to veil the Power under neutral names. A nation never falls but by suicide. Bonaparte conquered by using sense against nonsense, direction against indirection, geometry against red tape, nepotism, feudality. But presently he adopted falsehood, red tape, nepotism, and it became a question of numbers, and down he went.

I am at a loss to understand why people hold Miss Austen's novels at so high a rate, which seem to me vulgar in tone, sterile in artistic invention, imprisoned in the wretched conventions of English society, without genius, wit, or knowledge of the world. Never was life so

1 Wars hold their own through Fame.

pinched and narrow. The one problem in the mind of the writer in both the stories I have read, *Persuasion*, and *Pride and Prejudice*, is marriageableness. All that interests in any character introduced is still this one, Has he or [she] the money to marry with, and conditions conforming? 'T is "the nympholepsy of a fond despair," say, rather, of an English boarding-house. Suicide is more respectable.

September 1.

When the troops left at Fort Hatteras wake up the next morning, they look out at their conquest with new eyes.[1] If their commander knows what to do with it, the feeling of victory continues; but if not, they already are the timorous apprehensive party. A day in Carolina or elsewhere is a splendour of beauty and opportunity to a rational man; to an ox, it is hay, grass, and water. 'T is heavy to an idle, empty man, for it will defeat him. The physician — if he apply blister or external inflammation —

1 The entrance of Hatteras Inlet and expulsion of the Confederates from that region, infested by blockade-runners, between Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, was one of the first encouraging successes of the war. It was accomplished by Commodore Stringham and a land force of 860 men commanded by General Butler, August 29.

gives a drop or pill internally for the sake of reaction; and a day is an inflammation of Nature, which requires an idea or purpose in the man to counteract. In the midst of stupendous difficulties, Napoleon is cheerful and fat, because he sees clearly what to do, and has it to do.

September 9.

Last night a pictorial dream fit for Dante. I read a discourse somewhere to an assembly, and rallied in the course of it to find that I had nearly or quite fallen asleep. Then presently I went into what seemed a new house, the inside wall of which had many shelves let into the wall, on which great and costly vases of Etruscan and other richly adorned pottery stood. The wall itself was unfinished, and I presently noticed great clefts, intended to be filled with mortar or brickwork, but not yet filled, and the wall which held all these costly vases, threatening to fall. Then I noticed in the centre shelf or alcove of the wall a man asleep, whom I understood to be the architect of the house. I called to my brother William, who was near me, and pointed to this sleeper as the architect, when the man turned, and partly arose, and muttered something about a plot to expose him.

When I fairly woke, and considered the picture, and the connection of the two dreams, — what could I think of the purpose of Jove who sends the dream?

My long-sought story I find in Joinville, *Histoire de Saint Louis.*

"Whilst the King was at Acre, the Sultan of Damascus sent to him messengers, and complained to him much of the Emirs of Egypt who had slain his cousin the Sultan, and promised the King, that, if he would aid him, he would deliver to him the kingdom of Jerusalem, which was in his hand. The King decided that he would make answer to the Sultan of Damascus by his own messengers. With these messengers went Friar Ives, the Breton, of the order of preaching friars, who knew the Saracenic. During their sojourn at Damascus, as they were going from their hotel to the hotel of the Sultan, Friar Ives saw an old woman who traversed the street, and carried, in her right hand, a vessel filled with fire, and, in the left, a vial full of water. Friar Ives asked her, 'What will you do with that?' She answered him, that she would, 'with the fire, burn Paradise; and, with the water, extinguish Hell, that it should no

longer be'; and he asked her, 'Why do you wish to do thus?' 'Because,' replied she, 'I wish that no one henceforth should do good to have Paradise for a recompense, nor through the fear of Hell, but purely for the love of God, who is so mighty, and can do all good to us' (*peut nous faire tout le bien*)."

What inspiration in every assertion of the Will: Thus I find a stimulus in the first proposition of Political Economy, "Everything in the world is purchased by labour, and our passions are only causes of labour." (Hume.) Adam Smith's first proposition is, "That all wealth is derived not from land, but from labour."

Then again how can I read without new courage this sentence? "That security which the laws in Great Britain give to every man, that he shall enjoy the fruits of his own labour, is alone sufficient to make any country flourish, notwithstanding these and twenty other absurd regulations of commerce."

[On September 27, Mr. Emerson gave an address on "Education" (before some literary society?) in Yarmouth. It is mostly printed in "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).]

October.

Lately I find myself oft recurring to the experience of the partiality of each mind I know. I so readily imputed symmetry to my fine geniuses, on perceiving their excellence in some insight. How could I doubt that Thoreau, that Charles Newcomb, that Alcott, or that Henry James, as I successively met them, was the master-mind, which, in some act, he appeared. No, he was only master-mind in that particular act. He could repeat the like stroke a million times, but, in new conditions, he was inexpert, and in new company, he was dumb.

The vice in manners is disproportion. 'T is right that the hearth be swept, and the lamps right, but never interrupt conversation, or so much as pass between the faces of the inmates, to adjust these things. For you lose the end in the means.

Every one has a new scale, and many tones are wanting in each. You shall not tax a man as frivolous, because you find him amusing himself with young people. The question is, Through what length of scale does he run, and where does he lay the emphasis?

The revolving light resembles the man who oscillates from insignificance to glory, and

every day, and all his life long. So does the waxing and waning moon.

The man who can make hard things easy is the educator.

Whatever is dreary and repels is not power but the lack of power.

Eloquence is the art of speaking what you mean and are. Before, all things stand enchanted, not tangible. He comes and touches them and henceforth anybody may.

Always let Nature and reality, and not you, be at the expense of entertaining the audience.

[On November 12, Mr. Emerson gave a lecture on "American Nationality" in the Fraternity Course in the Music Hall. Mr. Cabot gives an abstract of what was said in Appendix F of the *Memoir* (p. 783). The tone is hopeful. On December 29, Mr. Emerson read the lecture "Immortality" in the same course (printed in *Letters and Social Aims*).

On a Sunday at some time between these two lectures he read a discourse, "Truth," before the Parker Congregation. This also in abstract appears in Appendix F (pp. 784, 788).]

All greatness is in degree and there 's more above than below.

Good of evil. Give you a public not easily pleased, a pruner of your orations, an adversary whom you must confute and convince, and not one to whom you can dictate his opinions and his taste.

" More than the disciple trust I the sinner." (Eastern saying.)

The persons generally most praised and esteemed are not those whom I most value, for the world is not receptive or intelligent of Being, but Intellect. But heroes are they who value Being. Being cannot be told, and is left alone not only because little appreciated, but that its influence is silent and quiet. The world is awed before the great, and is subdued without knowing why.

If we look at the fossil remains of the earliest men and compare them with the best races of to-day, we shall have a hint that the like refinement in the type is still proceeding, and that the men of to-day cannot be organized in a more advanced age any more than the Saurians in the granite of Massachusetts. The homage

paid to a great man is the expression of our own hope.

"Severity is almost always a defect of memory." — Gasparin.

Originality. How easy it is to quote a sentence from our favourite author, after we have once heard it quoted! how unthought of before! 'T is like our knowledge of a language; we can read currently in German, but if you ask me what is German for *horse*, or *spade*, or *pump*, I cannot tell.

If you see, what often happens, a dull scholar outstripping his mates and coming into high stations, you will commonly find, on inquiry, that the successful person possesses some convivial talent; like B. S.

Originality. I am not sure that the English religion is not all quoted.[1] . . .

December.

The war begins to turn, and mass to tell against activity.

1 For the rest of this passage see "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 111).

President Lincoln said well, that the rebels "carried only the ruin of their own country as ground to invoke the aid of foreign nations."

How rare are acts of will. Captain Ingraham became famous by taking away a subject of the United States from the Austrians to whom he was a political offender. General Jackson, by "assuming the responsibility"; and now Commodore Wilkes, by taking on his own responsibility Mason and Slidell.

Good writing, how rare! X writes affectedly or secondarily with all his talent and heat of purpose; so Kingsley, and Hepworth Dixon, and others of Carlyle's imitators. But the old Psalms and Gospels are mighty as ever; showing that what people call religion is literature; that is to say, — here was one who knew how to put his statement, and it stands forever, and people feel its truth, as he did, and say, *Thus said the Lord*, whilst it is only that he had the true literary genius, which they fancy they despise. In the old grand books, there will be now and then a falsetto, as, in *The Cid*, a Moor who makes a malediction on Valencia, before its fall: which is inflated, has no inspiration. But the chants of Merlin or Taliessin are good. A great deal of what is called luck, in literature, — not

only in men, but in particular works. Thus Hogg's *Kilmeny*.

Kilmeny is a true inspiration, wonderful as a chant of Merlin, or sonnets of Shakspeare, and how strange that it should have been written by such a muddlepate as James Hogg, who has written nothing else that is not second or third rate. And our Alcott (what a fruit of Connecticut!) has only just missed being a seraph. A little English finish and articulation to his potencies, and he would have compared with the greatest.

Under the snow, the ground is covered all winter with evergreens, though not so-called, as, certain grasses, and the cinquefoil, and radical leaves of many plants, clover, whiteweed, buttercup, chickweed.

Read lately Sir Robert Wilson; Max Müller; Samuel Brown's Lectures; Count Agenor de Gasparin; Buckle, vol. II.

December.

Intellect egotistical, or, much fine metaphysics is only exultation of seeing farther than the rest.

In "Taliessin," in *The Mabinogion*, the man that feeds the fire under the pot is spattered

with three drops, and his eyes are opened, and he sees the danger he is in from the witch who set him to watch the pot, and he flees. Suppose the three drops should spatter the crowd in the street, how many would go on to do the errand they are now running after?

Old age. Age puts the Stone Chapel on you to lift.[1]

I ought to have added to my list of benefits of age the general views of life we get at sixty when we penetrate show and look at facts.

I thought on the worldliness of London life: I most feel the heartlessness, when they talk of heart, "my dear fellow," etc.; and their atheism, when they are religious.

What provision stored and storing for the boy that shall be born to-morrow! Here is Plutarch, and Scott, and Milton, and Shakspeare, waiting for him. What delicious songs, what

1 Mr. Emerson may refer to the task laid upon him by Mr. Parker to teach once more a freer religion, and from his pulpit, on Sundays. King's Chapel ("The Stone Chapel"), originally, of course, Episcopalian, retained a modified Liturgy, although Unitarian, with a respectable and aristocratic conservatism.

heroic tales, what delicate fancies? How they shall fit him, as if made for him only!

Realism. The knowledge is in the world, but the world lives as if it were not; the knowledge is all printed fairly out in books, which are on your shelves, but you are not less astonished and angry when it is spoken in church. The knowledge is familiar to you and applied every day by you in your social relations, to your visitors, and to those who you mean shall not visit you; and you are incredulous of the reality of such potency, when it is proposed to be applied in politics.

Realism. Paganism conquers Christianity, just as Greece, Rome.[1] . . .

Thought last night how ill agrees this majestical immortality of our popular religion with the population. Will you build magnificently for rats and mice?[2] What could Hanover Street do in your Eternal Heaven? Not once in five hundred years comes a soul organized for im-

1 For the rest of the paragraph see "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 107–108).

2 The above two sentences are printed in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 348).

mortal life. "Time is only precious to highly organized natures." What, then, Eternity? These we see are raw recruits, — three-months' men, not to enlist for the war. Do not sweep the streets to gather members for the Academy, Observatory.

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1861

Upanishad; Mahabarata; Viasa; Thales; Pythagoras; Zeno;

Pliny the Elder; Martial; Marcus Antoninus; Plotinus; Taliessin; *Saga of Burnt Njal,* Dasent's translation;

Sieur de Joinville, *Histoire de Saint Louis;* Dante; Saadi;

Rabelais; Giles Fletcher; Hooker; Kepler; Hobbes; Van Helmont;

Clarendon; Thomas Fuller; Jeremy Taylor; Cardinal de Retz; Cowley; Molière; Dryden; Henry Vaughan;

Newton; Leibnitz; Defoe; Swift; Lord Brooke, *Life of Sir Philip Sidney;* Maupertuis;

Linnæus; Hume; Thomas Gray; Dr. Alexander Carlyle, *Autobiography;* Kant, *General History and Theory of the Heavens* (?); Lessing;

John Adams; Grattan; Paley; Hannah More; Goethe; William Blake; Burns;

John Dalton; John Quincy Adams; Hegel; Samuel Kirkland; Josiah Quincy; James Hogg; Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Persuasion;* Theophilus Parsons; Sir Robert Wilson, *Private Diary;* Dr. W. E. Channing; Webster;

Adam Smith; Bettine Brentano, *Correspondence with Goethe;* Allston; Champollion; Warren Colburn; Carlyle; Alcott;

Henry Taylor; Lydia Maria Child; Charles Kingsley; Agénor de Gasparin, *Les Etats Unis en 1861;* Henry James; Robert Browning; Jones Very; Tischendorf, *Codex Sinaiticus;* Büchner, *Force and Matter;*

Dr. Samuel Brown; Thoreau; W. E. Channing; Clough, *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich;* Hodson, *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India; Mabinogion,* Lady Charlotte Guest's translation; Buckle, *History of Civilization;* Hepworth Dixon; Max Müller, *Comparative Mythology* and *Science of Language;* Herman Grimm, *Life of Michel Angelo.*

JOURNAL

WASHINGTON VISIT

PLEA FOR EMANCIPATION

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

THE CABINET. SUMNER

SPRING WALKS. THE TITMOUSE

THOREAU'S LAST DAYS AND DEATH

HIS JOURNALS

WARTIME HOPES AND FEARS

EMANCIPATION AGAIN

THE PROCLAMATION

AMERICAN NATIONALITY

JOURNAL LIII

1862

(From Journals GL, WAR, and VA)

War is the father of all things.

HERACLEITUS.

"We sung the mass of lances from morn until the night."

"Not hate but glory made these chiefs contend,
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

Iliad, Book VII.

"Faults lay on either side of the Trojan towers."

ELPHINSTONE.

[EVEN thus early, the cost of the war began to be felt at the North, though, of course, far less than at the South. In a letter to his brother William quoted more fully in the *Memoir* by Mr. Cabot, (vol. ii, p. 612), Mr. Emerson says: "The 1st of January has found me in quite as poor a plight as the rest of the Americans. Not a penny from my books since last June, which usually yield five or six hundred a year. No

dividends from the banks, . . . almost all income from lectures has quite ceased. Meantime we are trying to be as unconsuming as candles under an extinguisher. . . . But far better that this grinding should go on, bad and worse, than we be driven by any impatience into a hasty peace, or any peace restoring the old rottenness."]

(From GL)

January 9, 1862.

Memory. We should so gladly find the law of thought unmechanical: but 'tis a linked chain, — drop one link, and there is no recovery. When newly awaked from lively dreams, we are so near them, still in their sphere; — give us one syllable, one feature, one hint, and we should re-possess the whole; hours of this strange entertainment and conversation would come trooping back to us; but we cannot get our hand on the first link or fibre, and the whole is forever lost. There is a strange wilfulness in the speed with which it disperses, and baffles your grasp.

I ought to have preserved the *Medical Journal's* notice of R. W. E. in Philadelphia,[1] that,

1 Given in the previous volume.

of all the persons on the platform, Mr. Emerson was the least remarkable looking, etc., — which I could very often match with experiences in hotels, and in private circles; as at the Mayor Elgie's in Worcester, England. Besides, I am not equal to any interview with able, practical men. Nay, every boy out-argues, out-states me, insults over me, and leaves me rolling in the dirt. Each thinks that 'tis he who has done it, and I know that everybody does or can as much.

J. T. Payne, of Charlestown, said to me that he had noticed that Englishmen never presume to go behind the workman whom they employ. If they order a coat, or a trunk, or a house, or a ship, they call in the proper person to make it, and they accept what he gives them; whilst an American makes himself a very active party to the whole performance.

Cannot we let people be themselves, and enjoy life in their own way? You are trying to make that man another *you*. One's enough.[1]

Sympathy, yes, but not surrender. When I fancy that all the farmers are despairing in the

1 See "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 138.).

drought, or the frost, I meet Edmund Hosmer, and find him serene, and making very slight account of the circumstance. In the cars, we all read the same fool bulletin, and smile or scowl as one man; and they who come to ask my opinion, find me only one flat looking-glass more, when I ought to have stayed at home in my mind, and to have afforded them the quite inestimable element of a new native opinion or feeling, — of a new quality.

John Quincy Adams engraved on his seal, *Hæret.*[1]

The use of "occasional poems" is to give leave to originality.[2] . . .

To what purpose make more big books of statistics of Slavery? There are already mountains of facts, if any one wants them.[3] . . .

Sources of Inspiration. Solitary converse with Nature is . . . perhaps the first, and there are

1 May it stick!

2 The rest of the paragraph thus beginning is found in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 35).

3 The rest of this long passage, written for the address Mr. Emerson was to deliver at the end of the month at Washington, may be found in "American Civilization," which essay is a part of that address. (See *Miscellanies*, pp. 300–302.)

ejaculated sweet and dreadful words never uttered in libraries. Ah, the spring days, summer dawns, and October woods!

Talent without character is friskiness. The charm of Montaigne's egotism and of his anecdotes is, that there is a stout cavalier, a *seigneur* of France at home in his *château*, responsible for all this chatting; and if it could be shown to be a *jeu d'esprit* of Scaliger, or other scribacious person, written for the booksellers, and not resting on a real *status* picturesque in the eyes of all men, it would lose all its value. But Montaigne is essentially unpoetic.

January 16.

It occurred yesterday, after my conversation with the chickadee,[1] that the illusions are many and pure. Each has his own, and all are tripped up by one or the other. The men of hard heart and iron will, old merchants and lawyers, fall an early prey to Mother Deb Saco, and Hume, and the rappers, and converse with their dead

1 The conversation unhappily is not set down, unless the bird urged the advantage of "Solitary converse with Nature," as above. It was more than six weeks later that the adventure with the chickadee that formed the basis for "The Titmouse" in the *Poems* was recorded.

aunts, like Dr. Hare and Mr. S.—— and H——. Meanwhile the subtlest intellectualist, Alcott, runs about for books, which he does not understand, and which make a *dilettante* of him, and making thus scholars, his inferiors, his superiors, and forfeiting his immense and unique genius, to which all books are trivial.

Then again the question recurs daily, how far to respect the illusions? You cannot unmask or snub them with impunity. I know the hollowness and superstition of a dinner. Yet a certain health and good repair of social *status* comes of the habitude and well-informed chat there which have great market value, though none to my solitude.

The war is a new glass to see all our old things through, how they look. Some of our trades stand the test well. Baking and butchering are good under all skies and times. Farming, haying, and wood-chopping don't go out of vogue. Meat and coal and shoes we must have. But coach painting and bronze match-holders we can postpone for awhile yet. Yet the music was heard with as much appetite as ever, and our Quintettes had only to put the "Star-spangled Banner" into the programme, to gain

a hurra beside; but the concert could have prospered well without. And so if the Union were beaten, and Jeff Davis ruled Massachusetts, these flutes and fiddles would have piped and scraped all the same, and no questions asked. It only shows that those fellows have hitched on their apple-cart to a star, and so it gets dragged by might celestial. They know that few have thoughts or benefits, but all have ears; that the blood rolls to pulse-beat and tune; that the babe rhymes and the boy whistles; and they throw themselves on a want so universal, and as long as birds sing, ballad-singers will, and organ-grinders will grind out their bread.

January 17.

We will not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear. What a certificate of good elements in the soil, climate, and institutions is Lowell, whose admirable verses I have just read![1] Such a creature more accredits the land than all the fops of Carolina discredit it.

Long ago I wrote of "Gifts," and neglected

1 *The Biglow Papers*, 2d Series, *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 9, January, 1862.

a capital example. John Thoreau, Jr., one day put up a bluebird box on my barn, — fifteen years ago, it must be, — and there it is still with every summer a melodious family in it, adorning the place, and singing his praises. There's a gift for you which cost the giver no money, but nothing he could have bought would be so good. I think of another quite inestimable. John Thoreau (Junior) knew how much I should value a head of little Waldo, then five years old. He came to me, and offered to carry him to a daguerreotypist, who was then in town, and he, Thoreau, would see it well done. He did it, and brought me the daguerre which I thankfully paid for. In a few months after, my boy died, and I have ever since had deeply to thank John Thoreau for that wise and gentle piece of friendship.

Old age. As we live longer, it looks as if our company were picked out to die first, and we live on in a lessening minority. In England, I have lost John Sterling, Samuel Brown, David Scott, Edward Forbes, Arthur Clough; in Rome, Paul Akers, Mrs. Browning, Margaret Fuller; Giles Waldo. Here dies, last week, the excellent Mary H. Russell; and

I am ever threatened by the decay of Henry Thoreau.[1]

Opinion. Fluxional quantities. Fluxions, I believe, treat of flowing numbers, as, for example, the path through space of a point on the rim of a cart-wheel. Flowing or varying. Most of my values are very variable, — my estimate of America which sometimes runs very low, sometimes to ideal prophetic proportions. My estimate of my own mental means and resources is all or nothing; in happy hours, life looking infinitely rich, and sterile at others. My value of my Club is as elastic as steam or gunpowder, so great now, so little anon. Literature looks now all-sufficient; but in high and happy conversation, it shrinks away to poor experimenting.

1 Already in advanced consumption, of which disease his sister, and perhaps his father, had died. There was a constant irritant to the lungs in the house, as their black lead for the electrotypers, though ground in Acton, was packed at home, and its impalpable powder settled in all parts of the house. A year before, Henry became thoroughly chilled sitting in deep snow while he counted the growth-rings on the stump of a huge tree. Unable to shake off his increasing cough and weakness after this exposure, he went with Horace Mann, Jr., in the late summer of 1861, on a trip to Minnesota, but without benefit.

(From WAR)

"Omnia sunt misera in bellis civilibus, quæ majores nostri ne semel quidem, nostra ætas saepe jam sensit: sed miserius nihil quam ipsa victoria: qua etiamsi ad meliores venit, tamen eos ipsos ferociores, impotentioresque reddit: ut, etiamsi natura tales non sint, necessitate esse cogantur. Multa enim victori, eorum arbitrio per quos vicit, etiam invito facienda sunt."[1] — Cicero. *Letter to Marcus Marcellus.*

Every principle is a war-note.

Though practically nothing is so improbable or perhaps impossible a contingency for me, yet I do not wish to abdicate so extreme a privilege as the use of the sword or the bullet. For the peace of the man who has forsworn the use of the bullet seems to me not quite peace.

1 In civil wars, which our ancestors never once experienced, but our times often have, all the conditions are pitiable, but none more than actual victory; for, even should it come to the better men, yet it makes them more savage, and more powerless, since even if by nature they are not so, they are forced to become so. For many acts have to be done, even against his wishes, by the conqueror at the will of those by whose help he has won.

"Whilst a citizen of Massachusetts can traverse the whole extent of the British Empire, and, whatever his color, creed, or condition at home, his natural rights shall be as firmly protected as those of the Queen on her throne; the moment he crosses the line which divides the slave from the non-slave States, he is subject to indignities and lawless outrage unsurpassed by the selfish cruelty of the most wild and inhospitable barbarians." — G. W. BASSETT.

"Sovereignty ceases with the transgression of natural justice. Then the sovereign, whether a monarch, or a tyrannical majority, becomes himself the culprit, and justly subject to any righteous power that may restrain him." — *Idem.*

See to it, not that the Republic receives no detriment, but that liberty receives no detriment.

Happily we are under better guidance than of statesmen. We are drifting in currents, and the currents know the way. It is, as I said, a war of Instincts. Then I think the difference, between our present and our past state, is in our favour; it was war then, and is war now, but war declared is better than undeclared war.

The Southerners complained of "the electing of Lincoln by insulting majorities."

"The wounds inflicted by iron are to be healed by iron, and not by words."

Custom makes the soldier.

English nationality is very babyish, and most exhibitions of nationality are babyish.

Our commerce has somewhat grand in its power: the telegraph enterprise was grand in design, and is already of immense benefit. But our politics are petty and expectant. The Government is paralyzed, the army paralyzed. And we are waiters on Providence. Better for us, perhaps, that we should be ruled by slow heads than by bold ones, whilst insight is withheld. Yet one conceives of a head capable of taking in all the elements of this problem, the blockade, the stone fleet, the naval landings, insurrection, English ill will, French questionability, Texas.

Governments are mercantile, interested, and not heroic. Governments of nations of shopkeepers must keep shop also. There is very little in our history that rises above common-

place. In the Greek revolution, Clay and Webster persuaded the Congress into some qualified declaration of sympathy. Once we tendered Lafayette a national ship, gave him an ovation and a tract of public land (200,000 acres?). We attempted some testimony of national sympathy to Kossuth and Hungary. We subscribed and sent out corn and money to the Irish famine. These were spasmodic demonstrations. They were ridiculed as sentimentalism — they were sentimentalism, for it was not our natural attitude. We were not habitually and at home philanthropists, no, but timorous sharp shopmen, and each excuses himself, if he talks politics, for leaving his proper province; and we really care for our shop and family, and not for Hungary and Greece, except as an opera, private theatricals, or public theatricals.

And so of Slavery, we have only half a right to be so good; for Temperament cracks the whip in every Northern kitchen.

Government has no regard for men until they become property; then, it has the tenderest.[1]

1 This probably refers to the makeshift argument early in the war of allowing fugitive negroes to remain inside the Union lines as "Contraband of war."

The thinking class are looked at inquisitively in these times by the actors, as if some counsel were expected from them. But the thinker seldom speaks to the actor in his time, but ever to actors in the next age. Milton and Algernon Sidney were not listened to in their own time, but now are consulted with profit, and have just authority. The philosopher speaks over the heads of the contemporary audience to that advancing assembly he sees beyond; as Dr. Reed, of Bridgewater, after he was blind, preaching one day in his church, saw the congregation, nor did it occur to him that it was strange that he should see them until he left the church. Then he asked his son if he had said or done anything unusual to-day. His son said he had observed nothing more than that he spoke with unusual animation. But the Doctor bethought him that he had seen the congregation, yet that the persons composing it were strange to him, and not his old acquaintances of the town;— and asked himself if it were, perhaps, an audience of persons in the spiritual world?

In lack of affirmatives, negatives.

One of the best of our defences is this bad one, that, such is the levity and impatience of the

mind, that tyranny and any falsehood becomes a bore at last, as well as Aristides; and nations get weary of hearing of the divine origin of Popery and of Slavery. There came a day when Union-saving became ridiculous. It is much as we used to comfort ourselves when Douglas threatened to be President, that his habits were bad, and that he was killing himself with whiskey; or the assurances of Louis Napoleon's failing health with which the English journals periodically console their readers; or as when we meet a prosperity, because our enemy has made a blunder. We shall never be saved so. This world belongs to the energetical.

England has no higher worship than Fate. She lives in the low plane of the winds and waves, watches like a wolf a chance for plunder; values herself as she becomes wind and wave in the low circle of natural hunger and greed: never a lofty sentiment, never a duty to civilization, never a generosity, a moral self-restraint. In sight of a commodity her religion, her morals are forgotten. Why need we be religious? Have I not bishops and clergy at home punctually praying, and sanctimonious from head to foot? Have they not been paid their last year's salary?

Wherever snow falls, man is free. Where the orange blooms, man is the foe of man.

President Lincoln said well that "the rebels carried only the ruin of their own country as ground to invoke the aid of foreign nations."

Certainly it were happier, if energy, if genius, should appear in the Government, to enact and transcend the desires of the people. But that is too much to hope for, as it is more than we deserve. For, how can the people censure the Government as dilatory and cold, — the people, which has been so cold and slow itself at home? I say it were happier, if Genius should appear in the Government, but if it do not, we have got the first essential element, namely, honesty. And let us hold that gift dear. Our only safe rule in politics heretofore was always to believe that the worst would be done. Then we were not deceived.

I conceive the strength of the North to lie in

(1) Its moral rectitude on this matter.

(2) Its genius, manners, habits, tenure of land, and climate, all which indispose it to Slavery.

Its weakness to lie in its timorous literalism.

Revolution. In 1848 a surprising discovery was, that Paris was the Capital of Europe. Both

government and people, throughout Germany, took no primary step, but waited for Paris, and made that their model.

"*C'était une génération révolutionnaire que la révolution moissonnait. Car il est vrai de dire, selon le mot célèbre, que dans tous les temps, comme dans tous les pays, elle dévore ses enfans.*" — GASTON BOISSIER. *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

The Government is not to be blamed. The Government, with all its merits, is to be thanked and praised for its angelic virtue compared with anything we have known for long.[1] . . .

It is impossible to extricate oneself from the questions in which your age is involved. You can no more keep out of politics than you can keep out of the frost.

Shall it be said of America, as of Russia, "It was a fine fruit spoiled before it had ripened"? Don't underestimate the wish to make out a presentable cause before foreign nations. We wish to come into court with clean hands; and, looking at our affair through the eyes of France or England or Germany, through the eyes of liberal foreigners, wonderfully helps our com-

1 For the rest of the paragraph see "American Civilization" (*Miscellanies*, pp. 302, 303).

mon sense to rally. Now the world is full of maxims to this purport: "There can be no true valor in a bad cause."

"One omen is good, to fight for one's country."[1]

"Ye shall not count dead but living, those who are slain in the way of God."

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

It is of immense force that you go for a public and universal end, and not for your pot and pantry. Then not only England and Austria, but the youth everywhere are with you: Woman is with you; Genius is; Religion is.

Otherwise, you work against the grain. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad-axe chopping upward chips and slivers from a beam; — how awkward![2] . . .

Hitch your wagon to a star. Do the like in your choice of tasks. Let us not fag in paltry selfish tasks which aim at private benefit alone. No god will help. We shall find all the teams going the other way. Charles's Wain, the Great Bear, Orion, Leo, Hercules. Every God will leave us. Let us work rather for those interests

1 Hector's saying, in the *Iliad*.

2 Here follows the long passage, thus beginning, printed in "Civilization" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 27, 28).

which the gods honour and promote: justice, love, utility, freedom, knowledge.

Ideas impregnable: numbers are nothing. Who knows what was the population of Jerusalem? 'T is of no importance whatever. We know that the saint and a handful of people held their great thoughts to the death; and that the mob rejected and killed him; and, at the hour, fancied they were up, and he was down: when, at that very moment, the fact was the reverse. The principles triumphed and had begun to penetrate the world. And 't is never of any account how many or how rich people resist a thought.

Culture. The world is full of pot-and-pan policy. Every nation is degraded by the hobgoblins it worships, instead of the eternal gods. Thus popery, thus Calvinism, thus tariff, thus mesmerism, thus custom, thus luxury, thus Slavery; — and civility, as it advances to the light, casts away these crusts for simple food, sense, and universal modes.

(From GL)

INDIANAPOLIS, *January* 26.

Titan I have read on this journey, and for its noble wisdom and insight forgive, what still

annoys me, its excessive efflorescence and German superlative. How like to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in its culture, names, and wisdom! Rome is the best part of it, and therein it resembles Goethe the more.

"Never was there a jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy." — Burke.

[Mr. Emerson was invited to the National Capital to give a lecture before the Smithsonian Institution on January 31. In the first days of the war he had given in Boston a lecture which he called "Civilization at a Pinch." This he expanded to meet the conditions of the hour, — the unexpected length and magnitude of the strife, and the increased perception by the Northern people that Slavery was the basal cause of this upheaval and must be faced and dealt with before any lasting peace could come. Negroes already flocked into every camp; a policy must be decided on. Those who staid on the plantations raised the corn and bacon to feed the Southern armies, and thus allowed every able-bodied white to serve in the army. From 1844, when Mr. Emerson made his address celebrating the success of England's act of justice and

humanity by emancipating her slaves in her West Indian possessions, he had always stood for Emancipation in the United States, also urging a fair compensation to the "owners." Now the hour seemed to have struck; the South had forced the issue, and a brave and just man filled the presidential chair. The gate of opportunity opened before Mr. Emerson to urge, perhaps in the presence of the men guiding the course of the Country, the one great act of justice so long deferred which would hasten the coming of peace and wipe out a National stain.[1]

There has been some doubt whether Lincoln heard this earnest plea. Mr. M. D. Conway, in his *Emerson at Home and Abroad*, states that the President and members of his Cabinet were present. In answer to inquiries made in 1886, the Librarian of Congress wrote that the Washington newspapers of the day, in their notices of the lecture, did not mention that these officials

1 It should be said that to Mr. Moncure D. Conway — the high-minded Virginian who abandoned home and his inheritance of slaves, years before the war, for conscience' sake and for freer thought, and who for his brave utterances lost his place as a settled minister in Washington and in Cincinnati — Mr. Emerson owed some of the more practical arguments used in this address as to the effect in the South of Emancipation.

were in the audience, and he thought it unlikely, as also did Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln's secretaries. As for Mr. Lincoln, "he was very busy at that time; Stanton, the new War Secretary, having just come in, and storming like a fury at the business of his department. . . . It is worth remarking that Mr. Emerson . . . clearly foreshadowed the policy of Emancipation some six or eight months in advance of Mr. Lincoln. He saw the logic of events leading up to a crisis in our affairs, to 'Emancipation as a platform, with compensation to loyal owners' (his words as reported in the *Star*). The notice states that the lecture was very fully attended."

At a much later date, Miss Boutwell, the daughter of the late distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, wrote, — "I was present at that lecture, as were also my father and mother. I have a very positive recollection that President Lincoln was there; that he sat in one of the front seats. I can recall in my mind how he looked and where he sat; we were only a few seats behind him. Mother and I have spoken of the fact, and father's memory confirms mine."

The greater part of this lecture is printed in "Civilization" (*Society and Solitude*) and "American Civilization" (*Miscellanies*).]

(From WAR)

VISIT TO WASHINGTON, 31 JANUARY, 1862

At Washington, January 31, February 1, 2, and 3. Saw Sumner, who, on the 2d, carried me to Mr. Chase, Mr. Bates, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Welles, Mr. Seward, Lord Lyons, and President Lincoln. The President impressed me more favourably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well-meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good clear statement of his fact; correct enough, not vulgar, as described, but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Days show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark, he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs. He argued to Sumner the whole case of Gordon, the slave-trader,[1] point by point, and added that he was not quite satisfied yet, and meant to refresh his memory by looking again at the evidence. All this showed a fidelity and conscientiousness very honourable to him.

When I was introduced to him, he said, "Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture,

1 Gordon was convicted and hanged for this crime.

that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners, 'Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you.'"[1]

In the Treasury Building I saw in an upper room a number of people, say, twenty or thirty, seated at long tables, all at work upon Treasury notes, some cutting and some filling up, etc., but the quantity under their multitudinous operation looked like paper-hangings, and when I saw Mr. Chase, I told him I thought the public credit required the closing of that door on the promenaders of the gallery. Mr. Hooper told me that in the manufacture of a million notes (I think), 566 disappeared.

Mr. Stanton, who resembles Charles R. Train, although a heavier and better head and eye, made a good impression, as of an able, determined man, very impatient of his instruments, and, though he named nobody, I thought he had McClellan in mind. When somewhat was said of England, he said, "England is to be met in Virginia. — Mud! Oh, yes, but there has been mud before. Ah, the difficulty is n't outside, 't is inside." He had heard that Governor Andrew had come to the city to see him

1 This was from one of the lectures in a course on "New England" given in 1843.

about the Butler-Andrew difficulty. "Well, why doesn't he come here? If I could meet Governor Andrew under an umbrella at the corner of the street, we could settle that matter in five minutes, if he is the man I take him for. But I hear he is sitting on his dignity, and waiting for me to send for him. And at that rate, for I learn there are seventy letters, I don't know that anything can be done." Both Sumner and I assured him that Governor Andrew was precisely the man to meet him cordially and sensibly without parade, and offhand.

Mr. Seward received us in his dingy State Department. We spoke as we entered the anteroom, or rather in the corridor, with Governor Andrew and Mr. [John Murray] Forbes, who were waiting. Sumner led me along, and upstairs, and into the Secretary's presence. He began, "Yes, I know Mr. Emerson, . . ." and he proceeded to talk a little, when Sumner said, "I met Governor Andrew waiting outside. Shan't I call him in?" "Oh, yes," said Seward. Sumner went out and brought in him and Mr. Forbes. Mr. Seward took from the shelf a large half-smoked cigar, lighted and pulled at it. Sumner went into a corner, with Andrew, and Mr. Forbes seized the moment to say to the

Secretary that he saw there was an effort making to get Gordon the slave-trader pardoned. He hoped the Government would show to foreign nations that there was a change and a new spirit in it, which would not deal with this crime as heretofore. Seward looked very cross and ugly at this; twisted his cigar about, and I thought, twisted his nose also, and said coarsely, "Well, perhaps you would be willing to stand in his place," or something like that, and rather surprised and disconcerted Mr. Forbes, but Mr. Forbes, seeing that, though we had risen to go, Sumner still talked with Andrew, went up to him, put his hands about him, and said, "Don't you see you are obstructing the public business?" or somewhat to that effect, and so we made our adieus. Mr. Seward came up to me, and said, "Will you come to church with me to-morrow, at 10¼, and we will go home afterwards, and get some lunch or dinner." I accepted, and Sumner then carried me into some of the chambers of the Department, into the office of Mr. Hunter, who has been Chief Clerk, I believe he said, for fourteen or fifteen years; into the Library, where Mr. Derby presided, and where I found Gurowski at his desk, growling; into the chamber where the Treaties with foreign

nations, some of them most sumptuously engrossed and bound, and enclosed, were shown us, as the Belgian Treaty, and a treaty with the French Republic signed by Bonaparte, countersigned by Talleyrand; and, far richer than all, the Siamese Treaty, and presents, — Siamese, I think, not Japanese Treaty, tied up with rich red silken ropes and tassels, and the sublime of the tea-caddy style, written as on moonlight. Then, in another chamber, the Washington Papers, bought of Judge Washington by Congress for $20,000, were shown us. We opened several volumes to see the perfect method and clerical thoroughness with which Washington did all his work. I turned to the page on which the opinion of Marquis de Lafayette was given in answer to a requisition of the General, before the battle of Yorktown; volumes of original letters, etc., of Washington. All these inestimable books preserved in plain wooden cabinets here on the ground floor, not defended from fire; and any eager autograph hunter might scale the windows, and carry them off.

We then went to Lord Lyons, and had a pleasant interview. He told us that the Queen had sent him the Order of the Bath, etc., on which Sumner congratulated him. Sumner in-

sisted on carrying me to Baron Gerolt, the dean of the diplomatic corps, as the oldest resident, saying that nothing could be more charming than he and his family, his daughters looking like pastel pictures, and he told me very pleasing anecdotes of his intercourse with the Baron. President Lincoln had said to Sumner, "If I could see Lord Lyons, I could show him in five minutes that I am heartily for peace." Sumner had thought nothing could be more desirable, but it would not do to come between Seward and the President, nor to tell Seward, who would embroil them, nor to tell Lord Lyons, whom it would embarrass; so he had gone to Baron Gerolt to state to him the President's remark, and ask his counsel. The Baron was enchanted with the expression of the President, but agreed with Sumner, it was impossible to put them (President and Lord Lyons) face to face, without grave impropriety and mischief; and Seward and Lyons, it seems, are strangers, and do not understand each other; whilst Lyons and Sumner are on the most confidential footing. Well, now that the prisoners[1] are surrendered, Sumner

1 Mason and Slidell, the agents of the Confederacy taken by Captain Wilkes, U.S.N., from an English vessel, on their mission to seek help abroad.

went to Lyons, and told him what had passed, and he too was very much gratified with it, and thanked Sumner for not telling him before, as it would only have distressed him. Meantime, I did not see the Baron, who was ill in bed, nor the pastel daughters. We called on the Russian Minister, but he was not at home.

As Judge Chase had invited us to dine with him at 5 o'clock, we went thither, and saw his pretty daughter Kate, who alone with her father did the honours of the house. Mr. Chase said, "Slavery was not to be destroyed by a stroke, but in detail. I have twelve thousand boys (slaves) at Port Royal, whom I am organizing, and paying wages for their work, and teaching them to read, and to maintain themselves. I have no objection to put muskets in their hands by and by. I have two men, Mr. Reynolds and Edward L. Pierce, who are taking the care, and I want Congress to give me a little box of government, about as big as that *escritoire* — two or three officers, a superintendent, etc. — and I think we shall get on very well." He and Sumner appeared to agree entirely in their counsels. They both held that as soon as a State seceded, it gave up its State organization, but did not thereby touch the National Govern-

ment. The moment Arkansas or Mississippi seceded, they would have said, "Certainly, if you do not like your State Government, surrender it, and you lapse instantly into United States territory, again"; and they would have sent immediately a territorial governor to the first foot of that land which they could reach, and have established United States power in the old form.

From Mr. Chase we went to General Frémont, but unhappily he had stepped out, and Mrs. Frémont detained us, "because he would surely step in again in a few minutes." She was excellent company, a musical indignation, a piece of good sense and good humour, but incessantly accusing the Government of the vast wrong that had been done to the General; how Senator Wade had read all their documents (Wade, the Chairman of the Joint Committee of Inquiry of the two Houses) and had expressed himself, in terms more terse than elegant, to her on the outrage done to Frémont, and she sat wondering when the Report of the Committee was to burst like a shell on the Government. She introduced me to Major Zagyoni, the captain of Frémont's Body Guard, the hero of Springfield, Missouri, a soldierly figure, who

said, that he was "as well as his inactive life permitted." She showed me two letters of her son who had once been designed for our Concord school, but when she came to find how much his reading, spelling, and writing had been neglected in his camp education, — for he could ride and perform the sword exercise, but was a shocking bad writer, — she was afraid to send him among cultivated boys, and had sent him into Connecticut, where he had made already great progress. She showed me two of his letters in proof, one written at his first coming to school, very rude, and one later, showing great improvement.

The next morning, at 10¼, I visited Mr. Seward, in his library, who was writing, surrounded by his secretary and some stock-brokers. After they were gone, I said, "You never come to Massachusetts." "No," he said, "I have neither had the power nor the inclination." His father died early and left him the care, not only of his own family, but of his cousin's property, three fiduciary trusts, and he had much on his hands. Then he early saw that whatever money he earned was slipping away from him, and he must put it in brick and stone, if he would keep it, and he had, later, obtained

a tract of land in Chatauqua (?) County, which, by care and attention, had become valuable, and all this had occupied him until he came into public life, and for the last fifteen (?) years, he had been confined in Washington. Besides, Massachusetts was under a cotton aristocracy, and Mr. Webster worked for them; he did not like them, and had as much as he could do to fight the cotton aristocracy in his own State; so he had never gone thither on general politics. He said, "I am a peacemaker, I never work in another method. Men are so constituted that the possession of force makes the demonstration of force quite unnecessary. If I am six feet high and well proportioned, and my adversary is four feet high and well proportioned, I need not strike him, — he will do as I say. On the day when the political power passed over to the Free States, the fate of Slavery was sealed. I saw it was only a question of time, and I have remained in that belief. I was not wise enough to foresee all that has happened since. But it is not important, all was then settled, and is turning out as I expected. All the incidents must follow, both at home and abroad. England and France are only incidents. There is no resisting this. The Supreme Court follows too.

Grier and Wayne at this moment are just as loyal as any judges."

But he spoke as if all was done and to be done *by him*, by the executive, and with little or no help from Congress. They do nothing. "Why, there are twelve points which I gave them, at the beginning of the session, on which I wished the action of the Government legitimated, and they have not yet touched one of them. And I am liable for every one of all these parties whom I have touched in acting for the Government. And the moment I go out of office, I shall put my property into the hands of my heirs, or it might all be taken from me by the people." . . .

We went to church. I told him I hoped he would not demoralize me; I was not much accustomed to churches, but trusted he would carry me to a safe place. He said, he attended Rev. Dr. Pyne's Church. On the way, we met Governor Fish, who was also to go with him. Miss Seward, to whom I had been presented, accompanied us. I was a little awkward in finding my place in the Common Prayer Book, and Mr. Seward was obliging in guiding me, from time to time. But I had the old wonder come over me at the Egyptian stationariness of the

English Church. The hopeless blind antiquity of life and thought — indicated alike by prayer and creed and sermon — was wonderful to see, and amid worshippers and in times like these. There was something exceptional, too, in the Doctor's sermon. His church was all made up of secessionists; he had remained loyal, they had all left him and abused him in the papers. And in the sermon he represented his grief, and preached Jacobitish passive obedience to powers that be, as his defence. In going out, Mr. Seward praised the sermon. I said that the Doctor did not seem to have read the Gospel according to San Francisco, or the Epistle to the Californians; he had not got quite down into these noisy times.

Mr. Seward said, "Will you go and call on the President? I usually call on him at this hour." Of course, I was glad to go.

We found in the President's chamber his two little sons, — boys of seven and eight years, perhaps, — whom the barber was dressing and "whiskeying their hair" as he said, not much to the apparent contentment of the boys, when the cologne got into their eyes. The eldest boy immediately told Mr. Seward, "he could not guess what they had got." Mr. Seward "bet a

quarter of a dollar that he could. Was it a rabbit? was it a bird? was it a pig?" He guessed always wrong, and *paid his quarter* to the youngest, before the eldest declared it was a rabbit. But he sent away the mulatto to find the President, and the boys disappeared. The President came, and Mr. Seward said, "You have not been to Church to-day." "No," he said, "and, if he must make a frank confession, he had been reading for the first time Mr. Sumner's Speech (on the Trent affair)." Something was said of newspapers, and of the story that appeared in the journals, of some one who selected all the articles which Marcy should read, etc., etc. The President incidentally remarked, that for the New York *Herald*, he certainly ought to be much obliged to it for the part it had taken for the Government in the Mason and Slidell business. Then Seward said somewhat to explain the apparent steady malignity of the London *Times*. It was all an affair of the great interests of markets. The great capitalists had got this or that stock. As soon as anything happens that affects their value, this value must be made real, and the *Times* must say just what is required to sell those values, etc., etc. The Government had little or no voice in the matter.

"But what news to-day?" "Mr. Fox[1] has sent none. Send for Mr. Fox." The servant could not find Mr. Fox. The President said, he had the most satisfactory communication from Lord Lyons; also had been notified by him, that he had received the Order of the Bath. He, the President, had received two communications from the French Minister. France, on the moment of hearing the surrender of the prisoners, had ordered a message of gratification to be sent, without waiting to read the grounds. Then, when the despatches had been read, had hastened to send a fresh message of thanks and gratulation. Spain also had sent a message of the same kind. He was glad of this that Spain had done. For he knew that, though Cuba sympathized with secession, Spain's interest lay the other way. Spain knew that the secessionists wished to conquer Cuba. Mr. Seward told the President somewhat of Dr. Pyne's sermon, and the President said he intended to show his respect for him some time by going to hear him.

We left the President, and returned to Mr. Seward's house. At dinner his two sons, Frederic, his private secretary, and William (I think),

1 Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

with Miss Seward, were present. Mr. Seward told the whole story of the conversation with the Duke of Newcastle. On seeing the absurd story in the English papers, he wrote to Thurlow Weed, to go to the Duke, and ask an explanation.[1] Mr. Weed called on the Duke, who said that he was exceedingly grieved that he had given publicity to the circumstances, but that the facts were substantially as they had been stated in the *Times*. "Now," said Seward, "I will tell you the whole affair as it happened. When those people came here, I gave them a precise programme for their whole journey, which they exactly kept. If they went to the prairie, it was because I had so set it down; if they went to New York or to Boston, I had so directed; if they were received at the White House, instead of being sent to a hotel in Washington, I had so directed. I did not go to meet them at Philadelphia, or New York, or Boston, but kept away. But at last, when they were ready to leave the country, I went to Albany, to dine with them at Governor Morgan's; there were twenty-four or twenty-five at table, and there never were people more happy than they

1 This story seems to have been some disagreeable account of the Prince of Wales's reception on his tour in America.

were. They were entirely gratified and thankful for all that had been done for them, and at the course of the tour. The conversation lapsed at table, as it will, into *tête-à-têtes*, and I occasionally spoke across the table to the Duke, and said to him that I had not joined them at Boston or at New York; indeed, that, as there was always a certain jealousy of England in the dominant Democratic party, and I wished to serve them, and keep up the most friendly feeling in the Country toward them, I had avoided going too much to them. Well, they all understood it, and we parted, both the Prince and the Duke expressed their gratitude and good feeling to me in language which I cannot repeat, it was so complimentary."

Mr. Seward said that his most intimate friend had been, for very many years, Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany. He was in habit of fullest correspondence with him on all subjects, and "every year on the first of January, Mr. Weed's daughter has my last year's letters bound up into a volume. And there they all lie, twelve volumes of my letters on her centre table, open to all to read them who will." In all this talk, Mr. Seward's manner and face were so intelligent and amiable that I, who had thought him

so ugly the day before, now thought him positively handsome.

(Mr. Moseley told me, at Buffalo, that there was a time when he thought Mr. Seward was in danger of being only a moral demagogue, and (I think) was only saved from it by Mr. Weed's influence. [Written in later.])

At six o'clock, I obeyed Mrs. Hooper's invitation and went to dine (for the second time that day). I found Mr. Hooper[1] and his son and daughters, Governor and Mrs. Andrew, and Mrs. Schuyler. Governor Andrew had much to say of Mr. Seward. He thought that he surpassed all men in the bold attempt at gasing other people, and pulling wool over their eyes. He thought it very offensive. He might be a donkey, — a good many men are, — but he did n't like to have a man by this practice show that he thought him one. I told him that I had much better impressions of Mr. Seward, but I did not relate to him any conversations.

Mrs. Schuyler, I found, had very friendly feelings towards Mr. Seward, and I found he had told her the same story about the Prince and Newcastle. She told me how much attached

1 Representative in Congress from Massachusetts.

Talleyrand, when in this country, had been to her grandfather, General Hamilton; that, after his death, he had borrowed a miniature portrait of him of Mrs. Hamilton; that Mrs. Hamilton had begged him to bring it back to her, but he had refused and had carried it with him to France; that when Colonel Burr was in Paris, he had written a note to Talleyrand, expressing his wish to call on him, and asking him to appoint an hour. Talleyrand did not wish to see him, but did not know how to decline it, so he wrote him a note, saying that he was ready to see him when he should call, but he thought it proper to say that the picture of Colonel Hamilton always hung in his cabinet. Burr never called.

I ought not to omit that, when Sumner introduced me to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and asked him if there were anything new, Mr. Welles said, "No, nothing of importance," and then remarked that "he observed the journals censured him for sending vessels drawing too much water, in the Burnside expedition." Now, he said, this was not the fault of his department. "We [the Navy] only sent seventeen [I think] vessels in all the hundred sail; and the War Department sent all the rest; he had nothing to do with them, and the overdrawing vessels

were all storeships and transports, etc., of the War Department's sending."

I breakfasted at Mr. Robbins's, with Mr. Sherman of the Senate, and Colfax of the House. In talking with the last, he said that Congress had not yet come up to the point of confiscating slaves of rebel masters, no, but only such as were engaged in military service. I said, "How is it possible Congress can be so slow?" He replied, "It is owing to the great social power here in Washington of the Border States. They step into the place of the Southerners here, and wield the same power."

When I told Sumner what Seward had said to me about England, and Duke of Newcastle, he replied, "He has not been frank with you. I have heard him utter the most hostile sentiments to England." . . .

Sumner showed me several English letters of much interest which he had just received from Bright, from the Duke of Argyll, and from the Duchess of Argyll, all relating to our politics, and pressing Emancipation. Bright writes that, thus far, the English have not suffered from the war, but rather been benefited by stopping manufacturing and clearing out their old stocks and bringing their trade into a more

healthy state. But, after a few months, they will be importunate for cotton. The Duchess of Argyll sent Sumner some fine lines of Tennyson written at the request of Lord Dufferin for the tomb of his mother.

The architect of the Capitol is Mr. Walter, of Boston. I spent Sunday evening at the house of Charles Eames, late Minister to Venezuela, whom I knew many years since at the Carlton House, New York. At his house I found many new and some old acquaintances, Governor Fish, Governor Andrew, N. P. Willis, Gurowski, Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, and another young gentleman who shares, I believe, the same office,[1] and is also, I was told, a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but whose name I have forgotten. Young Robert Lincoln, the President's son, was also there, and Leutze, the painter, who invited me to see his pictures which he is painting for a panel in the Capitol, "The Emigration to the West." No military people, I think, were present. And when I went home at a late hour I was vexed to have forgotten that Mr. Secretary Stanton had invited me to call on him at his house this evening.

1 Mr. John Hay.

I was delighted with the Senate Chamber in the Capitol, and its approaches. I did not remember in France or in England that their legislative bodies were nobly housed. The staircase and surrounding chambers are sumptuous and beautiful. The structure is so large that I needed a guide and could not find my way out, after I left Spofford. It is the fault of the building that the new wings are built in a larger style, so that the columns of the centre look small, and the Capitol fronts the wrong way, its back being towards the present city of Washington. It was designed that the city should occupy the other slope, and face the Capitol. But the owners of the land held prices so high that people bought the other side of the Capitol, and now the city is grown there. In the Congressional Library I found Spofford, assistant librarian. He told me that, for the last twelve (?) years, it had been under Southern domination, and as under dead men. Thus the Medical Department was very large, and the Theological very large, whilst of modern literature very imperfect. There was no copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, or of the *Knickerbocker*, none of the *Tribune* or *Times*, or any New York journal. There was no copy of the London *Saturday*

Review taken, or any other live journal, but the London *Court Journal*, in a hundred volumes, duly bound. Nor was it possible to mend matters, because no money could they get from Congress, though an appropriation had been voted.

> "*Quand on boit trop on s'assoupit,*
> *Et l'on tombe en delire ;*
> *Buvons pour avoir de l'esprit,*
> *Et non pour le detruire.*"
>
> Panard.

At this hour when the magnitude of the stake is of the existence of Liberty in this country, and the preservation of the liberty of mankind, when the value of a vote is a value to the whole world of sober men, I cannot affect to speak politely of the idle party who, professing to hate Slavery, can divide the vote of Massachusetts on this question. It is casting fire-brands and [saying,] Am I not in sport? It is a dastardly treachery. They strew sugar on this bottled spider; and, as if it were a small thing; as if it were indifferent who governed, they peril the safety of mankind. I can understand it of the old who have ceased to think or to be responsible, men good in their

time but now in their easy-chairs; but for the men in their manhood to join with these for some petty griefs or personalities, or for good following and because they have eaten too much pound cake — it argues an incurable frivolity of character which has all the effect of a wilful treason.

Plenty of men. No lack of men in the rail-cars; in the hotels; going to see Cubas, or Booth; caravans of men going to Idaho mines, to Pike's Peak, to Lake Superior.

"A strong army in a good fleet, which neither foot nor horse is able to follow, cannot be denied to land where it list; for ships, without putting themselves out of breath, will easily outrun the soldiers that coast them." "A fleet may sail in one night from point to point, what an army could not span in six days." — Sir W. Raleigh.

Majorities, the argument of fools, the strength of the weak. One should recall what Laertius records of Socrates's opinion of the common people, that "it was as if a man should object against a piece of bad money, and accept a great sum of the same."

Varnhagen von Ense says, that, after all wars in Germany, the aristocracy grow strong: — in the "Thirty Years' War," in the "Seven Years'" and in the "Emancipation War." Frederic the Great weeded out every officer not noble from his army. Dr. Erhard told of a fellow who reeled drunk out of a gin-shop, and, hearing the cannonade on account of the Capture of Paris, cried out, "There, do you hear? War is over, the nobility have conquered." Erhard thought this chap had shown the deepest political insight.

"When the Government fears, that is already a step forward" (for the people), said Gans. "*Wenn die Regierung sich furchtet, so ist das schon ein Fortschritt.*" — VARNHAGEN, i, p. 29. For example. There comes a time when books, once printed with impunity, now make too much impression, and are suppressed.

(From VA)

February.

Correctness very rare. It is difficult to get a new shirt made on the measures of the pattern. The value of a carpenter is that he is trained to measure exactly. But Captain Rich told me it is impossible to duplicate the model of a ship. And 't is said the Emperor of Austria, though

he sent an architect to Rome to get the dimensions of the Sistine Chapel, and sent Mozart to write by ear the score of the *Miserere*, failed at last to reproduce the perfect musical effect in Vienna. No proof-reader believes that the author can correct his own proof; and I am sure no author believes that any reader of his verses will copy them accurately. An engraver like Raffaelle Morghen is as rare as a painter like Raffaelle Sanzio. The Swedenborgians say with despair that there seems a fatality to hang over Swedenborg's text, that, though with honest purpose, he cannot be correctly quoted by one out of their church. Hence the inestimable value of photography.

The Englishman in China, seeing a doubtful dish set before him, inquired, "*Quack-quack?*" The Chinese replied, "*Bow-wow.*"

Mrs. Livermore told us of a stuttering wit in the West who was much offended with the rowdy manners of the son of a friend with whom he was talking. The father agreed he was very bad, but what could he do with him? "Why, if he was my son, I 'd app-p-point his f-f-funeral at 4 o'clock to-morrow, P.M., and I 'd be sure to have him ready."

Everything good is the result of antagonisms, and the height of civilization is absolute self-help, combined with most generous social relation. A man must have his root in Nature, draw his power directly from it, as a farmer, a miller, a smith, a shepherd, a sailor does; as Bonaparte, or Archimedes, or a railroad engineer, or Thoreau, or Agassiz does. He must be such that, set him down where you will, he shall find himself at home, shall see how he can weave his useful lines here as there, and make himself necessary to society by the method in his brain. This is self-help, and this is common; but the opposite element that makes him, while he draws all values to him, feel an equal necessity to radiate or communicate all, and combine the largest accumulation with bounteous imparting, raises the useful to the heroic. As men refine, they require manners indicating the highest style of man, and, as soon as they have seen this magnanimity, they exalt the saint as Saint Louis, or Carlo Borromeo, or the Cid, or Sir Philip Sidney, or Bayard, over all the degrees in the Golden Book; and the Church, with its martyrs and self-sacrificers, becomes adorable in their eyes. Just in proportion as this healthy light comes upon the mind, it condemns the selfish-

ness which accumulates and does not impart, and the ruder and grosser drone who does not even accumulate, but robs those who do.

Thoreau. Perhaps his fancy for Walt Whitman grew out of his taste for wild nature, for an otter, a woodchuck, or a loon. He loved sufficiency, hated a sum that would not prove; loved Walt and hated Alcott.[1]

"It were well if the false preacher of Christianity were always met and balked by a superior, more living, and elastic faith in his audience, just as some missionaries in India are balked by the easiness with which the Hindoos believe every word of miracle and prophecy, only surprised that they are much less wonderful than those of their own scriptures, which also they implicitly believe." — H. D. T.

T——[2] came to see Thoreau on business, but Thoreau at once perceived that he had been

1 This is a rhetorical antithesis.. Thoreau was impatient of Alcott, but did not hate him.

In these days Thoreau was unable to leave the house. He was utterly brave and uncomplaining, and responsive to the tender care of his mother and sister.

2 The French-Canadian wood-chopper, whom Thoreau liked and celebrated in his *Walden*, had now sunk into intemperate habits.

drinking, and advised him to go home and cut his throat, and that speedily. T—— did not well know what to make of it, but went away, and Thoreau said he learned that he had been repeating it about town, which he was glad to hear, and hoped that by this time he had begun to understand what it meant.

The old school of Boston citizens whom I remember in my childhood had great vigour, great noisy bodies; I think a certain sternutatory vigour the like whereof I have not heard again. When Major B. or old Mr. T. H. took out their pocket handkerchiefs at church, it was plain they meant business; they would snort and roar through their noses, like the lowing of an ox, and make all ring again. Ah, it takes a Northender to do that![1]

It is curious how negligent the public is of the essential qualifications of its representatives. They ask if a man is a Republican.[2] . . . But

1 Mr. Emerson, in remembering this incident of his early church-going, compared it to "the service of the Lord with horns in the Tabernacle."

2 The omitted portion of this passage on the fundamental importance of *Will* in a public servant is printed in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 50).

has he a will? Can he carry his points against opposition? Probably he has not. When he finds himself at Washington with men of fixed ideas, with polite men from the Southern and Middle States, with hard-browed politicians from the Border States who have no question about their view of the matter, and assume that any difference of opinion on your part is a momentary ignorance of the necessities of the position, your wise, honest Republican, after making a few courteous attempts at arguing the point, and finding how weak his voice is compared with theirs, settles it in his mind that 't is of no use to talk with such people; that he can still vote against them. But those strong, well-persuaded men have just the same power in the debate as in the hotel parlour, and give the worthy Representative the same mortifying sense of incapacity there, and more mortifying, because his humiliation is exhibited on a public stage. Now there is no real force in the reasons of these men. If he had presence of mind and diligence to analyze their argument, he could expose its weakness, but they have a habitual self-reliance, and a way of putting their personality over you, which he has not. This evil would be diminished if he had been long used to

them, had come to know how much better is their onset than their real grounds and means warrant, how ignorant and vulnerable they are. But he finds them full-grown, in possession of the field, and talking down to him, and he overestimates their force. The Southerners keep their Representatives in Congress for many years, and we commit the fault of sending new men every session.[1]

Holmes came out late in life with a strong sustained growth for two or three years, like old pear trees which have done nothing for ten years, and at last begin and grow great. The Lowells come forward slowly, and Henry Thoreau remarks that men may have two growths like pears.

March 3.

The snow still lies even with the tops of the walls across the Walden road, and, this afternoon, I waded through the woods to my grove. A chickadee came out to greet me, flew about

1 Mr. Emerson notes opposite this long entry, "Read at the Music Hall in March." He gave a discourse there in March on "Natural Religion" and in April on "Moral Forces," but, unlike many congregations, Mr. Parker's people welcomed "politics in the pulpit," in war time especially.

within reach of my hands, perched on the nearest bough, flew down into the snow, rested there two seconds, then up again, just over my head, and busied himself on the dead bark. I whistled to him through my teeth, and (I think in response) he began at once to whistle. I promised him crumbs, and must not go again to these woods without them. I suppose the best food to carry would be the meat of shagbarks or Castile nuts. Thoreau tells me that they are very sociable with wood-choppers, and will take crumbs from their hands.[1]

Perched on the bough, then darts below
And wrote his mark upon the snow.
Whistled his notes,
Ran through his fine gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

The little hermit, though he live apart
Hath a hospitable heart.
Hastes when you pass his sylvan fort,
To do the honours of his court
As fits the owner of the land,

1 This was the meeting which Mr. Emerson celebrated later in "The Titmouse," in the *Poems*. Though he does not here mention the dangerous cold, that was quite probable in a March cold wave.

Flies round you, grazes your hand.
Taught by thy heart, I to my pet
Hold glad remembrance of my debt,
And soon again thy comrade comes
Loaded with store of seeds and crumbs.
Thou first whilst teeming earth yields bread
In sign of honour shalt be fed.

Voices have their various manners also. I remember when Greenwood began to preach, though he indulged a playful fancy that had perhaps caught its truth from Everett, yet the effect of that fine bass voice was, as if he were a rocky cliff, and these pretty descriptions only flowers and colours thereon. He could well afford them, they might bloom or fade, — he remained fast. Other speakers have nothing left, but put themselves entirely into their speech, as Phillips.

Some voices are warnings; some voices are like the bark of a dog.

"*Les caresses de la parole.*"

"The Cordelier said that he had found that, among believers or misbelievers, never kingdom ruined itself, or changed its master, except by defect of justice. Now let the king of France take care to do true and prompt justice to his

people, for it is thereby that our Lord will let him hold his kingdom in peace as long as he lives." — JOINVILLE.

Pudency of Goodness. The illusion that strikes me as the masterpiece of Maia is the timidity with which we assert our moral sentiment.[1] . . .

Dr. Jackson said that at Jalapa, in Mexico, the "army fuse" was first used by us, or first observed by the Mexicans; two cannons having been left in the public square, a great crowd of Mexicans ran up to capture them. When they were all rushing up in a mass, the cannons went off without any visible cannoneers and discharged shrapnel directly into the heart of the crowd. If the cannons had begun to sing, "Oh, say do you see by the dawn's early light," they would not have been more astonished, and were quite ready to believe that "bayonets think," and cannons also.

Blair rightly thinks that Chase, because he was always a Whig, will not have nerve. The Unitarians, born Unitarians, have a pale, shallow

1 For the rest of the paragraph see "Perpetual Forces" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 87).

religion; but the Calvinist, born and reared under his vigorous, ascetic, scowling creed, and then ripened into a Unitarian, becomes powerful, as Dr. Channing, Dewey, Horace Mann, Wasson, Garrison, and others. So it is in politics. A man must have had the broad, audacious Democratic party for his nursing-mother, and be ripened into a Free-Soiler, to be efficient; as Jackson, as Benton, as Potter, Wade, Blair, Hickman, Johnson, and Boutwell were.

Arabians say, "The horse was created a day or two before Adam."

"He fled on a mare which would catch a falling tear." Read *Les Chevaux de Sahara*. [General Daumas's editing of what he learned from the captive emir, Abd el Kader.]

"These are not courses for your horses," said Si Ben Zyan in conclusion, "you Christians, who go from Algiers to Blidah, thirteen leagues, as far as from my nose to my ear, and yet believe you have made something of a journey."

These,[1] rightly seen, were but superficial effects, but the credence of men it is that moulds

1 Apparently "these" refers to the great discoveries and inventions that have helped the lot of mankind.

them, and creates one or another surface. And the mind, as it opens, transfers very fast its choice from the circumstance to the cause, from the false to the true, from courtesy to love, from inventions to science, from law or public opinion in Washington, or London, to the tyrannical idea that slowly reveals itself; from all that talent executes and vaunts, to the sentiment that fills the heart and dictates the future of nations. A new and purer moral sentiment civilizes civilization.[1] . . .

I know these powers are not often entrusted to the same hand. The hands to complete are not often given to the seeing soul. The prophet is filled with vision, and careless of its slow fulfilment in events. Enough to him to behold it, and announce that which must be; careless even of its distinct declaration; too happy in seeing its centrality and invincibility. What to him is its administration in the clumsy hands of dull men, whom it confounds? The fire burns their hands, confounds their understandings. The Higher Law is a jibe; apes and baboons chuckle and gibber over it, whilst it suffocates their laughter and decomposes them. What is a generation of able statesmen? What a Demo-

1 Compare "Civilization" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 33).

cratic party or a Whig party, or a strong Cabinet, or the largest political combination, the Four Great Powers, or the Five? In this august presence, they are thieves. Well assured is he that what he beholds is not powerful, but *Power;* that it measures time, and fashions its instruments.

Freedom does not love the hot zone. The snowflakes are the right stars of our flag, and the northern streamers the stripes.[1]

(From WAR)

March.

Whiggery. Its doctrine is, — Better endure tyranny according to law a thousand years than irregular and unconstitutional happiness for a day. Of course, he had rather die in the hands of a physician than be cured by a quack.

[Here follows a newspaper cutting, President Lincoln's tentative and somewhat obscure and feeble message to Congress of March 6, proposing a scheme of gradual Emancipation, as a war measure, for the Border States, accompanied by compensation. This was rejected.]

1 See also "Voluntaries," in the *Poems*.

Strange that our Government, so stupid as it is, should never blunder into a good measure. In Utah, the leading issues are not those of our national parties; yet the Government invariably adopts the bad side.

(From GL)

March.

War, the searcher of character, the test of men, has tried already so many reputations, has pricked so many bladders. 'T is like the financial crises, which, once in ten or twenty years, come to try the men and institutions of trade; using, like them, no ceremony, but plain laws of gravity and force to try tension and resistance. Scott, McDowell, McClellan, Frémont, Banks, Butler, and I know not how many more, are brought up, each in turn, dragged up irresistibly to the anthropometer, measured and weighed, and the result proclaimed to the Universe.

With this dynamometer, and not so much that as *rack* to try the tension of your muscles and bones, standing close at hand, everybody takes the hint, drops much of brag and pretension, and shortens his speeches. The fop in the street, the beau at the ball, feels the war in the air, — the examiner, the insatiate demand for

reality, — and becomes modest and serious. The writer is less florid, the wit is less fantastical. The epicure and the man of pleasure put some check and cover on their amusements. Everybody studies retrenchment and economy. Everybody bethinks himself how he shall behave, if worst should come to worst. It will not always serve, or may not, to stand aloof and contribute money. Should we carry on a war by subscription, and politely? They will conquer who take up the bayonet, or leave their other business and apply themselves to the business of the war; the war searches character, and acquits those whom I acquit, whom life acquits, those whose reality and spontaneous honesty and singleness appear. Force it requires. 'T is not so much that you are moral as that you are genuine, sincere, frank, and bold. I do not approve those who give money or give their voices for liberty from long habit and the feminine predominance of sentiment, but the rough Democrat who hates Garrison, but detests these Southern traitors. The first class will go in the right way, but they are devoured by sentiments like premature fruit ripened by the worm.

(From VA)

The labial speech, instead of the stomachic, afflicts me in all the poetry I read, even though on a gay or trifling subject. Why has never the poorest country college offered me a professorship of rhetoric? I think I could have taught an orator, though I am none.

March 24.

Sam Staples[1] yesterday had been to see Henry Thoreau. "Never spent an hour with more satisfaction. Never saw a man dying with so much pleasure and peace." Thinks that very few men in Concord know Mr. Thoreau; finds him serene and happy.

Henry praised to me lately the manners of an old-established, calm, well-behaved river, as perfectly distinguished from those of a new river. A new river is a torrent; an old one slow and steadily supplied. What happens in any part of

1 This important and universally liked character of the village has been mentioned before in the journals as having been married by Mr. Emerson and as the constable and jailer who arrested and imprisoned Thoreau, Alcott, and the Englishman Lane for non-payment of taxes. He was always a friend of Thoreau's and often acted as rodman or chainman on his surveys.

the old river relates to what befals in every other part of it. 'T is full of compensations, resources, and reserve funds.

When we have a success, I wrote, it is because our adversary has made a fault. I hate that we should be saved only as Providence takes care of idiots and drunkards, or, as we say, Fortune favours fools.

"The Universe, said Newton, was produced at a single cast." — *Apud.* St. Pierre.

Elliot Cabot quotes to me from "Mommsen, who is full of good sayings," "Die schlafwandlerische Sicherheit die den Dichter zum Dichter macht." The somnambulic security which makes the poet a poet.

C. G. Leland writes me that the name of the author of the "Old Cove" [1] is Henry Howard Brownell, of East Hartford, Connecticut.

April 2.

Yesterday I walked across Walden Pond. To-day I walked across it again. I fancied it was

1 The amusing satire on the Southern saying, "All we ask is to be let alone," which first brought Brownell into notice.

late in the season to do this ; but Mr. Thoreau told me, this afternoon, that he had known the ice hold to the 18th of April.

April 9.

The cold days have again arrested the melting of the ice, and yesterday I walked again across the middle of Walden, from one side to the other.

April 10.

To-day, I crossed it again on foot.

The valuable part of Cottle's "Reminiscences" is the account of John Henderson the wonderful scholar (born at Limerick, Ireland), who died at Oxford, in 1788, in the thirty-second year of his age. We should have an adequate sketch of Cotes, of Chatterton, of Faryabi.

Spring. Why complain of the cold, slow spring? The bluebirds don't complain, the blackbirds make the maples ring with the social cheer and jubilee; the robins know the snow must go, and sparrows, with prophetic eye that these bare osiers yet will hide their future nests in the pride of their foliage. And you alone, with all your six feet of experience, are the fool of the cold of the present moment, and cannot see the southing

of the sun.[1] Besides, the snowflake is freedom's star.

See a poetical description of a calm at sea in Dyer's poems.

Criticism. 'T is objected to Florian, that there is no wolf in the story. Marie Antoinette said, she felt as if eating milk porridge.

April 16.

Heard the purple finch this morning, for the first time this season. Henry Thoreau told me he found the Blue Snowbird (*Fringilla hiemalis*) on Monadnoc, where it breeds. It is never seen here in summer.

Red-winged blackbird sings *gurgalee*, and the grackle talks with it hoarsely.

[Later.] Edward says he found the eggs of the *Fringilla hiemalis* on Monadnoc in July.

April 18.

The ice not broken up on Walden, this very warm day, though I could not get on it from

1 This passage, turned into verse, is in the poem "May Day."

It is interesting that the association of "South" with warmth led Mr. Emerson unconsciously to speak of "the southing of the sun," meaning, of course, the comfort of its return to the Northern hemisphere.

Wyman's cottage landing. Mr. Channing was on the ice yesterday.

Addison Fay [1] tells me that the expenditure of gunpowder in war does not compare in amount with that of peace.

Resources. I have earlier indicated some of my pastimes instead of whist and hunting. The chapter of these, however, is much longer, and should be most select. The first care of a man settling in the country should be to open the face of the earth to himself by a little knowledge of Nature, or a great deal of knowledge, if he can, of birds, plants, and astronomy; in short, the art of taking a walk.[2] . . .

May.

Of the most romantic fact, the memory is more romantic. See Cowper's *Ice Palace of Moscow.*

[Thoreau had written to a friend early in the spring, "I *suppose* I have not many months to live, but of course I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much

1 Superintendent of the powder-mills in Acton.

2 The rest of the passage is in "Resources" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 151, 152).

as ever, and regret nothing." He died on May 6. The funeral ceremonies took place in the Unitarian church. His neighbor, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, made the prayer, Mr. Emerson the address (printed in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*); and a poem written by his friend Channing was sung.

Thomas Cholmondeley (pronounced *Chumley*), an Englishman from Shropshire, friend of Clough at Oxford, but who had lived for years in New Zealand, came to Concord with a letter to Mr. Emerson in 1854. During his stay of some months in Concord he boarded with Thoreau's parents, and soon formed a strong friendship for him. He was quiet, open-minded, and brave, and before the end of the year returned to England to serve in the Crimean War. Just before sailing with his regiment, knowing Thoreau's interest in the Hindu Scriptures, he sent him a large number of Oriental works as a farewell gift. Thoreau bequeathed part of these to Harvard College Library and part to Mr. Emerson.

Cholmondeley returned unscathed from the war, once more came to Concord for a short visit after his stay in Canada, and then returned to England. He died in Florence two years after Thoreau's death.

A very interesting correspondence between the friends was published by Mr. F. B. Sanborn ("Thoreau and his English Friend Thomas Cholmondeley," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 72, p. 741).]

Books bequeathed to me by Henry D. Thoreau.

Rig Veda Sanhita;

First Ashtaka, Vol. 1, 1850; *Second Ashtaka*, Vol. 11, 1854, translated by H. H. Wilson;

Sankhya Karika, translated by H. T. Colebrooke; and the *Bhashya* or *Commentary of Gaurapada*, translated by H. H. Wilson, Oxford, 1837;

Lotus de la bonne loi, traduit du Sanscrit par M. E. Burnouf, quarto, Paris, 1852;

Le Bhagavata Purana, traduit par M. E. Burnouf, 3 vols., quarto, Paris, 1840–48;

Institutes of Menu, translated by Sir Wm. Jones, 1 vol., quarto, London, 1825;

Treatise on the Hindu Law of Inheritance, translated by H. T. Colebrooke, 1 vol., quarto, Calcutta, 1810;

Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, translated from the Sanscrit by H. H. Wilson, in two volumes, octavo, London, 1835;

Vol. xv. of the *Bibliotheca Indica*, translated by E. Roer, Calcutta, 1853;

Upanishad;

Aphorisms of the Nyaya, by Gautama; English translation, 1 vol., duodecimo, Allahabad, 1860;

Colebrooke's *Miscellaneous Essays*, Vols. 1 and 2;

Vishnu Purana, translated from the Sanscrit by H. H. Wilson, 1 vol., quarto, London, 1840;

Nala and Damayanti, translated by Rev. H. H. Milman, 1 vol., octavo, 1835;

Aphorisms of the Mimansa, by Jaimini, Sanscrit and English, 1857, pamphlet;

Lecture on the Vedanta, pamphlet, 1860;

Bhasha Parichchheda, pamphlet, 1851.

May 25.

Romance. Harriet Prescott has the courage of genius, as Elizabeth Sheppard had, whom she celebrates. It is an easy list to count off, our romantic writers; Bettine von Arnim, George Borrow, Elizabeth Sheppard.

There is too much vulgarity in D'Israeli than that I should willingly add his name, for all the golden thread that he has woven into his diaper.

Goethe only vitiates his claim to romance by his largeness, and by having valued himself more on his other and conventional merits. But the effect and the test of my romanticists is that they move me precisely as true poets do; as Merlin, Taliessin, or these few golden sentences that have come to me from the Bards.

Much mischief from the negro race. We pretended to christianize them, but they heathenized us.

The Supreme Court under Southern dictation pronounced that, "The negro had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." To-day, by the rebellion, the same rule holds and is worked against the Southerner: "The rebel has no rights which negro or white man is bound to respect." The world is upside down when this dictum comes from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America.

Resources or feats. I like people who can do things. When Edward and I struggled in vain to drag our big calf into the barn, the Irish girl put her finger into the calf's mouth, and led her in directly. When you find your boat full

of water at the shore of the pond and strive to drag it ashore to empty it, Tom puts a round stick underneath, and 'tis on wheels directly.

June 6.

Romance. If we could tell accurately the evanescing effects of an imaginative book on us as we read! Thus Milman's translation of *Nala and Damayanti* is nearer to my business and bosom than is the news in to-day's *Boston Journal.* And I am admonished and comforted, as I read. It all very nearly concerns me. We are elevated by beauty. I walk in marble galleries and talk with kings the while.

To my chapter on the Celebration of Intellect belongs the incident of Nala's exchange of his skill in horses for Rituparna's skill in dice or in mathematics.

Wholes. The correspondence, or balance, everywhere. If the host has duties, so has the guest. If I receive good news every day, and give none of myself, I am in false position, am a consumer and not a producer. What right has any one to read in the journal accounts of victories, if he has not bought them by his own valour, treasure, or personal sacrifice, or by

service as good in his own department? Beware that national victories are not private defeats to you and me.

A clear eye will find keeping and tie in all the circumstance, and its origin in self; will feel itself complimented equally by invitation and neglect. It is served by privacy as by crowds, itself tinges the sky with cherries and roses, or with ink.

In the garden, put pansies that make mouths at you, every one droller and more elfish than the last, . . . as if you had Punch done in flowers.

'T is inexcusable in a man who has messages to men, who has truths to impart, to scribble flourishes. He should write that which cannot be omitted; every sentence a cube, standing on its bottom like a die, essential and immortal. When cities are sacked and libraries burned, this book will be saved, — prophetic, sacred, a book of life. For, truly considered, the work of writers is like that of capitalists. . . .

Carlyle's third volume of Friedrich a masterpiece; how sovereignly written, above all liter-

ature, dictating to the world below, to citizens, statesmen, scholars, and kings, what they shall think and accept as fatal and final for their salvation. It is mankind's Bill of Rights, the *Magna Charta*, or Declaration of Independence, or right royal Proclamation of the Intellect ascending the throne, announcing its good pleasure that hereafter, *as heretofore*, and now once for all, the world shall be governed by common sense and law of morals, or shall go to ruin.[1] . . .

The disinfecting process, the untuning,—who counts these in his economy of day and life? Yet not to count these is to estimate by shows for substances.

The man McClellan ebbed like a sea.

Art. Two things in picture:

(1) Representation of Nature, which a photograph gives better than any pencil, and a *camera obscura* better than a photograph, and which is a miracle of delight to every eye.

1 The above sentence and much more that follows Mr. Emerson wrote to his friend in praise of the *Frederick the Great*. See *Correspondence* (Vol. II, pp. 279, 280).

(2) An ideal representation, which, by selection and much omission, and by adding something not in Nature, but profoundly related to the subject, and so suggesting the heart of the thing, gives a higher delight, and shows an artist, a creator.

I read a good sentence of General Scott's in the newspaper, that "resentment is a bad basis for a campaign."

June.

Henry Thoreau[1] remains erect, calm, self-subsistent, before me, and I read him not only truly in his Journal, but he is not long out of mind when I walk, and, as to-day, row upon the pond. He chose wisely no doubt for himself to be the bachelor of thought and nature that he was, — how near to the old monks in their ascetic religion! He had no talent for wealth, and knew how to be poor without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. Perhaps he fell — all of us do — into his way of living, without forecasting it much, but approved and confirmed it with later wisdom.[2]

1 That is, his memory.

2 The last three sentences occur in "Thoreau" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 454).

I find myself much approving lately the farmer's scale of living, over the villager's. Plain plenty without luxury or show. This draws no wasteful company, and escapes an army of cares. What a ludicrous figure is a village gentleman defending his few rods of clover from the street boys who lose their ball in it once a day!

June.

I know a lady who has that sovereign sweetness of temper that she receives the simplest details of any statement of any business from woman or child with such happy anticipating intelligence, that it acquires at once importance, breadth, and better intent, from her welcome. Mrs. Ripley used to say in Waltham, "I bless God every day for Mary Ripley's[1] existence." So think I of my Benvenuta.

Freckles are beautiful — in lilies.

"There is sport in the boy's water-mill, which grinds no corn, and saws no logs, and yields no money, — but not in the man's." — Thoreau, *Journal.*

Peter Robbins assured Henry that yesterday's rain had not reached the potatoes after

1 Her daughter, who became Mrs. George L. Simmons.

MISS ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON

all. "Exorbitant potatoes!" Henry adds; "it takes very serious preaching to convert them."

"Every poet has trembled on the verge of science."— THOREAU.

If there is a little strut in the style of Henry, it is only from a vigour in excess of the size of his body.

I see many generals without a command, besides Henry.

There is somewhere a pillar of rock, called "Adam's Peak," but that is not the usual style of Nature; not a column, not granite bean-pole or flagstaff, but a mountain with due support; the nucleus may be a rocky shaft, but, unsupported, it would soon fall, as a bean-pole at the first storm. So it is with eminent men. A fine genius always implies some society of its mates, if unequal.

What a new face courage puts on everything! 'T is the difference of midday from midnight.

Ah! the inconvertibility of the sentimentalist, the soul that is lost by mimicking soul.[1] . . . A deep aping or mimicry that has adhered like a parasite, until it sucks the vital juices, and

1 Much is omitted from the passage, as being printed in *Social Aims* (pp. 105–106).

makes the malformations as of false flowers on shrubs, which are found to be stingings of insects, or the warts on the plum tree. . . . In a world where a remedy exists for every mischief is there none for the sentimentalist, if it were only a boy's cracker to silence cats under dormitory windows!

The points that glowed a little in yesterday's conversation were that the North must succeed. That is sure; was sure for thirty or sixty years back, was in the education, culture, and climate of our people; they are bound to put through their undertakings. . . . Our success is sure. Its roots are in our poverty, our Calvinism, our schools, our thrifty habitual industry, in our snow, east wind, and farm life, and sea life. These able and generous merchants are the sons and grandsons of farmers and mechanics and sailors.

In the caprice and credulity of people, all these rumours and opinions take their rise, to which Whigs and statesmen and cities attach great weight, shaking their heads, and looking grave. "But Kentucky, but Baltimore, but Wall Street, and State Street." "Aye, be sure we had not thought of that." The rumours, the opin-

ions are allowed to have importance, and therefore we must wait, and Congress is justified and the President is right in caution, and in suspending his purpose. But by listening thus in here, and out there, to each new report, one is left in a chronic puzzle, and incapacity to move. By and by, a strong wind of a battle or of one energetic mind appears, and the whole drift and scud, with all its forms of bears, mountains, and dragons, vanishes out of sight, and the plain way of reason and right reappears once and forever. Why did we not obey it? This, only this, persists to be, and is forever wisdom and power.

Reading. I wish only to read that which it would be a serious disaster to have missed. Now how many foreign or domestic opinions on our war shall I suffer from not knowing? I do not know that Lord Palmerston or Lord Russell's opinion or existence is of the least importance. Not that fly of less.

The human mind cannot be burned, nor bayonetted, nor wounded, nor missing.

Thoreau. "If you would obtain insight, avoid anatomy."

"It requires so much closer attention to the

habits of the birds, that, if for that reason only, I am willing to omit the gun."

If we should ever print Henry's journals, you may look for a plentiful crop of naturalists. Young men of sensibility must fall an easy prey to the charming of Pan's pipe.

[Out of many pages of Mr. Emerson's selections from Thoreau's journals a few are given here.]

"The river is my own highway, the only wild and unfenced part of the world hereabouts."

"How much of the world is widow's thirds, with a hired man to take negligent care of it."

"The constant inquiry which Nature puts, is, 'Are you virtuous? then you can behold me.' Beauty, fragrance, music, sweetness, and joy of all kinds, are for the virtuous. That I thought when I heard the telegraph harp to-day." June, 1852.

"The perception of beauty is a moral test."

"How watchful we must be to keep the crystal well, that we were made, clear, — that it be not turbid by our contact with the world, so that it will not reflect objects. What other liberty is there worth having, if we have no

freedom and peace in our minds, if our inmost and most private man is but a sour and turbid pool?"

"I look back for the era of this creation, not into the night, but to a dawn for which no man ever rose early enough."

"Men may talk about measures till all is blue and smells of brimstone, and then go home and sit down and expect their measures to do their duty for them. The only measure is integrity and manhood."

"I am not so much reminded of former years as of existence prior to years."

"Ah, how I have thriven on solitude and poverty. I cannot overstate this advantage."

"If I would preserve my relation to Nature, I must make my life more moral, more pure, and innocent. The problem is as precise and simple as a mathematical one. I must not live loosely but more and more continently."

"The air over these fields is a foundry full of moulds for casting bluebirds' warbles."

(*Of the Seasons and Winter*)

"It is solid beauty. It has been subjected to the vicissitudes of millions of years of the gods, and not a single superfluous ornament remains.

The severest and coldest of the immortal critics shot their arrows at and pruned it, till it cannot be amended."

"At this season (10 May) the traveller passes through a golden gate on causeways where these willows are planted, as if he were approaching the entrance of Fairy Land, and there will surely be found the yellow bird, — and already from a distance is heard his note, a *tche tche tche — tcha tcha tcha.* Ah willow, willow! ah, could not he truly arrange for us the difficult family of the willows better than Boner or Barrett of Middletown!"

(From WAR)

[At the battle of Bull Run, on July 21 of the previous year, two sergeants and three privates of the Concord company of the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment were taken prisoners. After months of confinement, successively at Richmond, New Orleans, and Salisbury, North Carolina, they were exchanged, and returned safely to Concord in June. The following are evidently notes of what Mr. Emerson said on the occasion of welcoming them home.]

You men who come back have not lost your time. Certain truths have been imprinted on

you. You have seen the world. You have learned somewhat of your country. Without dishonour you have seen Virginia and Carolina. It has been true, though people have tried to disguise it for years, that a man of the Free States could not travel on his necessary business in that country without seeing or hearing something on which it was necessary he should shut his eyes and his ears. If he said what he thought, he was certain of injury or insult; if he did not speak, he lost his own respect. You have been able to see and hear much disagreeable truth, without loss of your own honour. No one will hereafter be able to persuade you that no state of society is sweet and happy and enlightened, unless it is founded on stealing. You can teach us, and I know that your votes, your charities, your plans of life, and courses of action will draw incessantly on this painful experience of the last year. You have earned the freedom of this town and this State. We welcome you home to the houses and lands that are dear to you, to your old companions and to new friends. We shall never see you without respect and gratitude. — These are they who bore our sins on their shoulders, and by their sufferings we are at peace. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and I am sure

that many a time in these weary weeks by night and by day, our quiet landscape, the silent river and the inland ponds and the plain houses thereby have loomed up in your fancy; and Fairhaven and Walden Pond, and Nine Acre Corner, and the East Quarter Schoolhouse, you would have given a month's wages to look upon.

(From VA)

July.

I suppose the war does not recommend Slavery to anybody. If it cost ten years of war, and ten to recover the general prosperity, the destruction of Slavery is worth so much. But it does not cost so much time to get well again. How many times France has been a warfield! Every one of her towns has been sacked; the harvest has been a hundred times trampled down by armies. And yet, when you suppose, as after the first Napoleon's time, that the country must be desolate, a year's labour, a new harvest, almost the hours of one perfect summer day create prodigious wealth, and repair the damage of ten years of war.

I read with entire complacency that part of the history of art when the new spiritualism set

the painters on painting the saints as ugly and inferior men, to hint the indifferency of all circumstance to the divine exuberance, and I remember this with great satisfaction at the photographist's shop.

Matthew Arnold writes well of "the grand style," but the secret of that is a finer moral sentiment. 'T is very easy for Alcott to talk grandly; he will make no mistake. 'T is certain that the poetic temperament of Channing will utter lines and passages inimitable by any talent.[1] "*Cette splendeur d'expression qui emporte avec elle la preuve des grandes pensees.*" — VAUVENARGUES.

Collins and Gray are examples in English verse, and Aunt Mary in prose, and Plotinus and Proclus in prose.

Labour hides itself in every mode and form.[2] . . .

Why are people so sensitive about the reputation of General McClellan? There is always

1 Yet Mr. Emerson was constantly impatient of his discords and wilful neglect to mend his poems.

2 The rest of the passage occurs in "Perpetual Forces" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 75).

something rotten about a sensitive reputation. Besides, is not General McClellan an American citizen? And is it not the first attribute and distinction of an American to be abused and slandered as long as he is heard of?

Le terrible dire de la familiarité remains important. A man's connections must be looked after. If he surpasses everybody in mother wit, yet is scholar like the rest, be sure he has got a mother or father or aunt or cousin who has the uncorrupted slang of the street, the pure mud, and which is inestimable to him as spice and alterative, and which delights you in his rhetoric, like the devil's tunes when put to slow time in church-music.

All Aunt Mary's language was happy, but inimitable as if caught from some dream.

The art of the writer is to speak his fact and have done. Let the reader find that he cannot afford to omit any line of your writing, because you have omitted every word that he can spare.

You are annoyed — are you? — that your fine friends do not read you. They are better friends than you knew, and have done you the rarest service. Now write so that they must. When

it is a disgrace to them that they do not know what you have said, you will hear the echo.

Benefit of conceit. When you next write on conceit, have the good nature to see it as it is, a balsam, a sugar on the lip of the cup to sweeten the sad potation to all mortals.

How kind this keeping the eyes shut! The little rhymester is just as much pleased with his *vers de société* as the poet with his images; on the whole is happier, for he thinks they are good, and the poet is always wretched at his shortcomings.

On the bottom of the shell of the wood tortoise, *Emys insculpta*, is painted an oak leaf.

The stem of the arum has the colours of the parrot's neck.

Elizabeth Hoar found a tortoise eating a yellow toadstool, a few days since.

Ellery Channing finds the *podalyria tinctoria* to be the favourite flower of the humblebee.

August 28.

Yesterday in town talked with George Sennott, Esq., who hoped the rumour true that Sigel had shot McDowell, for he liked that any

man should shoot any other, as that showed character, whilst most men would do nothing, either good or bad, but only compromise and neutralize. He railed at Sumner, and thought the war had only brought out two New England men, Butler and Banks. Banks had learned much from Rantoul, who was far his superior. He invited me to attend a Democratic primary meeting at Young's Hotel, September 5, at 12 o'clock.

"This world belongs to the energetic."

The incisive style of all English writers from A.D. 1600 to 1700 seems no longer attainable. It resembles the force of the words of children. These old garden books, like Evelyn, have it. 'T is a kind of baby-talk, which we can no longer use.

When I compare my experience with that of my own family and coevals, I think that, in spite of the checks, I have had a triumphant health.

The aphorism of the lawyers, *non curat de minimis prætor*, like most of their wisdom is to be reversed; for the truth is, *in minimis existit*

natura. In Nature, nothing is insignificant because it is small.

I believe in the perseverance of the saints. I believe in effectual calling. I believe in life everlasting.

As people grow old, they find a personal meaning in the word, "To the froward, thou shalt show thyself froward."

As people rise in the social scale, they think more of each other's opinion than of their own. And 't is hard to find one who does not measure his business and daily performance from the supposed estimate. And yet, his own is the only standard. Down in the pits of hunger and want, life has a real dignity, from this doing the best, instead of the seemly. The sailor on the topmast in a storm, the hunter amidst the snowdrifts, the woodman in the depth of the forest, cannot stop to think how he looks, or what London or Paris would say, and therefore his garb and behaviour have a certain dignity, like the works of Nature around him; he would as soon ask what the crows and muskrats think of him. And this habit of self-reliance forms the manners you admire in Kit Carson or Captain Holdrege.

How shallow seemed to me yesterday in the woods the speech one often hears from tired citizens who have spent their brief enthusiasm for the country, that Nature is tedious, and they have had enough of green leaves. Nature and the green leaves are a million fathoms deep, and it is these eyes that are superficial. Homer, Orpheus, and Kalidasa have not exhausted Nature so that Shakespeare, Burns, and Wordsworth find no more to say. Pliny had come to the end of Natural History, but there was room left for Linnæus, Newton, Goethe, Cuvier, and Agassiz. To the heroic I will show myself heroic, says Nature. Henry said, "I wish so to live as to derive my satisfactions and inspirations from the commonest events, so that what my senses hourly perceive, my daily walk, the conversation of my neighbours, may inspire me, and I may dream of no heaven but that which lies about me."

Nature, like every language, yields each only his own. The scold and the felon draw all the baseness of English, the saint all the purity and rapture, the poet and artist, music and grandeur.

"Our stock in life, our real estate is that amount of thought which we have had, which

we have thought out. The ground we have thus created is forever pasturage for our thoughts." — THOREAU.

"We *condescend* to climb the crags of earth." — THOREAU, May 23, 1854.

Beeches. "They impress you as full of health and vigour, so that the bark can hardly contain their spirits, but lies in folds or wrinkles about their ankles, like a sock, with the *embonpoint* wrinkle of fat infancy." — THOREAU.

(From WAR)

I grieve to see that the Government is governed by the hurrahs of the soldiers or the citizens. It does not lead opinion, but follows it.

August 30.

Several urgent motives point to the Emancipation.

1. The eternal right of it.

2. The military necessity of creating an army in the rear of the enemy, and throughout his country, and in every plantation, compelling him to disband his army, and rush home to protect his family and estate.

3. The danger of the adoption by the South of the policy of Emancipation. France and England may peaceably recognize the Southern Confederacy, on the condition of Emancipation. Instantly, we are thrown into falsest position. All Europe will back France and England in the act, because the cause of the South will then be the Cause of Freedom, the cause of the North will be that of Slavery. See the effect of recognition. It breaks at once the blockade. The South at once will acquire a navy, buying ships of France and England, and buying sailors and officers, too, if needed, of them, and will face us on the sea, and, at last, protect themselves. Then our war is fruitless. Our enormous debt remains real. The Border States sympathize with the South, and, not wishing to pay this debt, join the South. Neither will California, Wisconsin, Minnesota care to pay the debt, but will secede. Utah combines with California, being always hostile to the States. The Mississippi Valley north and south combines to save the river. And an eastern tier of States is left to bear the load, and the load is too great, and the debt is repudiated.

Emancipation makes all this impossible. European governments dare not interfere, for

Slavery, as soon as the Union is pronounced for Liberty.

France says, I know very well the avoirdupois of the North, but it will not succeed, because it will not take this step (of Emancipation) to make its weight tell.

[Written later.]

1863, 1 January; *1864*, February 15. Now it has been fully taken.

With the South the war is primary; with the North it is secondary; secondary of course to their trade, then also to their pleasure. The theatres and concerts are filled as usual.

I don't know that the Government can carry on a war; and it has ever been in the minds of our people who know how public action drags, and how efficient is private enterprise, to turn it over to private hands, and let Adams's Express undertake by contract the capture of Richmond, of Charleston, of the pirate Alabama, and any other designated parts of the war. But if England and France should really move to dismember the Union, there might then be energy instantly roused to concentrate our force on the storming of Richmond, Charleston,

Savannah, and Mobile, so as to make the Government master of all the ports; then we should say to Europe, "the ports are all open, we are happy to see your trade here," and, if hostility were to follow with Europe, it would probably soon be made the hoop to hold us stanch.

I wrote Charles G. Loring, Esq., who sent me his "Correspondence with Edwin Field, Esq." [as follows]: —

The aspects of our problem are too complex than that a foreigner can be expected to do justice to them all. Mr. Field declines to look longer. An Englishman is too preoccupied. One thing is plain to me, — that our constitutionality can only appear to ourselves. Foreigners cannot give the requisite attention to see them. Broad grounds, as, if one party fights for Freedom, or for Slavery, they can appreciate. But our constitutionality, on which we so pique ourselves, of one party fighting at the same time for Slavery in the loyal States, and, in the rebel States, against it, is too technical for distant observers, and only supplies them with the reproach that our cause is immoral. And if the war will alter our *status* on this point, and alter it soon, it will be worth all our calamities.

Army, Mutiny.—"When the extinguisher takes fire, 't is an awkward business."

Bonaparte said to Bubna, the Austrian diplomatist, in 1809, speaking of the campaign of 1809; "My great advantage is in being constantly on the offensive with you, not only at large (*en grand*), but also in detail, and in every particular moment. I am not on the defensive except when I do not see you; for instance, in the night: but, as soon as I see you, I resume the offensive, I form my plan, and I force you to fly before my movements."

Bubna relates of Bonaparte: — *Il lui a juré qu'il ne faisait jamais de plan d'avance, pas même la veille d'une bataille, mais toujours dans le moment où il voit la position et les desseins probables de son ennemi. "Votre armée serait tout aussi bonne que la mienne, si je la commandais; toute autre armée qui se mesurera avec vous, russe, prussienne, etc., sera sûre d'être battue."* — Gentz's *Diary*, p. 205.

Gentz's *Diary* inevitably translates itself into American war, as I read. *Mutato nomine de te.*

(From VA)

"*Dès que le sacrifice devient un devoir et un besoin pour l'homme, je ne vois plus de limite à*

l'horizon qui s'ouvre devant moi." — Ernest Renan.

If we were truly to take account of stock before the Last Court of Appeals, — that were an inventory. What are my resources?[1] . . .

(From loose sheets in VA)

I hear with some surprise the uneasiness felt by army men at the temporary neglect of the interests of the army by the Government and of the popular preference of the volunteer force. It is unavoidable that there should be a stress laid on the volunteer army, in a moment when a million of men were to be taken from their business, their families, and thrust into the risks of war, vastly more dreadful to them from their total unacquaintance with the science, that teaches to prevent and elude as well as to resist.

But, of course, the numbers of the army and officers were totally incompetent to fulfil this duty, and it needed every inducement of honour, of reward, of public encouragement and thence conciliation of good will of the people to enrol and equip this army.

1 The paragraph is printed in "Perpetual Forces" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 77).

(From VA)

Resources. If Cabot, if Lowell, if Agassiz, if Alcott come to me to be messmates in some ship, or partners in the same colony, what they chiefly bring, all they bring, is their thoughts, their ways of classifying and seeing things; and how a sweet temper can cheer, how a fool can dishearten the days!

How remarkable the principle of iteration in rhetoric! We are delighted with it in rhyme, in poetic prose, in song, above all, allowing a line to be not only a burden to the whole song, but, as in negro melodies, to be steadily repeated three or four times in immediate succession. Well, what shall we say of a liturgy? what of a litany? what of a Lord's Prayer, the burial service, which is echoed and reëchoed from one end of man's life to the other.

In optics no number of reflections of the same object displeases; and, in acoustics, no number of echoes displeases; rather in both the more the better. Wren said, colonnades may be continued *ad infinitum.*

When I bought my farm, I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobo-

links, and thrushes; as little did I know what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying.

Singular delusion. A lawyer says, without shame, I am not an abolitionist. I am a lawyer; my life devoted to the study and maintenance of rights of persons and property, and I go for the last outrages on both. I have no objection to a strong white man, by the judicious use of handcuffs and cartwhip, forcing any number of black men and women to do his work. I am a lawyer, but have no objection to counterfeiting. God forbid I should resist a poisoner or practitioner of the garotte. I am a teacher of youth, and by taste a religionist, but I defy you to put your hand on any act or word of mine in behalf of what was unpopular. So far has Slavery poisoned the air of America, that an assertion of Freedom marks vulgarity. Who can brand me with having ever spoken the truth if there was a whimper against it? I call Heaven to witness that I will never do anything disagreeable to the respectable classes.

Sensibility is all. The poorest place has all the real wealth of the richest as soon as Genius arrives. How magical the poor pond under

Channing's eyes, and I remember Cabot's thoughts on Art.

Excellence is a perfect excuse. Do it well, and it matters little what. Classic poetry is very cold, but the omnipotence of the muse is in Lycidas. How partial, like mutilated eunuchs, the musical artists appear to me in society! Politics, bankruptcy, frost, famine, war, — nothing concerns them but a scraping on a catgut, or tooting on a bass French horn. The crickets in the grass chirp their national song at all hours, quite heedless who conquers, Federals or rebels, in the war, and so do these.

From our boat in Walden Pond we saw the bottom at great depth, the stones all lying covered with moss or lichen as they looked of a greenish gray colour. Ellery said, "There is antiquity, how long they have lain there unchanged."

October.

The country seems to be ruined not so much by the malignity as by the levity of people. A vast force of voters allow themselves, by mere compliments and solicitations of a few well-dressed intriguers, to promise their support to a

party whose wish is to drag back Slavery into the government of the Union.

Great is the virtue of the Proclamation. It works when men are sleeping, when the army goes into winter quarters, when generals are treacherous or imbecile.

October (?).

En France, tout arrive. Mrs. Sedgwick said that it was well enough to go to New York or to London, but she did not think it needful. She had found that by sitting still in Lenox, year after year, all the people she had heard of and wished to see came by, sooner or later. I do not know but one might apply this to books. Reading depends on the reader. A highly susceptible reader finds hints and oracles in a newspaper. All the sentences that make the best fruit of Milton's, Shakspeare's, Plato's genius come to the attentive listener, though he have never ransacked libraries for them.

"Voltaire was an apostle of Christian ideas, (*gesinnungen*), only were these names hostile to him, and he never knew it otherwise." —Varnhagen von Ense, *Diary*, Vol. I, 80.

In this connection, later, von Ense repeats

the text, "One son said No, and went; the other said Yes, and went not."

Ernest Renan says of the materialists of the eighteenth century and their continuators in the nineteenth, "*Ils prêchaient le vrai spiritualisme, l'humanité, la pitié, l'équité sociale, et ils trouvaient bon de se dire matérialistes, denier dans les termes l'idée dont ils fondaient la réalité.*" — *Essais de Morale.*

[Alluding to the above passages, Mr. Emerson wrote in a later Journal:]

I ought thereto to have added the sentence which follows,—"*Ils prêchaient le Dieu véritable, celui qu'on sert par la justice et la droiture, et ils se disaient athées.*" — *Essais de Morale*, p. 63.

[The Proclamation of Emancipation to all slaves in States still in rebellion, on January 1, was promulgated on September 22. On that day a meeting of citizens, who had long waited for and now rejoiced in this act of the President, was held in Boston. Mr. Emerson spoke. His speech was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1862.]

The Proclamation has defined every man's position. In reading every speech, or any sen-

tence of any speech, but a few words show at once the animus of the men, show them friends of Slavery; show us that the battle-ground is fast changing from Richmond to Boston. They unmask themselves, and though we tried to think them freemen, they are not. Look where they rage at Sumner. They find not Lincoln, for they do not think him really anti-slavery, but the abolitionist they can find is Sumner, and him they hate. If Sumner were pro-slavery, there would be no chemical analysis and magnifying glass needed to exhibit his foibles.

It seems to promise an extension of the war. For there can be no durable peace, no sound Constitution, until we have fought this battle, and the rights of man are vindicated. It were to patch a peace to cry Peace whilst this vital difference exists.

November 1.

Yesterday, October 31, I found the foliage more richly coloured, I think, in the woods, than on any day of this season. Earlier, at the time when we usually find the richest colour, some warm misty weather seemed to rob it prematurely, and, when the sun came out again, the landscape was rusty. Yesterday and to-day the mildest, most poetic of days, and, as usual, this

equilibrium of the elements seems to be the normal state, and the northeast wind the exception.

Health. The flame of life sometimes flickers high above the wick, as if it could easily detach itself and leave your old body in the lurch. I call it health only when the flame jets equally and robustly from every part and particle. Powers of a fine temper, how signal! Prosperity begins with that presence.

The bankers believe that the moment peace shall allow a return of trade we shall have better times than were ever known. The rotten firms broken up, the markets all cleaned out, the old stocks got rid of, all is hungry for supply. Well, I think also it will be a better time in Church and State. This detestable Slavery being killed out, the lips of the churchman will no longer be padlocked on that and other public sins. It will be easy to stretch moral rules to their universal extent. We shall be able to say "moral" in the widest sense, and supply the names of saints by the diviner Conscience, Antoninus, and Zeno, and Pascal, and à Kempis.

In Art, they have got thus far, the rage for Saints and Crucifixions and Pietàs is past, and

landscape and portrait, and history, and *genres* have come in. It is significant enough of the like advance in religion.

In this country it is looked upon as unmanly not to vote.

I suppose, if we could go into houses and family circles we should find that each of the independent electors and each of the high candidates, too, is not original in his vote, or his platform, but is under personal influences. He is very free and unembarrassed in his discourse with you, a man of the people, making up his mind on general grounds of public good. But, at last, he disappoints you, and, still talking plausibly, votes and acts with the enemy. It is that he has a tyrant in his acquaintance who takes care to visit him at proper moments, has acquired an influence by manners, and, belonging to a more accomplished circle, flatters his ambition, and poisons his ear against his natural allies and plain duties, and controls his vote. This is an affair of degrees. That mischievous person who poisons his ear is himself reached and used by another or by others. Everything is in series. But the whole interweaving of the social canvas betrays an absence of original per-

ception and will, in any quarter, as if God had left himself out of the world.

Wendell Phillips gives no intimation of his perfect eloquence in casual intercourse. How easily he wears his power, quite free and disengaged, nowise absorbed in any care or thought of the thunderbolt he carries concealed. I think he has more culture than his own, is debtor to generations of gentlemen behind him. Conway says, that when Phillips speaks, Garrison observes delighted the effect on the audience and seems to see and hear everything except Phillips; is the only one in the audience who does not hear and understand Phillips.

But I think Phillips is entirely resolved into his talent. There is not an immense residuum left as in Webster.

Every man is at the mercy of his own son. No matter how brave, talented, or dogmatic, he must have such breadth in his opinions that his son cannot outsee him, or he will have to surrender them.[1] Ergo, the Christian religion will triumph and Slavery will go to the wall.

1 This passage probably refers to the notable fact that the sons of the aristocratic and conservative families of Boston and

I look on the Southern victories as I look at those of the Mussulman over Christendom, due to fanaticism, to the petulance and valour of a people who had nothing else and must make a brilliant onset and raid here and there. But ideas and their slow massive might are irresistible at last. The few lessons which the first had to teach are learned by the last in one or two campaigns, but the last vegetates eternally. The other reaches its short acme and decomposes in a day; violence and cunning are no match for wisdom. For they must find dogmas that are not ridiculous, that none can travesty, but that still return immortal like the sky, how long soever you have hid yourself in cellars.

Such is the saturation of things with the moral law, that you cannot escape from it.[1] . . .

Most men have so little hold on the sources of strength that the common accidents of every day prove defeats and are solemnly treated as such, and they are in the dumps over every day's bulletin, just as a boy's fort is blown down

other cities and towns, Pro-Slavery Whigs, after service at the front, had their eyes opened to the conditions and character of the war, and their proud parents rapidly changed their tone.

1 See "Perpetual Forces" for the rest of the passage (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 86).

or undermined by the first wind or shower. As Aunt Mary said of Talleyrand, "He is not constituted for a future state." Others, like Alcott, never destroy, but are always busy in reconstructing; look beyond the passing cloud to a clear horizon; know that serene weather, an equilibrium of elements, is the normal state.

Of Alcott, the whim of writing is a false instinct, like Goethe's for sculpture, over which both of them lost much good time.

It is said Mr. Lincoln has a policy and adheres to it. He thinks Emancipation almost morally wrong and resorts to it only as a desperate measure, and means never to put radicals into power. When he puts one into office, as Frémont, or Phelps, or Lane, he takes care to neutralize him by a Democrat or a Kentuckian who will thwart him. And prudent people say, "Quite right, for these hot-heads have no administrative talent." Perhaps not; but they cannot have less than the ruling party, which has shown none whatever. Perhaps, also, they have a great deal. They respect principles, which, it may still be believed, have a certain force, if not in the Whig Club, yet in the Universe of men.

Besides, those defeats are incidents and not crises to a well-principled man, not affecting the general result (which he contemplates as a foregone conclusion) any more than headwinds or calms to a good sailor, who uses them also to make his port.

Moral tendency is the regnant west wind, resulting from the astronomic motion of the planets.

I must think that the immense advantage of power of resistance on a foot of solid land outweighs all advantages of motion in the attack by ships. After Ericsson has built his ironclad, if the problem is, how to resist it and destroy it from a battery in New York or Boston Harbour, I must think Ericsson, or any other man in his senses, if you offer him the sea attack or the land defence, would choose the last as the most feasible. For it is a choice between an anvil afloat and an anvil on shore. There is a speedy limit to the weight of metal a ship can carry, and then to the explosive force its decks and timbers can resist; but there is no limit to the resistance of the planet; it is used to earthquakes and volcanoes and lightning, and minds them no more than seas. Why not, then, to a

gun which throws four hundred or eight hundred pounds of iron ball?

Varnhagen von Ense says, "No nut without a shell. Without the earthly and common, no existence. The heavenly must dive into the impure, purify and raise it, whilst itself suffers thereby. Who can have nothing to do with the unclean, must yet permit others to do so for him. How much that was necessary to the promulgation of Christianity Jesus could not do, but Paul did it for him. Schleiermacher said once, in Halle, with frolic boldness, "Without Paul, the thing would not have got on far." — VARNHAGEN'S *Diary*, Vol. 1, p. 74.

Well, yes, all our political disasters grow as logically out of our attempts in the past to do without justice as thistles and nettles out of their seeds.[1] . . .

There never was a nation great except through trial. A religious revolution cuts sharpest, and tests the faith and endurance. A civil war sweeps away all the false issues on which it began, and arrives presently at real and lasting questions.

1 The rest of the passage is in "Perpetual Forces" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 86).

A movement in an aristocratic state does not argue a deep cause. A dozen good fellows may have had a supper and warmed each other's blood to some act of spite or arrogance, which they talk up and carry out the next month; or one man, Calhoun, or Rhett, may have grown bilious, and his grumble and fury are making themselves felt at the legislature. But in a Democracy, every movement has a deep-seated cause.

George Francis Train said in a public speech in New York, "Slavery is a divine institution." "So is hell," exclaimed an old man in the crowd.

In poetry, the charm is, of course, in the power of the thought which enforces beautiful expression. But the common experience is, fine language to clothe commonplace thoughts, if I may say thoughts. And the effect is, dwarfs on stilts. 'T is a fine expression of Arnold's, "The lyrical cry," though the examples he gives are not well chosen.

[On November 12, Mr. Emerson was to deliver a lecture, "American Nationality," in the Fraternity Course, and most of what follows in

the next few pages was probably written for that address.]

When we build, our first care is to find good foundation. If the surface be loose, or sandy, or springy, we clear it away, and dig down to the hard pan, or, better, to the living rock, and bed our courses in that. So will we do with the State. The war is serving many good purposes. It is no respecter of respectable persons or of worn-out party platforms. War is a realist, shatters everything flimsy and shifty, sets aside all false issues, and breaks through all that is not real as itself; comes to organize opinions and parties, resting on the necessities of man; like its own cannonade, comes crushing in through party walls that have stood fifty or sixty years as if they were solid. The screaming of leaders, the votes by acclamation, conventions, are all idle wind. They cry for mercy, but they cry to one who never knew the word. He is the arm of the Fates, and, as has been said, "Nothing prevails against God but God." Everything must perish except that which must live.

Well, this is the task before us, to accept the benefit of the War; it has not created our false relations, they have created it. It simply demon-

strates the rottenness it found. We watch its course as we did the cholera, which goes where predisposition already existed, took only the susceptible, set its seal on every putrid spot, and on none other; followed the limestone, and left the granite. So the War. Anxious statesmen try to rule it, to slacken it here and let it rage there, to not exasperate, to keep the black man out of it; to keep it well in hand, nor let it ride over old party lines, nor much molest trade, and to confine it to the frontier of the two sections. Why need Cape Cod, why need Casco Bay, why need Lake Superior, know anything of it? But the Indians have been bought, and they came down on Lake Superior; Boston and Portland are threatened by the pirate; Secession unexpectedly shows teeth in Boston; our parties have just shown you that the War is already in Massachusetts, as in Richmond.

Let it search, let it grind, let it overturn, and, like the fire when it finds no more fuel, it burns out. The War will show, as all wars do, what is wrong is intolerable, what wrong makes and breeds all this bad blood. I suppose that it shows two incompatible states of society, Freedom and Slavery. If a part of this country is civilized up to a clean insight of Freedom,

and of its necessity, and another part is not so far civilized, then I suppose that the same difficulties will continue; the War will not be extinguished; no treaties, no peace, no constitution can paper over the lips of that red crater. Only when, at last, so many parts of the country as can combine on an equal and moral contract, — not to protect each other in polygamy, or in kidnapping, or in eating men, but in humane and just activities, — only so many can combine firmly and durably.

I speak the speech of an idealist. I say let the rule be right. If the theory is right, it is not so much matter about the facts. If the plan of your fort is right, it is not so much matter that you have got a rotten beam or a cracked gun somewhere; they can by and by be replaced by better without tearing your fort to pieces. But if the plan is wrong, then all is rotten, and every step adds to the ruin; every screw is loose, and all the machine crazy. The question stands thus. Reconstruction is no longer matter of doubt. All our action now is new and unconstitutional, and necessarily so. To bargain or treat at all with the rebels, to make arrangements with them about exchange of prisoners, or hospitals, or truces to bury the dead, all

unconstitutional and enough to drive a strict constructionist out of his wits. Much more in our future action touching peace, any and every arrangement short of forcible subjugation of the rebel country, will be flat disloyalty, on our part.

Then how to reconstruct. I say, this time, go to work right. Go down to the pan. See that your works turn on a jewel. Do not make an impossible mixture. Do not lay your corner-stone on a shaking morass that will let down the superstructure into a bottomless pit again.

Leave Slavery out, since (unfortunately as some may think) God is God, and nothing gratifies all men but justice. Let us have that, and let us stifle our prejudices against common sense and humanity, and agree that every man shall have what he honestly earns, and, if he is a sane and innocent man, have an equal vote in the state, and a fair chance in society.

And I, speaking in the interest of no man and no party, but simply as a geometer of his forces, say that the smallest beginning, so that it is just, is better and stronger than the largest that is not quite just. This time, no compromises, no concealments, no crimes that cannot be called by name shall be tucked in under an-

other name, like "persons held to labour," meaning persons stolen, and "held," meaning held by handcuffs, when they are not under whips. Now the smallest state so formed will and must be strong, the interest and the affection of every man will make it strong by his entire strength, and it will mightily persuade every other man, and every neighbouring territory to make it larger, and it will not reach its limits until it comes to people who think that they are a little cunninger than the Maker of this world and of the consciences of men.

Carlyle at least is not deceived by the hypocrisies of his age. He knows what London religion and patriotism are worth, and the bellowing of their professions he does not mind. But he seems to have made a covenant with his eyes not to see the foibles of his Cromwells and Fredericks.

Of Plutarch the surprising merit is the facility with which he deals with subjects which other men strain themselves to reach to.[1] . . .

1 See "Plutarch" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 301).

November 29.

Great harvest this year of apples and pears. I suppose I have sold a hundred barrels of apples, when I add the August and September sales to the winter apples. Beurrè Diels (pears) have been an excellent fruit for the last month, and were still perfect at Thanksgiving. Passe Colmars perfect also on that day. We had a profusion of Seckels and of Louise Bonnes. We had two or three barrels of them, and not less than four barrels of Gloutmorceaux (which proved excellent from December 22 to January 6; and now to February 6).[1]

What a convivial talent is that of Wendell Holmes! He is still at his Club, when he travels in search of his wounded son;[2] has the same delight in his perceptions, in his wit, in its effect, which he watches as a belle the effect of her beauty; would still hold each companion fast

1 Note added by Mr. Emerson later.

2 Mr. Emerson had evidently been reading "My Hunt after the Captain," Dr. Holmes's account in the *Atlantic Monthly* (December, 1862) of his southern journey to the front to find his son, Captain O. W. Holmes, Jr., of the Twentieth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers — now Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

by his spritely, sparkling, widely-allusive talk, as at the Club table; tastes all his own talent, calculates every stroke, and yet the fountain is unfailing, the wit excellent, the *savoir vivre* and *savoir parler* admirable.

Isaac Hecker,[1] the Catholic Priest, came to see me and desired to read lectures on the Catholic Church in Concord. I told him that nobody would come to hear him, such was the aversation of people, at present, to theological questions; and not only so, but the drifting of the human mind was now quite in another direction than to any churches. Nor could I possibly affect the smallest interest in anything that regarded his church. We are used to this whim of a man's choosing to put on and wear a painted petticoat, as we are to whims of artists who wear a mediæval cap or beard, and attach importance to it; but, of course, they must say nothing about it to us, and we will never notice it to

1 Isaac T. Hecker, who was Thoreau's contemporary and much interested in him, had been one of the Brook Farm Community. Afterwards he became a zealous member of the Paulist Fathers. Mr. E. H. Russell contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* (Vol. 90, p. 370) "A Bit of Unpublished Correspondence between Henry Thoreau and Isaac T. Hecker."

them, but will carry on general conversation, with utter reticence as to each other's whimsies; but if once they speak of it, they are not the men we took them for, and we do not talk with them twice. But I doubt if any impression can be made on Father Isaac. He converted Mrs. W——, and, like the lion that has eaten a man, he wants to be at it again, and convert somebody.

"A Bank of England note is worth its nominal value on the Exchange, for the very reason that it is not worth a farthing in Westminster Hall." — BURKE.

I write laboriously after a law, which I see, and then lose, and then see again. And, I doubt not, though I see around me many men of superior talent, that my reader will do me the justice to feel that I am not contriving something to surprise or to tickle him, but am seriously striving to say that which is.

We used, forty years ago, religious rites in every house, which have disappeared. There is no longer, in the houses of my acquaintances, morning or evening family prayer.[1] . . .

1 For the rest of the passage see "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 107).

Poverty, sickness, a lawsuit, even bad dark weather and politics (such as now), spoil a great many days in the scholar's year, hinder him of the frolic freedom friendly to spontaneous flow of thought. And that makes the use of clubs; in the large, discursive, happy talk, truths detach themselves as thoughts, spars flake off from the eternal wall, and not only the company enjoy them, but the scholar most of all; he takes possession of them, and uses them henceforward as powers. Bad politics, the public disasters, instruct us heavily, sober us, cure us of bragging, but they are bad subjects for the muse; they drag us down usually into corners and party views. If I read a book on whatever subject, no matter how remote or how deeply buried the events and actors be, — if the author write deeply, and with a stroke of genius, he is instantly modern, though it be Egypt and affairs of mummies, and I see that one fact is as good as another fact, a petty example as a near and great example, to show the omnipresent law of life and rational beings.

December.

This in answer to the query, Is any person master of the American question at this moment? No, none can accost such question with

advantage, unless he is born for it. That a man is wise or deep does not make his opinion important; for men are locally or topically wise and deep. Burke had a genius for his politics, and was a prophet in Parliament, but none "on the sublime and beautiful." Alcott would be just the reverse.

"Spring, when the minute crimson-starred female flowers of the hazel are peeping forth on the hillsides." — Thoreau.

I should have noted whilst they were fresh in mind the consternation and religious excitement caused in my good grandfather and his companions by the death of one soldier at Bunker Hill. Let us believe it was the first or it would discredit the history of the carnage. Similar was the impression made by a death in their neighbourhood in the family of Samuel Moody, as appeared in a letter which Ellen read to me. One would think that nobody ever died before, or, that our great-grandfathers were the long-living patriarchs of Shem and Seth and Enoch's time.

A Lyceum needs three things, a great deal of

light, of heat, and of people. At Pittsburgh we wanted all three, and usually we lack one or the other.

At Seydelmann's playing of Goethe's *Faust*, were present Bettine, the Savignys, Mendelssohn, Gans, Werder, etc. "I must laugh," says V., "that they asked my judgment; a judgment is a landing, and I was sailing on the high sea."

"After all, what a beautiful thing it is, not to be, but to have been a genius" (says George Borrow, at the birthplace of Hun Morris, the Welsh Poet who died 1708); and because the thinker seldom speaks to the actor in his time, but ever to actors in the next age.

A Welsh bard, Robert Lleiaf, two hundred and forty years ago, sang thus: "I will go to the land of Mona, notwithstanding the water of the Menai, across the sand, without waiting for the ebb." — Borrow, *Wild Wales*.

On this verse, the people were expecting for two hundred years to see a bridge across the Menai, which, at last, the genius of Telford accomplished.

Almost as old as Lleiaf, is another verse in the Welsh "Greal" which is thus translated:

"I got up in Mona, as soon as 't was light,
At nine, in old Chester my breakfast I took,
In Ireland I dined, and in Mona, ere night,
By the turf fire I sat in my own ingle nook."

Borrow thinks this a prophecy of the power of steam, as the feat described it would be quite easy to accomplish in these days.

I am a bard least of bards. I cannot, like them, make lofty arguments in stately, continuous verse, constraining the rocks, trees, animals, and the periodic stars to say my thoughts, — for that is the gift of great poets; but I am a bard because I stand near them, and apprehend all they utter, and with pure joy hear that which I also would say, and, moreover, I speak interruptedly words and half stanzas which have the like scope and aim: —

What I cannot declare, yet cannot all withhold.[1]

1 This line occurs in Mr. Emerson's poem "My Garden."

Authors or Books mentioned or referred to in Journal for 1862

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Cicero, *Letter to Marcus Marcellus;* Pliny the Elder; *Nala and Damayanti;*

Taliessin, and *Welsh Bardic Fragments;* Sieur de Joinville, *Histoire de Saint Louis;*

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John Evelyn, *The Complete Gardener;* Algernon Sidney; Roger Cotes; Voltaire; Marshall Saxe;

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Cuvier; Cottle, *Early Recollections;* Mountstuart Elphinstone; Varnhagen von Ense, *Diary;* Bettine von Arnim; Panard, *Drinking Song;*

Alcott; William H. Seward; George Borrow, *Wild Wales;* Abd el Kader *apud* Daumas; William Lloyd Garrison; De Tocqueville; Disraeli, *Novels;* Abraham Lincoln, *Emancipation Proclamation;* John Sterling; Wendell Phillips; Charles Sumner;

Thoreau, *Journals;* W. E. Channing, *Poems;* Lowell; Henry Howard Brownell, *The Old Cove;* G. W. Bassett, on *Slavery;* J. Elliot Cabot, *Art;* Gaston Boissier (*Revue des Deux Mondes*); Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, *Charles Auchester* and *Counterparts;* Harriet Prescott.

[See also pp. 419, 420, for list of Oriental works bequeathed to Mr. Emerson by Mr. Thoreau.]

JOURNAL

THE WAR

NEGRO SOLDIERS

VISIT TO WEST POINT

DARTMOUTH AND WATERVILLE ADDRESS

CONFUCIUS

SAADI

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

CONCORD TOWN MEETING

JUDGE HOAR

BOSTON

JOURNAL LIV

1863

(From Journals WAR, GL, VA, FOR, and DL)

"If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If Freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Peace, peace, O purblind crew, who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!"

WORDSWORTH.

[ON the opening day of the New Year the President was to fulfil his promise of Emancipation of the slaves (though the decree was limited to those States or portions of States still in rebellion), and this act of justice would lift a load from all champions or lovers of Freedom, who could not but feel some anxiety lest some concession should be made to pro-slavery opinion or Border State pressure.

In response to a call of the leading patriots in and around Boston, Longfellow heading the list,

a Musical Festival of rejoicing was held in the Music Hall. Mr. Francis J. Garrison, who, as a youth, was present, the son of the great apostle of Emancipation, has, this year, the Fiftieth Anniversary of that event, chronicled it in a broadside. He believes the moving spirits to have been John S. Dwight, the musical critic and composer, and Otto Dresel, the distinguished pianist and composer. When the musicians had tuned their instruments and the great audience were expectant of the glorious overture, Josiah Quincy, Jr., came forward and announced that a Prologue had been written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who himself would read it. A newspaper of that week, says, probably quoting Mr. Quincy, "This was not in the bills. The Committee, making a virtue of necessity, had kept it back for a surprise. The truth is, our poet, while he wished and strove to do it, feeling the imperative splendour of the opportunity, was far too true a poet and too much upon his honour with the Muse to compromise her name by any rash announcement without authority of her own sign manual, to wit, the actual arrival of the poem." This was the "Boston Hymn."

Mr. Francis J. Garrison, speaking of the welcome with which the poem was received, says,

"But the quickest and heartiest response was to the verse manifestly prompted by Lincoln's proposal [in an earlier proclamation] to indemnify the slaveholders in cash for their emancipated slaves.

> 'Pay ransom to the owner,
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay *him*.'

No one who heard this could ever forget the tone and emphasis of the speaker."

After two years with little call from Lyceums for lectures Mr. Emerson seems to have been much in demand again. Early in January he lectured in Toronto, then two days later writes to his daughter from Rochester of a serious adventure. While passing Sunday at Niagara he was waked in the night by a cry of *Fire*. He hastily dressed, "threw things into my black bag in the dark and came out through smoke and cinders," dragging his trunk. The house (hotel) was burnt. He lost his ticket to Chicago, but at Suspension Bridge had the fortune to meet Reuben N. Rice, a Concord youth, who, with one or two others, had come out and got employment on the Michigan Central Railway

and had risen to power. He gladly passed Mr. Emerson to Chicago. Apparently the Western engagements lasted through most of February. Then he returned to Concord only to set forth immediately for Montreal to give a lecture ("Classes of Men") before the Mercantile Library Society.]

(From GL)

Indianapolis, *January* 26, 1863.

Titan[1] I have read on this journey, and, for its noble wisdom and insight, forgive, what still annoys me, its excessive efflorescence and German superlative. How like to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* is its culture, manners, and wisdom! Rome is the best part of it, and therein it resembles Goethe the more. Now and then I find a passage like Charles Newcomb. And how it restores to me the golden thoughts that once wreathed around Margaret F. and Caroline, and Sam Ward and Anna.

(From FOR)

Beauty. Matthew Arnold said, "Nature would be a terror, were it not so full of beauty."

"If there is a Spring, there will be a stream." — Swedenborg.

1 By Jean Paul Richter.

"Forms are perfect in proportion to the simplicity of the ideas that they commence from. . . .

"Nothing stands in Nature's way, — nothing is difficult to her, as she goes by insensible degrees, proportionally and harmonically from one extreme to another. . . .

"There are some living creatures that can, out of their own natures, raise up a light in the dark when they are inflamed with desire." — SWEDENBORG.

I suppose the reference is to fireflies and glow-worms.

But how shall weakness write of force ?[1]

I like to see our young Irish people[2] . . .

"It is the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself, or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action." — DR. KANE.

It is never quite so dismal weather out of doors as it appears from the house window. Neither is the hardship of campaigning so dreary

1 The FOR — Mr. Emerson's mark for this journal — stands for Force.

2 For the rest of the passage see "Social Aims" (p. 87).

as it seems to us who see not the reaction. Neither is the battle-field so horrible, nor wounds, nor death, as we imagine.

Take up a spade full of loam. Who can guess what it holds?[1] . . .

The Poet knows the way to his nectar as well as toper to his tavern, or farmer to Brighton.

> What central flowing forces, say,
> Make up thy splendour, matchless Day!

The perpetual change; look at that cloud-rack that overspreads us in the morning. To-morrow it will be a lake or a river flowing calmly in an old bed, bounded by firm shores, overhung by beautiful forests, and itself passing down to the sea, and there tossing in tempests against the rocky coast. Look at these trees loaded with icicles; come again, and they will bend to the ground in the autumn sun with perfumed golden pears.

We affirm and affirm, but neither you nor I know the value of what we say. Every Jersey wagon that goes by my gate moves from a motive and to an end as little contemplated by the rider as by his horse. If any of us knew what

1 See "Perpetual Forces" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*).

we are doing, or whither we are going, then when we think we know best!

(From WAR)

[This was a period after the disastrous failure at Fredericksburg, and the futile "mud campaign" on the Potomac, when the war dragged, and recruiting, after the great losses, even more so. What was to be done with able-bodied negroes now flocking into the Union lines? The propriety and desirability of making soldiers of them, in a war in the bringing-on and waging of which their condition had been so large a factor, now came up for instant consideration. At first the plan was unpopular, even seemed dangerous; but public opinion grew fast then, and soon it was adopted. Major George L. Stearns, of Medford, a brave and liberal patriot, was most successful in enlisting coloured men, mostly in the Middle Border States and Canada, for the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry regiments. Mr. Emerson may have been asked to speak in favor of negro troops, judging by the following notes.]

February (?)

Negro Soldiers. If the war means Liberty to you, you should enlist. It does mean Liberty to you in the opinion of the South, for the South says, We fight to plant Slavery as our foundation; and, of course, we who resist the South are forced to make liberty of the negro our foundation.

I speak for the forces above us, those issues which are made for us, over our heads, under our feet, paramount to our wills. If you will not fight for your liberty, who will? If you will not, why, then, take men as they are, and the universe of men will say you are not worth fighting for; go and be slaves forever, and you shall have our aid to make you such. You had rather be slave than freemen; go to your own place.

Plainly we must have a worthy cause for such soldiers as we send to battle, or they shall not go. Do you think such lives as this State has yielded up already, the children of this famed city, the children of our public schools, the children of Harvard College, the best blood of our educated counties, objects of the most romantic hope and love, poets and romancers themselves — I attended the funeral of one of them and heard with hearty assent the voice that said that

the whole State of South Carolina was not worth that one life — Lander, Lowell, Putnam, Dwight, Willard — well, that these precious young men — the voice will choke to name them — are given up to bring back into the Capitol of Washington the reckless politicians who had reeled out of it with threats to destroy it, or come back into it to rule again? Never; better put gunpowder under its foundations and plough up the ground where its streets stand than that they die for the disgraceful dynasty which had brought our Freedom to be a lie, and our civilization and wealth to dishonour as a partnership of thieves.

No, they died for the largest and noblest sentiment, the largest interpretation that could be put on the meaning and action of the North; died for what an American might die for; — and the Governor of this Commonwealth nobly spoke the sense of his people when he said, We will enlist, if you send us out for Freedom, and not if you send us out to return slaves. Whatever mean carpers and the owls and jackals who squeak and gibber to the contrary will say, he spoke the voice of patriot fathers and mothers who offered their sons, and of the patriot youths who offered up themselves, when he said, See

that the cause is clear and great, and you shall have them and us; but we go not to restore those false-hearted usurpers of the power of Union, or the like of them, to their places, — God in his mercy forbid! but to restore the spirit of the American Constitution, and not its forced and falsely construed letter. . . .

"Nothing can more spite a man of courage than to be left at home to burn his shins by the fire, whilst other men are employed abroad in honourable action." — Maréchal de Montluc (Cotton's Translation).

In every crisis people look for the master of the situation, who is usually slow to appear. We have found none in America. But in England, which our politics immensely concern, they have found none. The one foreign interest of England is to assure herself in all times of the alliance of America, as bound by blood, language, trade, power, and equal civilization.

(From FOR)

And what number of Southern majors and colonels, and of Yankee lawyers and state secretaries thanking God in the Boston tone, will suffice to persuade the dreadful secrecy of moral

nature to forego its appetency, and Cause to decline its chase of Effect?

Power of Circumstance. The Pentelican Marble, its security and obedience under the chisel, made the sculptor; the sea makes the sailor.

The sensibility is all. Every one knows what are the ordinary effects of music, of putting people in gay or mournful or martial mood. But these are its effects on dull subjects, and only the hint of its power on a keener sensibility. The story of Orpheus, of Arion, of the Arabian Minstrel, are not fables, but the record of experiments of the same iron at white heat. Thoreau's telegraph wire[1] is an example of Wordsworth's poem on "Sound"; see "Yarrow Revisited," etc.

To prize sensibility, see the subjects of the poet; they were insignificant until he raised them.

The human mind cannot be burned nor bayonetted, nor wounded, nor missing.

1 Probably the allusion is to the fine passage in *Walden* about the harping of the telegraph wires as heard with the ear against the pole on a winter's day.

[*End of March.*]

As dwelt in memory a trace
Of the old home of Adam's race,
As if in humankind abode
Of Eden paths which Adam trode
And the old love through ages glowed.[1]

After the storm come perfect days, neither hot nor cold, when it is a joy to live; and the equilibrium of the elements is then felt by all to be the normal state, and the hurricane the exception. The delight in the first days of Spring, the "wish to journeys make," seems to be a reminiscence of Adam's Paradise, and the longing to return thither. 'T is that which sets all mortals roving in the month of May.

Marriage. He who marries into a well-known and considered family, marries perhaps a little from his memory; but he who marries marked personal traits in a new and unknown race, as Louis Napoleon his Eugénie, has a right to rely on forces fresh from the mint of Nature, wherein labour, courage, common-sense, and health may have stored great resources.

"Power is never far from necessity."— Pythagoras.

1 See "May Day."

Power is as often in one head, as in a nation; for Power is after reality, and not after appearance; after quality, and not after quantity.

Perpetual Forces. How we love to be magnetized! Ah, ye strong iron currents, take me in also! We are so apologetic, such waifs and straws, ducking and imitating, — and then the mighty thought comes sailing on a silent wind, and fills us with its virtue, and we stand like Atlas on our legs and can uphold the world.

The earth's towers have no vertigo.

Talent is masterless.

Possession, the soul of God poured through the thoughts of men.

What is the source of power? The two powers are Genius and Fortune.

The mystery of triangulation, of the Trinity in theology, and in philosophy, runs through Nature. The father, mother, and child are a single example.

You cannot coax powder to explode slowly; swearing will not help; praying will not help; chemistry alone can. Gravitation inexorable; also lightning and heat.

The animal borrows the elements of its blood from the whole world. We breathe by all the air, we drink from rivers; we stand and walk by the aid of the gravity of the planet. We are warmed by the sun, and succour ourselves daily from universal forces. Our roots are in Nature and draw out all her strengths, pump up the Atlantic Ocean, if we need, all the atmosphere, all the electricity of the world.

"Cause is an arrow which will go through a cart of sand to effect."

The Persians in their litanies praise that Divine Necessity, "not subject to novelties; and the great is small; the tall, short; the broad, narrow; and the deep is as a ford to Him."

Socrates says, "The laws below are sisters of the laws above." So really are the material elements of close affinity to the moral elements. But they are not their cousins, they are themselves. On the lower plane, it is called Heat; on the higher, Love. Whenever you enunciate a physical law, I hear in it a moral rule.

Ideal politics. A good cause, a universal interest. I like to have men or governments ride on these strong horses. Thus a righteous edict

of the Government works when we sleep, when the army goes into winter quarters, when generals are treacherous or imbecile; works at home among the women, among the troops; works down South among the planters, in the negro cabins; works oversea among candid, virtuous people discussing America in their sitting-rooms; comes thence in a time, ever growing firmer, up into cabinets and compels parliaments and privy councils to hear and obey it.

Elasticity of a man. A grain of air will expand and clothe the planet, and sixty atmospheres be condensed as one, if you have only force; cork, india-rubber, steel-spring, hydrogen, gunpowder, — what are these to this airy agent, Man, who now is fed on a few grains of corn, and finds his duties less and less till he comes to suicide, and now takes up the powers of other men, the reserved force of kingdoms, the accumulations of old ages, all the elements of Nature, rules them, and wants Nature to pass a new Homestead Bill and provide us with a world apiece.

Forces. My point is that the movement of the whole machine, the motive force of life, and

of every particular life, is moral. The world stands on our thoughts, and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements, is moral forces.

Uses of the War.

1. Diffusion of a taste for hardy habits.
2. Appeal to the roots of strength.

The benefit of war is that the appeal not being longer to letter and form, but now to the roots of strength in the people, the moral aspect becomes important, and is urgently presented and debated; whilst, in preceding quiet times, custom is able to stifle this discussion as sentimental, and bring in the brazen devil himself.

Certain it is that never before since I read newspapers, have the morals played so large a part in them as now.

As I have elsewhere written, when Jove has points to carry, he impresses his will on the structure of minds. Every one stands stupefied at the course of the war. None so wise as to have predicted anything that has occurred. Every one reads the ballot of the people on each new question with surprise, and the pious and once hopeless lover of freedom with trem-

bling joy. And this surprise shows that nobody did it, or thought it, but the Lord alone.

3. Besides, war is not the greatest calamity.

I see in the street about the "saloon" plenty of boys and men who are nuisances, but who only want a master to make them useful to themselves and to society. . . . "The saloons," said Edmund Hosmer, "are worse than war to their customers."

How the war teaches our youths of the *haute volée*. Do I not know how to play billiards and whist? Do I not know the violin and flute? Yet I will throw myself on those bayonets.

4. War organizes.

All decomposition is recomposition. What we call consumption is energetic growth of the fungus, or whatever new order. War disorganizes, but it also organizes; it forces individuals and states to combine and act with larger views, and sunder the best heads, and keeps the population together, producing the effect of cities; for camps are wandering cities.

My interest in my Country is not primary, but professional; I wish that war, as peace, shall bring out the genius of the men. In every company, in every town, I seek intellect and character, and so in every circumstance. War, I

know, is a potent alterative, tonic, magnetizer, reinforces manly power a hundred and a thousand times. I see it come as a frosty October, which shall restore intellectual and moral power to these languid and dissipated populations.

5. What munificence has the war disclosed! How a sentiment could unclasp the grip of avarice, and the painfullest economy!

6. It has created patriotism. We regarded our Country as we do the world. It had no enemy, and we should as soon have thought of vaunting the atmosphere or the sea; but let the comet or the moon or Mercury or Mars come down on us, we should get out our buffers and electricities and stand for the Earth with fury against all comers.

War sharpens the eyes, opens the mind of the people, so that truths we were once forbidden to speak, I hear shouted by mobs, saluted by cannon, redacted into laws.

Emancipation of Maryland, of Tennessee, of Missouri, of Louisiana.

In quiet times, the wilful man has his way; in war, the truthful man.

Varnhagen. "I thought to-day much on the Religions. They are the strongest helps of man

and each takes to himself what fits him, — the Jew, Jehovah; the Catholic, the Virgin Mary; the Protestant, Jesus. To have religion, to have a creed, means to give up yourself unconditionally to an image, to a thought, and who can or must do that, to whom that thing succeeds, has incontestably a great hold and consolation (*Trost*). Whoever is directed on steady free thinking, whose piety fastens not on fixed images, seems in many respects to have a harder lot, and to represent a more difficult side of humanity. And the Divinity, who sees the different strivings which belong to it, looks surely with greater approbation on those who have the most difficult approach to him, as a general reckons those troops the best, on whom he lays the most duties, to whom he gives the least rest and indulgence. I may say, for the alert outposts of the Lord, it is impossible to expect a quiet watch. The proud line-troops, 'the old guard,' will ever think themselves better than the light chasseurs and sharpshooters."

VARNHAGEN, Vol. i, p. 45.

Force of circumstances. A steam-engine is nothing but a tea-kettle; put a little card-wheel at the nose, and it turns it; make the kettle larger,

and instead of the card, a wheel of wood or of iron, and it turns it as well. But if the tea-kettle is cold, or you have no water, the thing cannot be done. The enemy has surprised a town ten miles off. You load the cannon and ammunition and troops on the cars, but all the army cannot move or drag them. But if you can only get up fire, and get the wheel to the nose of the tea-kettle, it goes off like a bird.

"'Vesuvius,' said Albano, 'stands there in this pastoral poem of Nature, and exalts everything, as a war does the age. . . . And when it is over, the dead and the living stand exalted in the world, because they had not cared for life.'" — Richter, *Titan*.

"'There is really an earthquake coming,' said Agata, 'I actually feel it. Good-night!'

'God grant one,' said Albano.

'O why?' said Linda eagerly, but in a low tone.

'All that the infinite mother wills and sends is to me to-day childishly dear, even death; are not we too part and parcel of her immortality?' said he.

'Yes,' replied Linda; 'man may feel and

believe this in joy; only in sorrow let him not speak of immortality; in such impotency of soul he is not worthy of it.'" — *Titan.*

"In the beauty of the boy, I detect somewhat *passagère*, — that is, that will not stay with me." — RICHTER.

[Mr. Emerson enjoyed the talk of the stablemen, and used to tell their anecdotes and boasts of their horses, when he came home.]

"In the stable you 'd take him for a slouch, but lead him to the door, and when he lifts up his eyes, and looks abroad, — by thunder! you 'd think the sky was all horse."

The man at Providence said he felt so cross before breakfast; but he got out of the door, and ran round the State two or three times, and then he felt better. And then England was such a little place that he did n't like to go out at night, for fear he should get pushed off into the sea.

When we quarrel, how we wish we had been blameless!

Affirmative and Negative. "You tell me a

great deal of what the devil does, and what power he has; when did you hear from Christ last?" asked Father Taylor of some Calvinistic friends.

When Thoreau heard a cricket or a bluebird, he felt he was not far from home after all. He found confirmation of all his human hopes in the smell of a water lily. But the froth or spittle on the alders and andromedas in June made the walk disagreeable to him.

Oddity and Concert. There must be concert, there must be compromise, if you call it so. Suppose each railroad company preferred a gauge of its own, and a car wheel of its own, that would fit no other road. Suppose the scholar preferred to use, instead of English letters, characters of his own, and printed his book in them; and rules of conduct, and of manners, which he had invented, against the accepted and universal rules of morals and behaviour.

Machinery is good, but mother-wit is better. Telegraph, steam, and balloon and newspapers are like spectacles on the nose of age, but we will give them all gladly to have back again our young eyes.

Pitch your tone low. A prudent man accepts

the lowest name with which his enemies seek to disgrace him, as Tully takes *Cicero*, as political parties "Know-Nothings," "Copperheads," "Locofocos," and the like. So he will be grub-street, parson, atheist, or worse, if worse be, and by native force makes the nickname illustrious. 'T is the way to disarm malignity.

The superlative, so dreary in dull people, in the hands of wit gives a fillip or shock most agreeable to the drowsy attention, and hints at poetic power.

"*Un homme qui écrit bien n'écrit pas comme on écrit, mais comme il écrit; et c'est souvent en parlant mal, qu'il parle bien.*"—MONTESQUIEU.

"No great discovery was ever made without a great guess."—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Old Age. An indignation meeting proposed.

President Lincoln should remember that humanity in a ruler does not consist in running hither and thither in a cab to stop the execution of a deserter, but, as Napoleon said, "justice is the humanity of kings."

Pugin distinguishes "ornamented construction from constructive ornament."

April.

This running into the Catholic Church is disgusting, just when one is looking amiably round at the culture and performance of the young people, and fancying that the new generation is an advance on the last. Sam Ward says the misfortune is that when the young people have this desire, there is nothing on the other side to offer them instead. And it is true that stoicism, always attractive to the intellectual and cultivated, has now no temples, no academy, no commanding Zeno or Antoninus. It accuses us that it has none, — that pure Ethics is not now formulated and concreted into a *cultus*, a fraternity with assemblings and holy days, with song and book, with brick and stone. Why have not those who believe in it, and love it, left all for this, and dedicated themselves to write out its scientific scripture to become its Vulgate for millions? I answer, for one, that the inspirations we catch of this law are not continuous and technical, but joyful sparkles and flashes, and are recorded for their beauty, for the delight they give, not for their obligation; and that is their priceless good to men that they charm and uplift; not that they are imposed. These words out of heaven are imparted to happy uncon-

trollable Pindars, Hafizes, Shakspeares, and not to Westminster assemblies of divines.

And yet it must be confessed that the new world lies in chaos and expectation until now; that this mad war has made us all mad; that there was no minority to stand fast for eternal truth, and say, Cannons and bayonets for such as already knew nothing stronger; but we are here for immortal resistance to wrong; we resist it by disobedience to every evil command, and by incessant furtherance of every right cause.

But in regard to Ward's remark, cited above, it must be said that there is the eternal offset of the moral sentiment. The Catholic religion stands on morals and is only the effete state of formalism; and morals are ever creating new channels and forms.

Morals, it has not yet its first hymn. But, that every line and word may be coals of true fire, perhaps ages must roll ere these casual wide-falling cinders can be gathered into a broad and steady altar-flame.

"The mills of God grind slow but grind fine."

"Don't cry, Miss Lizzie; the Lord is *tedious*, but he is sure."

April.

I find Walden entirely open, and I have failed to know on what day; probably on Saturday, 11th, and Sunday, 12th.

Pseudo-spiritual. At Portland, I found that the poor spirits who had afforded much information and exhibition of nimbleness, and jugglery to the W—— family, and were rising to much importance in the gossip of the city, were suddenly silenced, disheartened, and quite extinguished, by Mrs. W——'s finding that the aristocracy resisted the movement; instantly she withdrew her patronage, drove all the mediums and sympathizers from her house, and the poor spirits, being effectually snubbed, have not tapped or whimpered since.

The bird in the rain is well off, he is made of rain, but man is at many removes. State Secretary Antonio Perez said, "If God should be weary of monarchies—"[1]

How can you stop the freedom of the press? In 1845, when the censorship was tyrannical in

1 This seems to have been the suggestion for the line, "God said, I am tired of Kings," in the "Boston Hymn."

Prussia, "Dr. Jacoby, of Köningsberg, printed a book which contained nothing else than Royal Orders in Cabinet, addresses, letters, etc., of the present king, and by the mere arrangement of these made the bitterest satire, so scandalous did the contradictions and obscurities appear. The police sharply hunted out the book, and huddled it aside. That again was a satire." (See Varnhagen.)

France. Rahel said, that "You find Germany in Paris, but not Paris in Germany."

April 17.

Alcott defended his thesis of personality, last night, but it is not a quite satisfactory use of words. We speak daily of a government of power used to personal ends. And I see profound need of distinguishing the First Cause as superpersonal. It deluges us with power; we are filled with it, but there are skies of immensity between us and it. But Alcott's true strength is in the emphasis he gives to partnership of power against the doctrine of Fate. There is no passive reception. The receiver, to receive, must play the God also. God gives, but it is God, or it takes God also, to receive. He finds or fancies

Goethe a priest of Fate, and writing *Faust*. He [i.e., Goethe] never liberates, because he is prisoner himself.

Of me, Alcott said, "Some of the organs were free, some fated; the voice was entirely liberated; and my poems or essays were not rightly published, until I read them!"

The French have good reason for their word *Aplomb;* every one of them has it. See Surette in the Town Hall.[1]

April 20.

Abraham Jackson, Esq., was here yesterday, and speaks of his old experience of the College at Cambridge. He owed more to Jones Very, who was Greek tutor, than to almost any or all others in the faculty. Any enthusiasm, any literary ambition or attempt was sure to be snubbed by teachers, as well as by public opinion of the classes. Only expense, only money, was respectable. He remembers Dr. Walker with respect, and Dr. Breck, but not Felton. In the Law School he had better experience, from Judge Story, Mr. Greenleaf, and Charles Sumner. And now, when the question arises, — How shall money be bestowed for the benefit of

1 A Frenchman from Acadie who married a daughter of Concord and was very energetic in town affairs during the War.

learning? — his recollection of the University does not appear edifying.

Kings. "The king [of Prussia] has said to the Graf von Münch Bellinghausen, in Königsworth, that he uses quite no people with ideas; ideas he has enough himself, — he uses only servants to execute them." — VARNHAGEN'S *Diary*, iii, 1845.

"Joseph Bonaparte had in possession the letters of the last King of Prussia to Napoleon; they passed into the hands of his adjutants, and were bought of these, by our present King (1846), for twenty-six thousand thalers. It is said their tone was profoundly *demüthig* (servile) and highly disgraceful to the writer.

"The Czar Nicholas has paid for similar letters of his brother Alexander, thirty thousand thalers." — VARNHAGEN.

Was it a squirrel's pettish bark,
[Or clarion of jay]? Or hark
Where yon wedged line the Nestor leads,
Steering north with raucous cry
Through tracts and provinces of sky;
Each night descending
To a new landscape of romance
By lonely lakes, to men unknown
By purple peaks and rosy palaces

In deep abysses of imperial sky.[1]
The hazel shows his crimson head
To grace the roadside in the glen,[2]
The maple bark is turned to red,
Whitest lakes are green again. (29 *March.*)

April 28.

Self-sown my stately garden grows;
The winds and windblown seed,
Cold April rain and colder snows
My hedges plant and feed.
From mountains far and valleys near
The harvest brought to-day
Thrives in all weathers without fear, —
Wild planters, plant away![3]

The *Herald's* correspondence from Washington, North Carolina (General Foster command-

1 These lines, except the last two, are found in the opening stanza of "May-Day," in the *Poems*.

2 The beautiful red female blossoms of the hazel, close to the stalk, are so small that they are seen by few who may know well the tasselling male blossoms.

3 The poems "My Garden" (the woods owned by Mr. Emerson on the Lincoln side of Walden) and "Waldeinsamkeit" seem to have grown gradually out of many verses written during the solitary walks. Many verses not included in these, when finished, were grouped in the Appendix to the *Poems*, under the title "Walden," in the editions published since Mr. Emerson's death.

ing), speaks of the negroes seen lying behind the breastworks, with a musket in one hand and a spelling-book in the other.

Voltaire wrote in his eighty-third year to D'Argental, "*Il faut combattre jusqu'au dernier moment la nature et la fortune, et ne jamais désespérer de rien jusqu'à ce qu'on soit bien mort.*"

I have never recorded a fact, which perhaps ought to have gone into my sketch of "Thoreau," that, on the 1st August, 1844, when I read my Discourse on Emancipation [in the British West Indies], in the Town Hall, in Concord, and the selectmen would not direct the sexton to ring the meeting-house bell, Henry went himself, and rung the bell at the appointed hour.

It were worth while to notice the jokes of Nature, she so rarely departs from her serious mood. The *Punch* faces in the English violets is one; the parrot is one; the monkey; the lapwing's limping, and the like petty stratagems of other birds.

We can easily tell, of Whittier or Longfellow or Patmore, what suggestion they had, what

styles of contemporaries have affected their own. We know all their possible feeders. But of Donne, of Daniel, of Butler, we do not, and read them as self-educated and originals, imputing to them the credit of now forgotten co-poets. Still more is this true of Saadi, Cervantes.

May 4.

On Friday morning, May 1st, at 3 o'clock, died Mary Moody Emerson, at Williamsburg, New York, aged 88 years, 8 months. Hannah Haskins Parsons, her niece, who has, since her childhood, been in some sort dedicated to the care and nursing of her aunt, has for the last four years taken entire charge of her, and having with incredible patience and tenderness attended her throughout her long decline, and closed her eyes, now attended the remains to Concord, and arrived here on Saturday night. This afternoon (Monday) the body was taken from the receiving tomb to the grave in my lot in Sleepy Hollow, and deposited in a vault therein, in the presence of Elizabeth Hoar, Elizabeth Ripley, Mary Emerson Simmons, Lidian Emerson, Ellen Tucker Emerson, Edith Emerson, and myself. The day was cloudy and warm, with mist resting over the

south, and the rain waited until an hour after she was laid in the ground.[1]

I said, we have never a right to do wrong. It is our business to write the moral statute into the Constitution, and give the written only a moral interpretation. Beecher said, 'T is very well for you and me to say this in lectures, but when it comes to practice, we can only go to the Constitution. We might have bought our land with a different line, or ought to have bought more, or less; but all this is foreign to the subject; we have only to refer to the deeds. I answer, Any right of land from written deeds is an imperfect right, — a right only of agreement and convenience; but the right to freedom

1 For Mr. Emerson's account of his aunt, an inspiration to him in his youth, and proud of him and his brothers, yet severely critical and eccentric, see "Mary Moody Emerson" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*). Hannah Haskins Parsons, Mr. Emerson's double first cousin (daughter of Rebecca Emerson and Robert Haskins), a woman of a charming *naturel* and wit, before her marriage took care of Miss Emerson at Waterford, Maine, and (after Mr. Parsons's death) at Williamsburg, New York. She and her younger sister Sarah (Mrs. Ansley) lived to a great age, and spent their last years in the Concord house at Mrs. Emerson's invitation. They died in Concord but a few years since.

is a perfect right, and any invasion of it noxious to human nature, and invalid therefore.

When the Queen of Sheba saw the ascent by which Solomon went up to the temple of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her.

A guiding star to the arrangement and use of facts is in your leading thought.

The argument for Christianity in the dogmatic and mythologic extensions seems to rest on a certain low esteem of human nature, and so finds proof of inspiration and divine interference wherever there is believed to exist any foresight, or any fineness of adaptation. Hence men of large mental and moral perception, having anticipated the revelation, do not need it, and the argument has no force for them.

"The coldest weather (writes Aunt Mary in her journal, Concord, 1821) ever known. Life truly resembles a river, ever the same, never the same. And perhaps a greater variety of internal emotions would be felt by remaining with books in one place, than pursuing the waves which are ever the same. Is the melan-

choly bird of night covered with the dark foliage of the willow and cypress, less gratified than the gay lark amid flowers and suns?"

Again she writes: "It is mortifying to fluctuate in our opinions respecting anything which is not novel, especially one's self. Yet as to mind and heart, I alter very much. Yet how stationary that little self! How many stars have set and risen, suns perhaps expired, and angels lost their glory, since I have droned in this place!"

WEST POINT

[During May, Mr. Emerson was surprised by an invitation from the Secretary of War (Stanton) to serve on the Board of Visitors to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He was well content with this opportunity of seeing a class of scholars so new to him, and went thither in the first days of June. On his return, he showed great pleasure in all that he had seen, the recitations, the riding, the drill, and wonderful parade. He had talked with the cadets and was pleased with their manly bearing and honourable tone and tradition. The self-help and ascetic life appealed to him. — Especially was he delighted with Meigs and

Michie,[1] close and loyal friends, although ranking highest in the class and it was still a question who would graduate as first scholar.]

(From WAR)

West Point Academy makes a very agreeable impression on me. The innocence of the cadets, the air of probity, of veracity, and of loyalty to each other struck me, and the anecdotes told us confirmed this impression. I think it excellent that such tender youths should be made so manly and masterly in rough exercises of horse and gun and cannon and muster; so accurate in French, in mathematics, geology, and engineering; should learn to draw, to dance, and to swim. I think their ambition should be concentrated on their superiority in science, — being taught, that whoever knows the most must command *of right*, and must command *in fact*, if just to himself.

1 John R. Meigs, son of Quartermaster-General Meigs, graduated first in his class, as an engineer. He was shot by guerrillas in the Shenandoah Valley the next year. Peter S. Michie was second scholar. Both of these youths while Cadets were Acting Assistant Professors in Mathematics. Michie rendered important engineering service during the war in Charleston harbor, in Florida, and with the Army of the James; was for years on the teaching staff at West Point, and was the author of various scientific works.

Let them have no fears, then, of prejudice against West Point. "West Point a hotbed of aristocracy," is a word of some political hack, which seems to rankle in their memories. Rather let them accept it, and make West Point a true aristocracy, or "the power of the Best," — best scholars, best soldiers, best engineers, best commanders, best men, — and they will be indispensable to their Government and their Country; will be, as they ought, the nucleus of the army, though it be three fourths or nine tenths volunteers; — they will be the Shop of Power, the source of instruction, the organization of Victory. Watt said he "sold Power in his shop." Ah! that is what all men wish to buy, if they can only have the pure article, — something finer, I think, than Watt meant, or had, or if he had it, he forgot to tell us the number of the shop.[1]

In regard to the points to which the attention of the Board was called, the "Administration" appeared to me judicious, and more mild, in fact, than the printed rules led us to look for.

1 It would seem that in the foregoing paragraph was matter that Mr. Emerson may have used in addressing the cadets. What follows seem to have been his comments designed for the visitors' report.

Thus, on inquiry for the "dark prison," we found there was none, the room once used for this having been for some years appropriated to other uses.

One fact appeared plainly, that this Academy was free of the *bête noir* of Colleges, namely, criminal justice. Here they are once and forever freed from every question by means of martial law. Every cadet is instantly responsible to his superior officer for his behavior, and is sent to the guard-house, or has one or two hours' patrol-duty added to his day's work, or is put down a long row of steps on his ladder of merit: if the offence is graver, is discharged from the Academy.[1]

I think that the point of competitive examinations should be urged on the Congress, and that a severer preliminary test should be required for admission. The Academy should be relieved of teaching to spell and parse English. Thus the course of study might be less

1 At this time the absurd old system prevailed at Harvard College of deducting from the credit marks won in scholarship a greater or less number for any breach of college rules or disorder. Thus a quiet and punctual but dull youth might appear in the list as the equal in rank of a good scholar of disorderly tendencies.

superficial, or the application of science might be carried into detail in other schools.

The discipline is yet so strict that these military monks, in years, never pass the limits of the post, and know nothing of the country immediately around them. It is pleasant to see the excellence and beauty of their fences, which cost nothing and need no repairs; namely, the Hudson River on one or two sides, and the mountains on the other sides. There is nothing beyond the post, no village, no shops, no bad company. It is two miles to Cozzens's new Hotel, but over a desert road, and there any cadet would be under dangerous observation.

[Mr. Emerson was pleased with the insistence on good hours, and the careful keeping of the cadets within bounds, protecting their innocence during the years when college boys in their first absence from home or school *surveillance*, are subjected to temptation and ill example.]

(From a loose sheet)

West Point notes.[1]

Life is in short cycles or periods; rapid rallies, as by a good night's sleep.

1 Evidently for an informal address to the Cadets.

The sublime point is the value of a sufficient man: cube this value by the meeting of two or more who perfectly understand and support each other, you have then organized victory.

Wherever one is tried, two are on trial. The examiner is instructed whenever the pupil is examined.[1]

Is Civilization built on powder? — built on buttons?

[Remember there is a] difference between a soldier and his cannon.

[Increasing] leaning to pure science of the schools.

"The humanity of kings is justice."

Gen. Scott's maxims, e. g., "Resentment is a poor basis for a campaign."

Bonaparte called the *École Polytechnique* "the hen that laid him golden eggs."

Your ways inspire lively curiosity. I thought two days sufficient. I could willingly spend twenty, and know the power and hope and career of each youth.

1 Several of the upper class Cadets were Acting Assistant Professors in some branch, and the company officers were cadets.

Books for West Point[1]

Life of Hodson;
Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury;
Tom Brown at Rugby;
Tom Brown at Oxford;
Correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte;
Lives of the French Savants, by Arago;
George Herbert's *Poems;*
Life of Major General Sir William Napier.

(From WAR)

At West Point, I entered some of the chambers of the cadets in the barracks, and found two cadets in each, standing, as if on guard. Each chamber was perfectly clean, and every article orderly disposed. The mattrass on the camp iron bed was rolled up into a scroll. "Who makes your bed?" "I do." "Who brings your water?" "I do." In the battery drill, I saw each handsome dainty boy whom I had noticed in the Examination, flying over the field on the caissons, or loading or working

1 Probably suggested for their reading to the students, if Mr. Emerson addressed them, or else as desirable in the Library.

the gun, all begrimed with powder. In the mortar practice, in the siege battery drill, each was promptly performing his part in the perfect exercise.

(From FOR)

At West Point, I saw a civilization built on powder. It is not quite creditable to our invention that all the instruction in engineering, infantry, cavalry, artillery, rigidly rests on this one accident of our chemistry, gunpowder. A new invention to-morrow would change all the art of war. Just as our commerce and civilization are so built on cotton as to have deceived the Southern States and many other States into neglect of all other possibility, and of morality. But cotton is only one of two hundred thousand plants known to our botany; and powder is but one of a million combinations that are to be tried in turn.

June.

Sam Ward thought the new generation better than the last. We have had peace and its disablings; you will have the excitement and training of war. The mischief is such that I hear sometimes the sentiment expressed that to remove this mountain of calamity from our in-

stitutions were worth the expenditure of an entire generation. Who is he that will not be one? I believe, if men saw surely this issue in the sacrifice, that many are ready to be offered. It sweetens the cup of grief of mothers that the loss of their youthful hero has served to close up this crater of death in the forum. We do not often have a moment of grandeur in these hurried, slipshod, aimless lives.

I find in "*Life of Lord Herbert*" [1] a romantic state of society, in which courage and the readiness for extreme events give a wonderful superiority over any experience of our own. I wish society to play kings, to be kings; we are not, and these men are.

Take egotism out, and you would castrate the benefactors. Luther, Mirabeau, Napoleon, John Adams, Andrew Jackson; and our nearer eminent public servants, — Greeley, Theodore Parker, Ward Beecher, Horace Mann, Garrison would lose their vigour.

"In heaven," said Swedenborg, "no attention is paid to person, nor the things of person,

1 Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, elder brother of the poet, George Herbert. Mr. Emerson took great pleasure in his autobiography, a mixture of romantic chivalry and philosophic thoughts, but not without vanity.

but to the things abstracted from person." (See Henry James, *Substance and Shadow*.)

Nature's Education. Nature wishes to grow, and to grow unobserved; so she allures the child out of doors, and puts a hoop and a ball in his hands; then he forgets himself, and rushes into the conditions of growth, and comes in to his supper hungry, and off, then, to solid sleep, and grows every minute of the day and night, like a cornfield.

Whenever we have true philosophy, it will surely be spoken in right tone. If Kant and Sir William Hamilton are too arid, Henry James is quite too petulant and scolding. Socrates is humane, and his irony only covers a profound delight and piety. Swedenborg deserves James's praise of sincere dealing, but this witty and elegant Billingsgate which diverts James so hugely ought to warn the reader, whom first it scares, that it is not quite to be trusted, that there must be some deduction from pure truth to generate all this wrath.

June 24.

Agassiz declares that he is going to demand of the community that provision should be made

for the study of Natural Science on the same scale as that for the support of Religion.

Agassiz says, at Heidelberg, Tiedemann was his teacher of anatomy; of whom he learned dissection. Afterwards, at Munich, Dollinger was his teacher; and, one day, he asked Dollinger, "Why he was not enlarged by so much as Tiedemann had taught him, whilst he was sensible of his progress since he had been with him?" Dollinger answered, "Tiedemann is a prosector. I am a professor."

At Arcueil, near Paris, Laplace, Cuvier, Decandolle, Gay-Lussac, Biot, Humboldt, Berthollet, met once every week to prepare business for the Institute; and there are four volumes published of *Mémoires*, or *Transactions* at Arcueil, which are the essence of all that was done in that time.

You must not go to the sermons in the churches for the true theology, but talk with artists, naturalists, and other thoughtful men who are interested in verities, and note how the idea of God lies in their minds. Not the less how the sentiment of duty and impulse of virtue lies in the heart of the "bobbin-woman," of any unspoiled daughter or matron in the farmhouse; these are the crucial

experiments; these the wells where the coy truth lies hid.

In reading Henry Thoreau's journal, I am very sensible of the vigour of his constitution. That oaken strength which I noted whenever he walked, or worked, or surveyed wood-lots, the same unhesitating hand with which a field-labourer accosts a piece of work, which I should shun as a waste of strength, Henry shows in his literary task. He has muscle, and ventures on and performs feats which I am forced to decline. In reading him, I find the same thought, the same spirit that is in me, but he takes a step beyond, and illustrates by excellent images that which I should have conveyed in a sleepy generality. 'T is as if I went into a gymnasium, and saw youths leap, climb, and swing with a force unapproachable, — though their feats are only continuations of my initial grapplings and jumps.

June 29.

My feeling about Henry James's book is that he is a certain Saul among the prophets. The logical basis of his book a certain pure and absolute theism: — there is but one actor in the Universe, — there is no self but devil; all

must be surrendered to ecstasy of the present Deity. But the tone in which all this is taught is in perpetual contemptuous chiding and satire.

The Arabs measure distance by horizons, and scholars must.

July 16.

Rode this afternoon with Channing in the wagon to White Pond. 'T is perhaps ten years ago since I was there with him before, and in the reflections of the larger grown trees in the lake noticed the same peculiarities. The trees were all done in minute squares, as in the crochet-work of girls. The colours of the foliage, russet and ruddy, added to the beauty. Pines on the distant shore, — of which we saw only the short stem veiled above by the branches, — in the water showed the stem of the tree to the top!

We were on the farther side of the pond at the "Cove," and talked with a party, — a young man and three young women from Sudbury, nine miles and a half distant. They left the shore in a boat. Channing and I agreed that a picnic is like a "revival"; it changes a man in an instant, and he forgets his home and habits, and thinks he will come and live with Nature.

But he returns to his village to put up his horse, stops at the post-office, takes tea with his family, and does not for ten years get a glance at the paradise again. After a bath in the pond, came home by the beautiful road through Nine-Acre-Corner, where the farms were in richest array. An old hemlock tree in one field should teach everybody to plant and guard a hemlock, that it may some day be old.

Doctrine of Leasts. I should write on the power of minorities. Every book is written with a constant secret reference to the few intelligent persons.[1] . . .

See in politics the importance of minorities of one.[2] . . . Silent minorities of one also, Thoreau, Very, Newcomb, Alcott. . . . Christianity existed in one child.[3] . . .

Ellery Channing always speaks of the landscape as of a painting.

1 The rest of this passage is in "Progress of Culture" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 219, 220).

2 See "Progress of Culture" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 219).

3 For the rest see "Character" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 98, 99).

When Le Nôtre had completed the Garden of the Tuileries, Colbert wished to close them on the public. Charles Perrault resisted the interdiction, and obtained that his promenade should remain open to the citizens of Paris and to children. "'*Je suis persuadé,*' *disait il à Colbert, au milieu de la grande allée,* '*que les jardins des Rois ne sont si grands et si spacieux qu'afin que tous leurs enfans puissent s'y promener.*' *La sourcilleux ministre ne put s'empêcher de sourire.*" — SAINTE-BEUVE.

[At the invitation of the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, Mr. Emerson went to Hanover, New Hampshire, and on July 22 gave the address, a part of which is printed, under the title "The Man of Letters," in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches.*]

July 24.

I went to Dartmouth College, and found the same old Granny system which I met there twenty-five years ago. The President has an aversion to emulation, as injurious to the character of the pupils. He therefore forbids the election of members into the two literary societies by merit, but arranges that the first scholar alphabetically on the list shall be assigned to

the Adelphi, and the second to the Mathesians, and the third to the Adelphi, and the fourth to the Mathesians; and so on. Every student belonging to the one or the other. "Well, but there is a first scholar in the class, is there not, and he has the first oration at Commencement?" "Oh, no, the parts are assigned by lot." The amiable student who explained it added that it tended to remove disagreeable excitement from the societies. I answered, "Certainly, and it would remove more if there were no college at all." I recommended morphine in liberal doses at the College Commons.

The accusation of being a heretic, hitherto in every country formidable, is not so here to-day.

Catherine the Great, after talking with Diderot and Grimm, said, on rising to go to a Council of State, "*Maintenant, il faut songer au gagnepain.*"

The more ambitious a state is, the more vulnerable. England, France have ships, towns, colonies, treasure, and can very ill afford to give every Yankee skipper a chance to hack at these. A mob has nothing to lose, and can afford to steal. But England and France not.[1]

1 At this time England was allowing the building of Confederate cruisers in her ports to prey upon our commerce,

All degrees in the republic of letters, as in every other state; men of useful and popular talent for daily use, whose efficiency is exactly limited, and not embarrassed by ideal expansions. They can, as lawyers and statesmen, furnish you with just the amount of information or explanation this quarter of an hour requires, just as a marketman measures out to you a peck or a half of a half-peck of peas. And there are those who cannot do this, but are not less wanted, — are much more wanted, — who know the foundations of law and politics, and are to the lawyer as the botanist is to the marketman.

Mediocre people wish to utilize you, to make of Newton a bank clerk, and in all ways act to pull you down from a high career.

Our people have false delight in talent, in a showy speech, a lawyer who can carry his point, in Webster, Choate, Butler, Banks, in Macaulay, and in innumerable Goughs and Dunlaps, without considering their soundness or truth.

and wise heads were foreseeing that if England, later, was at war with another power, this precedent could be used by the United States with even more harm to her than they had suffered.

But the measure in art and in intellect is one; To what end? Is it yours to do? Are you bound by character and conviction to that part you take? The very definition of art is, the inspiration of a just design working through all the details.

But the forsaking the design to produce effect by showy details is the ruin of any work. Then begins shallowness of effect; intellectual bankruptcy of the artist. All goes wrong; artist and public corrupt each other. Now the public are always children. The majority are young and ignorant, unable to distinguish tinsel from gold, ornament from beauty. But the scholar must keep faith with himself. His sheet-anchor is sincerity, and when he loses this, he loses really the talent of his talent.

Hawthorne unlucky in having for a friend a man who cannot be befriended; whose miserable administration admits but of one excuse, imbecility. Pierce was either the worst, or he was the weakest, of all our Presidents.

[On August 11, Mr. Emerson had repeated the Address on the "Man of Letters" at Waterville College in Maine.]

August 25.

In the war, the American Government stands for the ideal or semi-ideal side.

The regiment — it is the colonel and the captains.

Is Wordsworth a bell with a wooden tongue?

Carlyle has sacrificed to force of statement. One would say none has ever equalled his executive power in the use of English. He makes an irresistible statement, which stands, and which everybody remembers and repeats. It is like the new Parrott guns and powder. But here to-day are latest experiments and a success which exceeds all previous performance in throwing far, and in crushing effect. Much is sacrificed to this, but this is done. So with Carlyle's projectile style.

Sennott quotes, from Calhoun (?), the phrase, "the fatal exercise of domineering talk."

I can almost pardon scorn in a person who walks well.

Taine generalizes rashly, and writes: "*La race façonne l'individu, le pays façonne la race. Un degré de chaleur dans l'air et d'inclinaison*

dans le sol est la cause première de nos facultés, et de nos passions," etc. Sainte-Beuve remarks on this: "*Entre un fait aussi général et aussi commun à tous que le sol et le climat, et un résultat aussi compliqué et aussi divers que la variété des espèces et des individus qui y vivent, il y a place pour quantité de causes et de forces plus particulières, plus immédiates, et tant qu'on ne les a pas saisies, on n'a rien expliqué.*" — *Causeries du Lundi*, vol. 13.

See also a just censure in the like spirit on Taine's proposed formula of each mind, as of Livy. — *Ibid.*

Madame de Staël said, "*Mes opinions politiques sont des noms propres.*" — Sainte-Beuve, *Portraits de Femmes.*

October 7.

When he passed the woods on the way to the city, how they reproached him![1]

Scholar joined every club and society, accepted every invitation to *soirées*, but, when the hour came, declined one and the other, in favour of the book or meditation at the moment oc-

1 The rocky, wooded hill that Mr. Emerson called "My Garden" (see *Poems*) in Lincoln, close to the Concord line, was very near the railroad.

cupying him, and which derived a new zest from the offered invitation. And at last it appeared that this caprice was calculated.

Happy expression of Daniel Webster that "Long Island Sound ought to be lighted up like a ballroom."

Laws of society, a forever engaging topic. At Sir William Molesworth's house, I asked Milnes to get me safely out; he behaved very well. An impassive temperament is a great fortune. *Que de choses dont je peux me passer!* even dancing and music, if I had that. F. B., the lawyer, told me that a couple of glasses of wine might be taken with advantage, when he was to address a jury, and the evening society is no doubt easilier faced for the preceding dinner.

Young men think that the manly character requires that they should go to California, or India, or to war.[1]

Aplomb. State your opinion affirmatively and without apology. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the Journals, or Mr. Sumner, or Mr. Stanton,

1 See "Greatness" (*Letters and Social Aims*), p. 304.

say? The attitude is the main thing. John Bradshaw was all his life a consul sitting in judgment on kings. Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with this merit, in my opinion. And, if I look for a counterpart in my neighbourhood, Thoreau and Alcott are the best, and in majesty Alcott exceeds. This *aplomb* cannot be mimicked. It is the speaking to the heart of the thing. And a person of a feeble spirit, if intellectual, is instantly reinforced by being put into intellectual company, and to the surprise of everybody, becomes a lawgiver.

Another text of *aplomb*, besides that cited above, is, the senate of Egyptian Kings sitting silent in the Hall of the Dead from age to age, and when a new king arrives among them, they rise whilst he takes his seat.

School-keeping is a dreary task, only relieved by the pleasure the teacher takes in two or three bright and beautiful pupils. The majority of the children will be brutal, or (to use a milder word) infidels, and the consoler is the appearance of genius and noble nature in one or another.

Confucius says, "Now all over the empire carriages have wheels of the same size, all writing is with the same characters; and for conduct there are the same rules." — *Doctrine of the Mean.* (CONFUCIUS, *apud* LEGGE.)

"Of their seeing and hearing, their thinking and revolving, their moving and acting, men all say, It is from *Me.* Every one thus brings out his self, and his smallness becomes known. But let the body be taken away, and all would be Heaven. How can the body be taken away? Simply by subduing and removing that self-having of the Ego. This is the taking it away. That being done, so wide and great as Heaven is, my mind is as wide and great, and production and transformation cannot be separated from me. Hence it is said, — how vast is his Heaven!" — *Idem*, note, vol. i, p. 294.

The text is, "Call him man in his ideal, how earnest is he! Call him an abyss, how deep is he! Call him Heaven, how vast is he!"

I am reading a better Pascal. "It is said in the *Book of Poetry*, 'Over her embroidered robe she puts a plain single garment.' So it is the way of the superior man to prefer the concealment of his virtue, while it daily becomes more illustrious, and the way of the mean man to

seek notoriety; while he daily goes more and more to ruin. It is characteristic of the superior man, appearing insipid, yet never to produce satiety; while showing a simple negligence, yet to have his accomplishments recognized; while seemingly plain, yet to be discriminating. He knows how what is distance lies in what is near, — whence the wind proceeds from, how what is minute becomes manifested." — *Idem*, vol. i, p. 295.

"In hewing an axe-handle, the pattern is not far off." We grasp one axe-handle to hew another.

"Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand."

"If one's actions be previously determined, there will be no sorrow in connection with them. If principles of conduct be, the practice of them will be inexhaustible."

"It is characteristic of entire sincerity to be able to foreknow. The individual possessed of complete sincerity is like a spirit."

"The way of heaven and earth may be declared in a sentence: — They are without any doubleness, and so they produce things in a manner that is unfathomable. Heaven is a shin-

ing spot, yet sun, moon, stars, constellations, are suspended in it; the earth is a handful of soil, but sustains mountains like Hwa and Yoh without feeling their weight, and contains rivers and seas without leaking away."

To the colleges: "Learning without Thought is labour lost; Thought without Learning is perilous. The accomplished scholar is not a utensil."

Here is an acute observation that belongs to "Classes of Men":—

"The Master said, The faults of men are characteristic of the class to which they belong. By observing a man's faults, it may be known that he is virtuous."

"The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort."

Culture. "It is from music that the finish is received." — CONFUCIUS.

"The subjects on which the Master did not talk were — extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and spiritual beings." — LEGGE, p. 65.

He anticipated the speech of Socrates, and the *Do as be done by*, of Jesus.

'T is strange that it is not in vogue to commit hari-kari, as the Japanese do at sixty. Nature is so insulting in her hints and notices; does not pull you by the sleeve, but pulls out your teeth, tears off your hair in patches, steals your eyesight, twists your face into an ugly mask; in short, puts all contumelies upon you, without in the least abating your zeal to make a good appearance; and all this at the same time that she is moulding the new figures around you into wonderful beauty, which, of course, is only making your plight worse.

A day is a magnificent work, but a day is one thing to Shakspeare and another to John A. Coomb.

You can take better care of your secret than another can.

"Three things are known only in three places: Valour, which knows itself only in war; Wisdom, only in anger; and Friendship, only in need." — *Persian sayings.*

Franklin said, "Travel lengthens life."

What Arabian Rochefoucauld said — "The reason why grandfathers love their grandchildren

so much is because they are the enemies of their enemies, inasmuch as they wish the death of those who wish theirs"?

"*Pensez au voisin, avant que de penser à la maison.*"

"Who cultivates one garden at a time will eat birds; who cultivates many gardens at once, the birds will eat up him." Well, our farmers cultivate many gardens, — in their too many acres.

"Use wine ill, you will become a wretch; use it well, you will become an illustrious man."

Humility (*apud Chardin*). "*Faites vous tendre, si vous voulez porter du fruit; c'est à dire, qu'il faut être humble pour faire de bonnes actions.*"

Sensibility. The miller is an idle man and makes the brook or the wind do his work. The poet is an idler man, hates the trouble of consecutive thinking, but observing that these tempestuous passions of his search all his knowledge, all his thought, all his sentiment, in their fury, — he fastens pens on these, and they write songs, prophecies, tragedies, and lampoons that last till the morning of the Resurrection. The daily problem is how to get force. Borrowed the hint of the self-registering thermometer.

I love a book, as Montaigne, Bayle, or Heyne did, not quite as Sam Bradford[1] does.

People do not read much. The beautiful sentence on the 102d page of the printed volume, I know that the hundred pages will protect it, as well as if it were locked in my safe.

He tears into a book for a sentence as a woodpecker grubs into a tree for a worm.

The youth longs for a friend; when he forms a friendship he fills up the unknown parts of his friend's character with all virtues of man. The lover idealizes the maid, in like manner. The virtues and graces which they thus attribute, but fail to find in their chosen companions, belong to man and woman, and are therefore legitimately required, but are only really ripened, here one, and there the other, distributed in scattered individuals in a wide population. . . . But this illusion is constant, — a siren song in the ears of every susceptible youth. Saadi says in his *Kassaid*, —

"Let no land, no friend, be to thy mind an end;
For sea and land are wide, and there are many men.
Not *one rose* blooms, not *one green tree*, —

1 A playmate in childhood in Boston and life-long friend, living later in Philadelphia.

The trees are all green; full of roses is space; —
Art thou confined to one door, as the hen to one corn
grain?
Why not soar up to heaven like the doves,
Fly from tree to tree, like the bul-bul,
And run not like the foolish grouse into a net?"

VON HAMMER, p. 208.

See also (in Von Hammer, p. 210) the excellent Kassaid on *Old Age*, which follows this.

Arabian hospitality. "Bring in the guest," said Hatem Tai; "I never eat alone."

Hatem Tai, who roasted his wonderful horse to entertain the messengers of the Sultan who had come to ask for the horse in the name of the Sultan.

Bias. Tremendous force of the spring which we call native bias of character. It needs this and that incessant nudge of necessity or of passion to drive us from idleness and bring the day about, but what prodigious force must that spring have, whose impulsion reaches through all the days, through all the years, and keeps the old man constant to the same pursuits as in youth! 'Tis like the diurnal, annual, and centennial variations of the magnet.

For Alcott I have always the feeling that the visitor will not rightly see him; for he is like a piece of Labrador Spar, which is a dull stone enough until you chance to turn it to the particular angle where its colours appear, and it becomes a jewel.

Good out of evil. One must thank the genius of Brigham Young for the creation of Salt Lake City, — an inestimable hospitality to the Overland Emigrants, and an efficient example to all men in the vast desert, teaching how to subdue and turn it to a habitable garden. And one must thank Walt Whitman for service to American literature in the Appalachian enlargement of his outline and treatment.

Attitude. Nature the best posture-master.[1] . . . So also will the thought control the sentence and the style, strive against it as you may. The subject — I must so often say — is indifferent; any word, every word in the language, every circumstance, becomes poetic, when in the hands of a higher thought.

'T is a problem that genius can very well

1 The rest of this paragraph is in *Letters and Social Aims*, p. 82.

solve — to illuminate every low or trite word you can offer it. Give your rubbish to Shakspeare, he will give it all back to you in gold and stars.

The War. On the whole, I know that the cosmic results will be the same, whatever the daily events may be. The Union may win or lose battles, win or lose in the first treaties and settlement; sutlers and pedlers may thrive on some abuse, but Northwest trade, and Northeastern production, and Pennsylvania coal mines, and New York shipping, and white labour, though not idealists, gravitate in the ideal direction. Nothing less large than justice to them all can keep them in good temper, because in matters of such compass as the interests of a nation, every partial action hurts and offends some party.

The difficulty with the young men is not their opinion and its consequences, not that they are Copperheads, but that they lack idealism. A man for success must not be pure idealist, — then he will practically fail; but he must have ideas, he must obey ideas, or he is a brute. A man does not want to be dazzled with a blaze of sunlight, — he will be sun-blind; but every man must have glimmer enough to keep him

from knocking his head against the walls and posts. And it is in the interest of civilization, and good society, and friendship, that I hate to hear of well-born and gifted and amiable men, that they have this low tendency, this despair. Their death is no loss to their country. — Skeptical as felons.

October 23.

Anecdote for Σ would be Sam Dexter's defence of Selfridge;[1] and also Daniel Webster's speech at Salem, "If this be law, let the foundations of this house be turned up with the plough."

The reward which his Puritan conscience brought to Samuel Hoar to indemnify him for all it had cost him was that his appearance in court for any party in a suit at once conciliated court, jury, and bystanders to that side which the incorruptible man defended.

Power of money. That it will buy the miraculous flowering of the night-blooming Cereus or

1 Σ was one of Mr. Emerson's blank books into which he copied stories. He liked to quote, and with some approval, Dexter saying in his defence of young Selfridge (who had killed a man in a quarrel in Boston streets), "And as for me, may my right arm drop powerless when it fails to defend my honour!"

the Victoria Regia in your parlour to add the splendour of secret nature to the lustres of your soirée; and, if your cause be really honest, that you can buy with money the immense weight of Mr. Hoar's seventy years of virtue to shine on your claim, and dazzle the jury to your benefit. I justified to W—— yesterday Confucius's speech about making money, lest he should rashly resign his position at Chicago, and cited David Hume's autobiography in confirmation. I might have cited Dr. Johnson's story of the man who wanted to go somewhere in Egypt; it was unsafe, so he hired a troop of dragoons. There is always something which the stingiest wishes to buy. A man who never gives will give an acre of land for a seat in a window where he can see a certain President, or General, or Walter Scott, go by once, to make the poor devil a happy poet for one moment.

Attitude. Yes, that is all; that is what the orator brings, or he may leave his oration at home. How to make a poor, despised, seedy-looking cause and thin, seedy-looking assembly, — each person in which assembly seems to come in half-ashamed of the company, and only to stay through an odious sense of duty, — how

to make these warm, bright, firm, honourable, proud, populous, jubilant, and, in short, the only great cause and assembly in the world, — that is, in each case, the orator's problem.

We can let the year go round, if we know that October brings thoughts, and March lustres, and May love, and the tenth year honour for the insults and ribaldry of the nine foregoing winters.

Books. "*Les Lettres, c'est un espèce de paisible et magnifique Hôtel des Invalides pour les Passions; elles n'y sont plus qu'à l'état de gouts innocents, comme dans les Champs Élyseés du poëte.*" — Sainte-Beuve (following out a hint of Frederic le Grand), *Causeries.*

"*Peculiar*" *Children.* Mrs. M. said, "No, could n't stay from home a single night, for Benjy was so constituted that he could not be left alone." Her sister added the testimony, that he would tell this and that lie barefacedly "*with perfect unconsciousness.*"

> "Had I the world for my enemy,
> Yet kept the treasures of a true friend,
> Never should I ask whether things were
> Or were not in this world.
> A ship on the high seas

Doth the state of a lover resemble.
Overboard cast they the cargo
If so they can save their lives."

SAADI (from Von Hammer Purgstall).

Saadi's Poem on Old Age.

Now is the time when weakness comes, and strength goes;
The magic of sweet words I lose;
The harvest wind cuts clean; the tender sheen and shade
And pink and purple light upon thy garland fade.
To my foot fails the power of manly stride in streets.
Happy he who soonest to his orchard hut retreats.
Saadi's whole power lies — in the sweet word; —
Keep this; all the rest may go to beast and bird.

Saadi.

Love's smart is more worth
Than the body's well-being.

Saadi.

No soul has he who no friend has;
Little joy has he who no garden has.
Who with a moon-face can refresh his heart
Enjoys a luck which has no bounds.
A dungeon is that house which solitude fills,
If they have not, like Saadi, a rose bed.

"Thus much weight of food will carry thee; if thou take more, thou must carry it," says Saadi's Physician.

The French claim that, "*l'art de conter sans art*" belongs to Lafontaine alone; "*c'est la tout son secret, aucun de ses concurrens ne l'a deviné.*"

It was an excellent custom of the Quakers (if only for a school of manners) the silent prayer before meals.[1] . . .

The poet or thinker must always be in a rude nation the chief authority on religion. All questions on its truth and obligation will surely come home to him for their answer. As he thinks and speaks, will the intelligent men believe. A certain deference must therefore be shown to him by the priests.

Transubstantiation. Every one would be poet if his intellectual digestion were perfect; if the grass and carrots passed through all the four stomachs, and became pure milk. But in Crumplehorn's cream, there is sometimes a tang of turnip; and in the gay pictures of the orator, a reminder now and then of autobiography, — staring eyes of duns, or schoolmasters, or cousins, or critics, who have tormented him, far on

[1] See *Letters and Social Aims*, p. 86.

this side of heaven. I could guess his griefs better from his poetry than from the polite biography which introduces the book.

(From DL)

Concentration indicates control of thoughts, holding them as lanthorns to light each other and the main fact. A guiding star to the arrangement and use of facts is in your leading thought.

In the college, it is complained, money and the vulgar respectability have the same ascendant as in the city. What remedy? There is but one, — namely, the arrival of genius, which instantly takes the lead, and makes the fashion. At Cambridge, Edward Everett, Buckminster, John Everett, Lee, and Edward and Charles Emerson, each in their turn, gave vogue to literary taste and eloquence in their classes.

Thoreau writes in his journal: — "Herndon says of the Amazon Country, 'There is wanting an industrious and active population who know what the comforts of life are, and who have artificial wants to draw out the great resources of

the country.' But what are the 'artificial wants' and the 'great resources' of a country? Surely not the love of luxuries, like the tobacco and slaves of his native (?) Virginia, or that fertility of soil which produces these. The chief want is ever a life of deep experiences, that is, character, which alone draws out the great resources of Nature. When our wants cease to be chiefly superficial and trivial, which is commonly meant by artificial, and begin to be wants of character, then the great resources of a country are taxed and drawn out, and the result, the staple production, is poetry."

It is claimed for the clergy that it is the planting of a qualified man in every town whose whole business is to do good in every form.

Do not look sourly at the club which does not choose you.[1] . . .

It is impossible to extricate one's self from the questions in which our age is involved. You can no more keep out of politics than out of the frost.

1 The rest of the passage is printed in *Letters and Social Aims*, p. 90.

Nature says to the American, I understand mensuration and numbers. I have measured out to you by weight and tally the powers you need.[1] . . .

Elliot Cabot's paper on "Art" has given emphasis to one point among others, that people only see what they are prepared to see. Thus, who sees birds, except the hunter, or the ornithologist? How difficult it is to me to see certain particulars in the dress of people with whom I sit for hours, and after I had wished to know what sort of waistcoat, or coat, or shirt-collar, or neckcloth they wore. I have gone to many dinners and parties with instructions from home and with my own wish to see the dress of the *men*, and can never remember to look for it.

Who teaches manners of majesty, of frankness, of grace, of humility? Who but the adoring aunts and cousins that surround a young child?[2] . . .

(From FOR)

I cannot read of Madame Récamier without thinking of Anna Ward.

1 See "The Man of Letters." *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 249, 250.

2 See *Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 81, 82.

I remember Haydon's measure of the beauty of a picture in the shop window was the regard of the poor Italians in the street.

Individuality. There are people whose strong individuality traverses, like the Arethusa fountain, the bitter waters of the sea, and arrives pure. We magnify our national customs, and fancy the barriers of the age and the nationality invincible; but at any time, a new man will re-establish France, or feudal England, or ancient Greece, in whatever is most exceptional in its genius and practice, through all his relations, in Puritan Boston. It is in vain to murmur at Bonaparte or Goethe or Carlyle. They conquer for themselves an absolute allowance, which, however, does not extend beyond themselves or become hereditary, though elsewhere it may be or has been the custom of a country.

It is with difficulty that we wont ourselves in the language of the Eastern poets, in the melodramatic life, as if one should go down to Lewis's Wharf and find an ivory boat and a pink sea. He thinks he is at the opera. As, for example, in the Chinese *Two Fair Cousins.*

Courage. A political gentleman[1] wheeled a

1 Major Ben : Perley Poore.

barrel of apples in a wheelbarrow from Newburyport to Boston, and through the city to the Tremont House, in obedience to a bet on the election he had made with a boarder of that hotel. It cost courage to undertake and perform it, but the less on account of the *éclat*, and the last miles were done with attendance of drum and trumpet. Thoreau thought none of his acquaintances dare walk with a patch on the knee of his trousers to the Concord Post-Office. What young lady in Boston would go into Washington Street with a tin pail? Yes, but every sensible woman would carry a pail to the fire, and every man would stick on a patch if wounded or freezing.

Greatness. You must have a source higher than your tap. Wedgewood bravely took Flaxman to counsel, and drew on Etruria in England.[1] . . .

1 See opening paragraph of the "Fortune of the Republic" (*Miscellanies*). Mr. Emerson was all this time preparing this patriotic lecture which he first gave in the Fraternity Course in Boston in December. After the end of the war he made changes and added much. After he had ceased lecturing and all literary work, four years before his death, he was induced to read it in the Old South Church in Boston. It was probably his last speech in public.

You must be idealists; as Greeks were, and still give you the law; as Judea was; as Egypt was; as Romans were. Life is ideal; Death is to break up our styles. This the use of war, to shatter your porcelain dolls; to break up in a nation Chinese conservatism, death in life.

A thought makes solitude in a crowd. The lover goes not into the street, where the silver feet are, but into the forest.

We are coming (thanks to the war) to a nationality. Put down your foot and say to England, I know your merits and have paid them in the past the homage of ignoring your faults. I see them still. But it is time to say the whole truth, — that you have failed in an Olympian hour, that when the occasion of magnanimity arrived, you had it not, — that you have lost character. Besides, your insularity, your inches, are conspicuous, and they are to count against miles. When it comes to divide an estate, the politest men quarrel. Justice is above your aim. You are self-condemned.

When the merchant reads the broker's stock list, if his own shares are depreciated, he does

not less read with pleasure the firmness of the other quotations, as indicating the soundness and integrity of the community, which give value to all property, and his with all.

When our young officers come back from the army, on a forty days' furlough, they find apathy and opposition in the cities.[1]

Washington and Cromwell, one using a moral, the other a revolutionary policy. The government of Algiers and of Turkey is, though it last for ages, revolutionary. If we continued in Boston to throw tea into the bay at pleasure, that were revolutionary. But our *revolution* was in the interest of the moral or anti-revolutionary. Slavery is Algiers, or perpetual revolution; society upside down, head over heels, and man eating his breakfast with pistols by his plate. It is man degraded to cat and dog, and society has come to an end, and all gentlemen die out.

Thus a violent conservatism is more revolutionary than abolition or freedom of speech and of press. 'T is like shutting your window when

1 This was in a somewhat stagnant period of the war when volunteers were scanty and the conscription unpopular, when the interference of England and France was feared.

you have lighted a pan of coals in the unchimneyed apartment.

There are degrees and limits; a man may make a capital speech in Exeter Hall, and yet not dictate to the English throne. Everybody likes a pronounced character. A man who makes a speech and does not wish to hurt anybody can be unheard without loss. In England, which is a better organized *public* than any other, they have a rapid ticketing of each man, and a rapid toleration of him when so ticketed. Holyoake and Urquhart and O'Connell and Smith O'Brien. But nobody there or here likes a whiffler or a trimmer.

November.

Education. "Who does not teach his child a trade or profession brings him up to steal," say the Persians.

Eloquence. "*On a toujours la voix de son esprit.*" The world, it is an echo.

In speaking of England, I lay out of question the truly cultivated class. They exist in England, as in France, in Germany, in America, in Italy, and they are like Christians, or like poets, or chemists, existing for each other across all

possible nationalities, strangers to their people and brothers to you. I lay them out of question. They are sane men as far removed as we from the bluster and mendacity of the London *Times*, and the shop-tone of Liverpool. They, like us, wish to be exactly informed, and to speak and act for the public good and not for party.

Shall we go to war with England for *Punch's* picture? Or for the opinion of the drunken Lord S.? Having penetrated the people and known their unworthiness, we can well cease to respect their opinion, even their contempt, and not go to war at our disadvantage for the avoiding of this. Who are they that they should despise?—these people who cringe before Gortchakoff and Napoleon. Let us remember the wise remark of General Scott, "Resentment is a bad basis for a campaign." I am not sure of the wisdom of Burke's saying, "Contempt is not a thing to be despised."

Originality. A well-read man can always find the opinion and thesis of a new writer, be he who he will, and however original, already printed in an old book. Thus Madame du Dessourd (?) had Carlyle's horror at eloquence. Every

new writer is only a new crater of an old volcano.

"*La plume est le premier, on l'a dit, le plus sûr des maîtres pour façonner la parole.*" — Sainte-Beuve. "*Stylus optimus et præstantissimus effector et magister.*[1] Cicero.

What are the fine verses of Solon, to the effect that the orator has not the harmony of thought and speech until from forty-two to fifty-six years of age? Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries*, vol. i.

(From DL)

A Birthday. "*Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes.*[2] Ovid to Tiberius, Lib. II, Ep. 1.

Tournure, urbanité, entregent, this is the trinity which makes the creed and the *cultus* of society.

(From WAR)

Lincoln. We must accept the results of universal suffrage, and not try to make it appear that we can elect fine gentlemen. We shall have coarse men, with a fair chance of worth and manly ability, but not polite men, not men to please the English or French.

1 The pen is the best and foremost accomplisher and master.

2 May the gods grant thee years, for all the rest is thy part.

You cannot refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon, or clear his judgment; he will not walk dignifiedly through the traditional part of the President of America, but will pop out his head at each railroad station and make a little speech, and get into an argument with Squire A. and Judge B. He will write letters to Horace Greeley, and any editor or reporter or saucy party committee that writes to him, and cheapen himself.

But this we must be ready for, and let the clown appear, and hug ourselves that we are well off, if we have got good nature, honest meaning, and fidelity to public interest, with bad manners, — instead of an elegant *roué* and malignant self-seeker.

If our brothers or children are killed in the battle, we owe to them the same courage and self-renunciation in bearing well their death, which they showed us in sacrificing themselves. They who come to-day to his funeral (the soldier's), to-morrow will tread in his warpath, and show to his slayers the way to death.

Beauty. "For the eye altering alters all." — BLAKE.

In seeing —— the other day, I did not like

it that she appeared rather to endure her beauty than to animate or create it.

"*L'amour est; l'œil aimer, c'est voir.*" — *Aimé De Loy.*

You are the pickets. The difference between you and your enemies is eternal; it is the difference of motive. Your action is to build, and their action is to destroy: yours to protect and to establish the rights of men; and theirs to crush them. Machiavel himself said, "'T is not the violence which repairs, but the violence which destroys, that is to be blamed."

Friendship. Chacun à son goût. Froissart says of his youth, "I loved all those who loved dogs and birds."

Homme amoureux was, in that age, equivalent to *Homme comme il faut.*

Classes. It makes a great difference whether a man lives with his face or his back to the window.

Leasts. "Trifles" is a very convertible word. Your trifles are my gods. The child's soap-bubbles are Newton's problems.

Of Wordsworth's poem "To H. C., six years old," William Blake writes: "This is all in the

highest degree imaginative, and equal to any poet, but not superior. I cannot think that real poets have any competition. None are greatest in the kingdom of heaven. It is so in poetry."

We do not clearly see what shall be, or how religion and enthusiasm are to come to us Americans, which we sorely need. For the imported religions are used up, and we want power to drive the ponderous State. Incredulity verges on despair. We think we can defy any crisis, any teacher, any Providence, to reproduce for us the enthusiasm of Greece after the Persian invasion, — the enthusiasm for Beauty; or that of Europe in early Christianity, and, later in the Crusades, and in the ages when plainly mankind expected that the world was shortly coming to an end; or the fire of Arabia in Islamism; or the power and terror of France in 1789.

We can see that the constitution and law in America must be written on ethical principles, so that the entire power of the spiritual world can be enlisted to hold the loyalty of the citizen.[1] . . .

See how the Greeks wrote their metaphysics,

1 The rest of this long passage is printed in "Character," *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*," pp. 111–112.

— in the names and attributes of their gods, — Apollo for Genius, Themis for Ethics, Mercury for Eloquence, Muses for Poetry, Dædalus for Art; Parcæ for Fate; Mnemosyne for Memory; Metis for Counsel; Prometheus, Forethought; Epimetheus, After-thought; Jove for Supreme Reason; Comus, and Momus, and Silenus, and Graces, for Laughter and Wit.

My humorous friend[1] told me that old age was cheap. Time drew out his teeth gratis, and a suction-plate would last him as long as he lived; he does not go to the hairdresser, for Time cut off his hair; and he had lived so long, and bought so many clothes, that he should not need to buy any more.

(From FOR)

In October, Sumner was elected to the Saturdayrians.[2]

In that country, a peculiarity is that after sixty years a certain mist or dimness, a sort of autumnal haze, settled on the figure, veiling especially all decays. Gradually, year by year, the outline became indistinct, and the halo gayer

1 Probably Mr. Channing.

2 The Saturday Club.

and brighter. At last, there was only left a sense of presence, and the virtue of personality, as if Gyges never turned his ring again. It was an immense social convenience.

Poetry and Prose. In poetry, Nature bears the whole expense. In prose, there must be concatenation, a mass of facts, and a method. 'T is very costly; only a capitalist can take hold of it; but in poetry, the mere enumeration of natural objects suffices. Nay, Tennyson is a poet, because he has said, "the stammering thunder," or "the wrinkled sea beneath him crawls"; and Longfellow, "the plunging wave."

Saadi. The trait which most characterizes Saadi, and has almost made his name a synonym for the quality, is cheerfulness.[1] His name means *Fortunate*, and the quality betrays a well-constituted or healthy man. All the anecdotes intimate a happy soul to which victory is

1 Two years later Mr. Emerson, at the request of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, wrote the preface to the American edition of Gladwin's translation of the *Gulistan* (Rose Garden) of Saadi. His poem "Saadi" was first printed in the *Dial* for October, 1842.

habitual, easily shedding mishaps and with sensibility to pleasure, and power of resources against pain.

Time is short, but always long enough for the finest trait of courtesy.

Cheerfulness flowing from the vision of the laws that control the world, and from the wise bounty of his own heart. Then again this his genius, this his poet's robe and garland, — beauty in the world and an answering beauty in his own artistic skill; the beauty that he sees he can create. "Saadi's whole power lies in sweet words; let this remain, — I care not what is taken."

The human race is interested in Saadi, whilst the cynical tone of Byron, which helps nobody, only owes to his genuine talent for melodious expression its lingering longevity.

Saadi is the poet of friendship, of love, of heroism, self-devotion, joy, bounty, serenity, and of the divine Providence.

Louis XI; Comines tells us, none so humble in word and dress.

Admirable word applied to Louis XI, "*Le don de manier les esprits par son accent, et par les caresses de sa parole.*"

"*Notre Seigneur*," says Comines, "*ne veut point qu'un royaume se moque de l'autre.*"

How we turn our passions to account! It is not Arnault, it is not Spiers, it is French novels that teach us French, and German that teach us German. The passions rush through the resistance of grammar and strange vocabulary, and facility being once obtained, the feebler appetite of taste and love of knowledge suffice to habituate us in the new land.

What an element in our social fabric is money and the currency, war shows us fast enough. You have bought long mortgages on perfect security, you have bought City of Boston's, or Massachusetts fives or sixes, or annuities for sixty years. But specie currency stops, and you are paid in paper. How fares it at this moment with annuitants in Richmond? But you have been wiser than your whole generation, and have stipulated to be paid in gold. But gold, it seems, through the immense yield of the mines, depreciated in value one half. (So I read in Galbraith.) The only currency that is always sterling is personal values, — courage, self-command, manners, wit, learning, and geometry.

Saadi. The poet is always awaited by the people. He has only the overdose of that quality whereof they have the underdose. We do not know them until they show their taste by their enthusiastic welcome of his genius. A foreign criticism might easily affect to make little account of him, unless their applauses showed the high historic importance of his powers. In these songs and elegies breaks into light the national mind of the Persians and Arabians. These monotonies which we accuse, accuse our own. A new landscape, new costume, new religion, new manners and customs, under which humanity nestles very comfortably at Shiraz and Mecca, with good appetite, and with moral and intellectual results that correspond point for point with ours at London and New York. It needs in every sense a free translation, just as they attribute to the East wind what we say of the West.

Every age has its true religion, and its mythology. In every company in which a poem is read, you may be sure a part hear the exoteric, and part the esoteric sense.

Every city has its rival city, its ridiculous suburb, its old times, and its joke. Boston has

Hull ("All are but parts of one majestic Hull") and its banter with New York journalism.

Boutwell said to me the other day, "It makes no difference whether we gain or lose a battle, except the loss of valuable lives; we gain the advantage from month to month." There has been no example like ours of the march of a good cause as by gravitation, or rather, by specific levity, against particular defeats. It is like the progress of health in sleep. You have removed the causes of disease (and one of them is your restless doing) and all mends of itself. It is like the replacement of the dislocated bone, as soon as you have removed the obstruction. The vanity of no man is gratified. The Abolitionist would so willingly put in his claim; the sublime God puts him back into the same category of egotism with the Copperhead.

I remember when I feared — what one still newly escaped shudders to think of — that a little more success, a wiser choice of candidates by the Southern Party, — say, of Jefferson Davis, instead of Pierce or Buchanan, — had enabled them by a *coup d'état* to have strained the whole organism of the Government to the behoof of

Slavery, to have insisted, by all the courts, marshals, and army and navy of the Union, on carrying into effect a right of transit with slaves, from State to State. It had then only been necessary for rich Democrats in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut to buy slaves, and it is not easy to see how the ardent Abolitionists — always a minority hated by the rich class — could have successfully resisted. The effect, however, would have been to put the *onus* of resistance on the North, and, at last, the North would have seceded. We had been the rebels, and would have had the like difficulty to put our States into secession as the Southerners had.

"These are matters of arrangement, not of legal value," said the broker.

At the town-meeting, one is impressed with the accumulated virility of the four or five men, — Heywood, Fay, Brooks, Hoar, — who speak so well to the point, and so easily handle the affairs of the town; only four last night, and all so good that they would have satisfied me, had it been in Boston, or in Washington.

The speech of Judge Hoar was perfect, and to that handful of people, who heartily applauded it. When a good man rises in the cold and

malicious assembly, you think, "Well, it would be more prudent to be silent.[1] Why not rest on a good past? Nobody doubts your talent and power; and, for the present business, we know all about it, and are tired of being pushed into patriotism by people who stay at home." But he, taking no counsel of past things, but only of the inspiration of his to-day's feelings, surprises them with his tidings, his better knowledge, his larger view, his steady gaze at the new and future event, whereof they had not thought, and they are interested like so many children, and carried off out of all recollection of their malignant nonsense, and he gains his victory by prophecy, where they expected repetition. He knew beforehand that they were looking behind, and that he was looking ahead, and therefore it was wise to speak. What a godsend are these people to a town! and the Judge, what a faculty! — he is put together like a Waltham watch, or like a locomotive just finished from the Tredegar Works.

1 This whole passage, though printed in "Eloquence" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 116, 117), is kept because of the tribute to Judge Hoar and its picture of his invariable influence through his virtues and patriotism on a Concord Town Meeting.

Boston. The Boston of Franklin, Adams, Otis, Quincy, Warren, of Wendell Phillips, of Jonathan Phillips, of Edward Everett, of Horatio Greenough, of Allston, of Brook Farm, of Edward Taylor, of Daniel Webster, Samuel Dexter, Buckminster, Channing, Greenwood, of Charles Sprague, of Starr King, of Billings the architect, of Mrs. Julia Howe, Margaret Fuller, of a class of forgotten but wonderful young men, — burning too fast to live long, but who marked not less the powers of the air and soil, — John Everett, Clarke, Harris the Orientalist, Edward Lowell, Edward and Charles Emerson. Fisk, who wrote his Greek Grammar in his bed, not having clothes enough. The Boston of Beecher, Horace Mann, Parker, of Sumner, Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, Longfellow, Pierce, Dana, Ward, Hoar, Hunt, Henry James, Peter Hunt, Newcomb.[1] The Boston which animates other souls born of it, or adopted spiritually into it, and in all quarters of their dispersion, drawing inspiration from it, — Furness, Beecher, Channing, Frémont, even, Bryant, Greeley. Nay, the influences are so wide and the names crowd

1 Mr. Emerson in this enumeration seems in many cases to include persons who have felt the influence of Boston and thus become her spiritual sons.

on me so fast, that I must take the Boston Directory or the National Census to exhaust them.

The neighbourhood of Thanksgiving Day makes me look at our cousins of New York with a kinder eye, and I remember that the Germans say that Vienna is the first German city, Berlin the second, and New York the third; and I shall say, that New York is the second city of Bostonians; and, whenever we shall so far have inoculated that centre of nations, by our crowding immigration from New England, that they shall give a Republican vote, I will concede, that it is the first.

[In earlier journals Mr. Emerson's life-long friend, George P. Bradford, has been mentioned, a gentle, sensitive, affectionate scholar, brother of Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley. On November 11, Mr. Emerson wrote as follows to him: —

Dear George, —

I hope you do not need to be reminded that we rely on you at two o'clock on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Lincoln in fixing the day has, in some sort, bound himself to furnish good news and victo-

ries for it. If not, we must comfort each other with the good which already is and must be.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.]

You must live in great cities, as Bayle writes, "*J'ai fait comme toutes les grandes armées qui sont sur pied pour ou contre la France, elles decampent de partout ou elles ne trouvent point de fourrages ni de vivres.*"

Nationality. Come, for once get out of sight of the steeples of your town.

Beecher at Exeter Hall is superb: — his consciousness of power shown in his jocular good humour and entire presence of mind; the instant surrender of the English audience, as soon as they have found a master; he steers the Behemoth, — sits astride his very snout, strokes his fur, tickles his ear, and rules him; secures the English by the method of circumstantiality of statement which they love, by figures, and then by downright homely illustration of important statements. His compliment to Wendell Phillips as the first orator of the world — did he not say so? — recalls Byron's line,

"And Jura answers from his misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps that call to him aloud."

They [the English] write better, but we read more out of their books than they do. They have better blowpipe; we have not yet narrowed our heat to a focus, — having a continent full of coal. England possesses drastic skill; always better artists than we. Carlyle a better writer, Gladstone or Bright a better debater, I suppose, than any of ours. Tennyson a better poet; but is the scope as high? Is the material of Tennyson better, or does not our dumb muse see stars and horizons they do not? In England, in France, in Germany, is the popular sentiment as illuminated as here? As I wrote the other day, — our native politics are ideal. These women, old wives sitting by the chimneyside here, shrill their exclamations of impatience and indignation, shame on Mr. Seward, shame on the Senate, etc., for their want of humanity, of mere morality; they stand on the ground of simple morality, and not on the class feeling which narrows the perception of English, French, German people, at home. We are affirmative; they live under obstructions and negations. England's six points of Chartism are still postponed. They

have all been granted here to begin with. England has taken in more partners and stands better on its legs than once, but still has huge load to carry. See how this moderates the ferocity incident elsewhere to political changes. We, in the midst of a great Revolution, still enacting the sentiment of the Puritans, and the dreams of young people thirty years ago; we, passing out of the old remainders of barbarism into pure Christianity and humanity, into freedom of thought, of religion, of speech, of suffrage, or political right; and working through this tremendous ordeal, which elsewhere went by beheadings, of massacre, and reigns of terror, — passing through all this and through states and territories, like a sleep, and drinking our tea the while. 'T is like a brick house moved from its old foundations and place, and passing through our streets, whilst all the family are pursuing their domestic work inside.

I hate to have the egotism thrust in with such effrontery. This revolution is the work of no man, but the effervescence of Nature. It never did not work. Yet nothing that has occurred but has been a surprise, and as much to the leaders as to the hindmost. And not an Abolitionist, not an idealist, can say without effront-

ery, I did it. It is the fly in the coach, again. Go boost the globe, or scotch the globe, to accelerate or retard it in its orb! It is elemental, it is the old eternal gravitations: beware of the giving and of the recoil! Who knows, or has computed, the periods? A little earlier, and you would have been burned or crazed; a little later, you are unnecessary. "If I had attempted in 1806 what I performed in 1807," said Napoleon, "I had been lost." Frémont was superseded in 1861, for what his superseders are achieving in 1863. And many the like examples. The Republicans of this year were the Whigs and Democrats of 1856.

Mazzini and Kossuth, 't is fine for them to sit in committee in London, and hope to direct revolution in Italy, Hungary, and Poland. Committees don't manage revolutions. A revolution is a volcano, and from under everybody's feet flings its sheet of fire into the sky. More than that, let not the old thinker flatter himself. "You may have your hour at thirty," says Jove, "and lay for a moment your hand on the helm, but not at sixty. I draft only between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Only Quincy Adams in a whole generation of men do I allow to lay an iron hand on the helm at seventy-five."

Our civilization and these ideas are reducing the earth to a brain. See how by telegraph and steam, . . . the earth is anthropized. Has an occiput, and a fist that will knock down an empire. What a chemistry in her magazine.

How all magnifies New England and Massachusetts! A. said, "Her ice burns more than others' fire."

I will tell you why I value Boston: because, when I go to enumerate its excellent names, I do not take down the Boston Directory, but the National History, to find them.

The rebels in the effrontery with which, in their failing fortunes, they adhere to their audacious terms of peace, have well instructed us; and I rejoice to see we are likely to plant ourselves with vigour on the condition of absolute emancipation as the first point with which each rebel State must comply. Their women, too, have taught our women, who have excellently learned the lesson. It will go hard, but we shall better the instruction.

Remarkable letter of J. M. Botts to the Richmond *Examiner* (?) in the journals, saying that every man in the Confederacy regrets this

moment the Rebellion, and, if the work were to do again, would not do it.

Friendship a better base for treating of the soul than Immortality. Then it affirms it inclusively.

Franklin, nous dit Mallet du Pan, répéta plus d'une fois à ses élèves de Paris, que celui qui transporterait dans l'état politique les principes du Christianisme primitif, changerait la face de la société.

"One thought fills immensity. — BLAKE.

"The tigers of wrath are wiser than horses of instruction." — *Idem.*

Humility. "*Autant ils sembleront s'approcher de Dieu par intelligence, autant ils s'en eloigneront par leur orgeuil.*" — *Apud* SAINTE-BEUVE.

(From FOR)

Speech I should have made November 22.

The Country wants men; no want of men in the railroad cars, in Brighton market, in the city, in Washington Street, men to see Booth, to see Cuba, to see the great organ, to fill Faneuil Hall. Everywhere, hosts of men. In the swarm-

ing population, the drain of the army, and all the loss by war, is a drop in the bucket. But the Country wants them, wants everybody. To be sure, there are many that should not go, — those exempted by age, by infirmity, so held by peremptory engagements to their civil, domestic, or professional affairs, as that the loss of them out of these would be the greatest disaster. But for the multitude of young, able men, there is not this necessity to stay. Let them go. "One omen is good, to fight for one's country." Every kind of man is wanted, every talent, every virtue; the artillerist, the horseman, sharp-shooter, engineer, secret-service man, carpenter, teamster, clerk; the good, to be the soul and religion of the camp; the bad, because to fight and die for one's Country not covers, but atones for, a multitude of sins. And what? Will you send them to die with Winthrop, Lowell, Dwight, Shaw, Bowditch? Yes, when I consider what they have sealed and saved, — Freedom for the world; yes, a thousand times yes! Young, they were old; had only crowded fourscore into thirty. It was well worth the inestimable sacrifice, or to blot out one generation were well.

The war is an exceptional struggle, in which

the first combatants are met, — the highest principles against the worst. What a teacher! what a field! what results! Now I well know how grave and searching this ordeal is; how it has taught courage! Anxiety of the youth, sensible, tender, from school, college, counting-room, with no experience beyond football game, or school-yard quarrel, now to leap on a battery, or a rank of bayonets. He says, I know not how it will be with me; one thing is certain, I can well die, — oh, yes, — but I cannot afford to misbehave. Dearest friends will know to-morrow, as the whole earth will know, whether I have kept faith with them. But the experience is uniform, that the gentle soul makes the firm hero after all. The record of the troops, on the whole, is nobly honourable through the war, and lastly, the encouragements from the prodigious results already secured.

Culture. Most people are not finished men, but sketches merely, and this for not finding their native bias.

New York, *December* 22.

The muskrat on our rivers has two doors, one to the water, and one to the land. Our Boston

merchants have already a sea-door, but they are rather pinched by the Hoosac Mountain — on the landside — and they want a land-door; so they have made an extension of their gallery to New York, and build their land-door here, in New York, facing St. Louis and Chicago and the Pacific Railroad.

Art. I must remember Leonardo Da Vinci as a *mannered* artist, when I recall that *one face* which, in all his St. Johns or Madonnas looked out on me; as I once heard of Newton, that some Sally Sullivan (?) was in all his pictures, and of Greenough that he carved himself into his sculptures. I saw in his Medora his own face, and in his Achilles, I think, his form.

Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, and John Wilson, in "Moss Side," etc., are victims of their own manner. Parmegiano is mannered. His figures attitudinize as in second-class society, at watering-places. Martin is mannered. You can tell his pictures at a look.

In reply to the vulgar opinion of English and other *savants*, that we must accumulate facts, and distrust theory, — I like well these sentences of Sainte-Beuve; "*Je ne sais plus qui a dit: on*

commence toujours par parler des choses; on finit quelquefois par les apprendre. Le fait est, que les mieux doués commencent par deviner ce qu'ils finissent ensuite par bien savoir." — *Portraits Contemporaines*, ii, 444.

Renan writes *Vie de Jésus*. Many of his contemporaries have no doubt projected the same theme. When I wrote *Representative Men*, I felt that Jesus was the "Representative Man" whom I ought to sketch; but the task required great gifts, — steadiest insight and perfect temper; else, the consciousness of want of sympathy in the audience would make one petulant or sore, in spite of himself. Theodore Parker, of course, wished to write this book; so did Maria Child in her *Book of Religions*, and Miss Cobb, and Alcott, and I know not how many more.

In town, a stout soldier, an Irishman, walked before me, large, and with all too much motion. A little boy stopped him, "Please give me a cent." Soldier stooped to find out what he said, and then, with unfeigned astonishment, said, "A cent, — Great God! I give you a cent!" and rushed indignantly forward.

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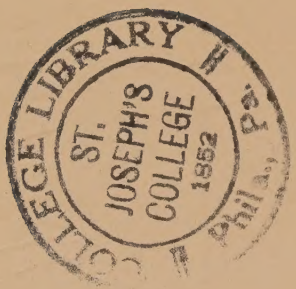
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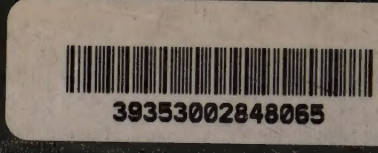
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